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JUNE, 1907.

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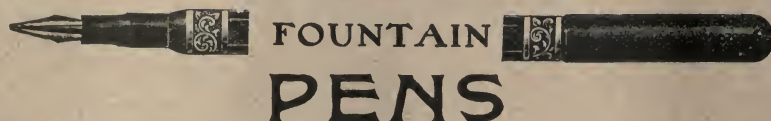
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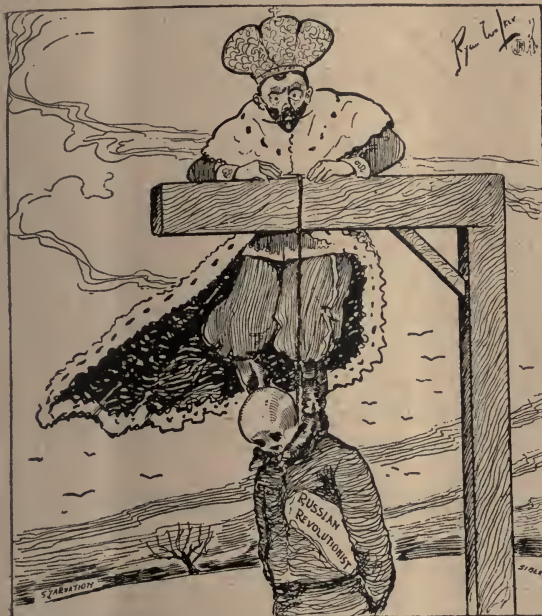
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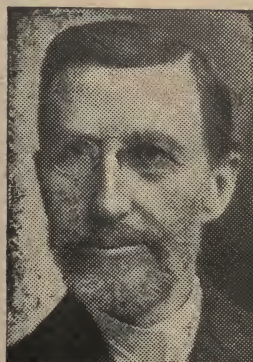
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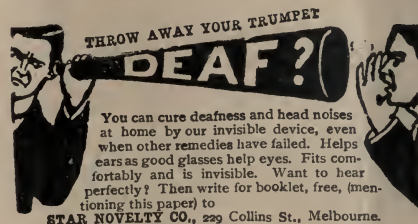
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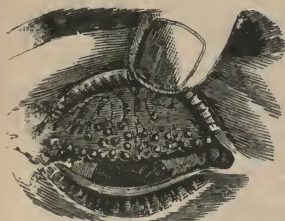
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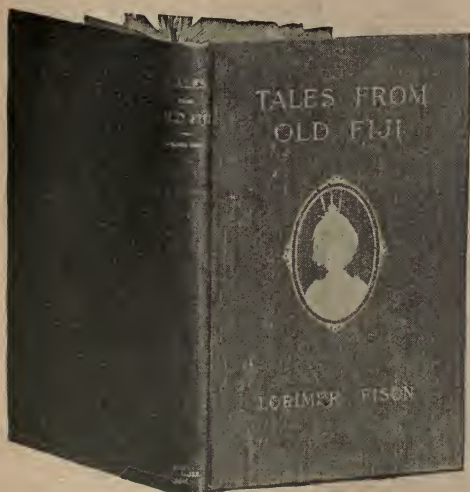
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## CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1907.

	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece—Improving London: The Proposed New County Council Hall on the Thames		The International Pilgrimage of Peace—By W. T. Stead	578
Progress of the World	535	Esperanto	581
The Non-Voting Problem—By G. E. Terry	550	Current History in Caricature	582
On the Goldfields of the Golden West—By Annie A. Hart	553	Leading Articles in the Reviews—	
The Artesian Waters of Australia—By W. Gibbons Cox, C.E.	557	Saving the Child	588
Interviews on Topics of the Month—		A Marriage Advertisement Extraordinary	588
Arctic Pictures: M. Borisoff,		How to Interest Children in Reading	589
Orpheus Redivivus: Mr. Tomlins	566	Sir William Henry Holland, M.P.	589
Character Sketch—		Germany's Obsolete Navy	590
The Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy	569	The Improvement of the Race	590
Correspondence	576	Medical Inspection of Schools	591
		Are There Two Universes?	591
		How to Give Efficiently	592

(Continued on next page.)

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## CONTENTS - (Continued from page xxi.).

	PAGE		PAGE
<b>Leading Articles in the Reviews (Continued)—</b>		<b>Leading Articles in the Reviews (Continued)—</b>	
The Queen of Spain ... ..	592	Mark Twain's Originals ... ..	608
A Floating Shipyard ... ..	592	Madame Curie ... ..	608
The White Man's Notice to Quit ... ..	593	Is the Labour Party Irreligious? ... ..	609
Is the Belief in Immortality Dying Out? ... ..	593	What War with the U.S.A. Would Mean ... ..	610
Plea for Economic Chivalry ... ..	594	Shakespeare's Brutal Public ... ..	610
Never Seen the Fear of Death ... ..	594	The Science of Happiness ... ..	610
The Old Blue: What Becomes of Him ... ..	595	The Regeneration of Refuse ... ..	611
The City of the Yellow Devil ... ..	595	A Great European Trust ... ..	611
Seven Representatives of Britain Oversea ... ..	596	Against Collectivism ... ..	612
"Go and Wash in Jordan" ... ..	596	Russian Students ... ..	613
A Caricature of Womanhood ... ..	597	A Young Cuckoo at Work ... ..	613
Dickens's Publishers ... ..	597	Butterfly Breeding ... ..	614
Mark Twain as a Guest of the Kaiser ... ..	598	<b>The Reviews Reviewed—</b>	
Kissing the Book ... ..	598	The American Review of Reviews ... ..	615
History in Pageant ... ..	599	Scribner's Magazine ... ..	615
Diet for Brain-workers ... ..	599	The Fortnightly Review ... ..	616
Recent Wonders in Plant Growing ... ..	600	The Italian Reviews ... ..	616
A Smuggling Community ... ..	600	The Spanish Review ... ..	617
A Painter of the Christ ... ..	601	The Monthly Review ... ..	617
Taking Scientific Records in the High Atmosphere ... ..	601	The North American Review ... ..	617
Housekeeping by Electricity ... ..	602	The Nouvelle Revue ... ..	618
Why Exempt Buildings from Local Rates ... ..	602	The Revue de Paris ... ..	618
A Great Hymn Writer ... ..	603	The English Illustrated Magazine ... ..	618
The Haunts of the Earthquake ... ..	603	The Lone Hand ... ..	618
What a Suffragist Learned in Gaol ... ..	604	<b>The Book of the Month—</b>	
A Haunted Palace in Italy ... ..	605	The Age of the Airship; Facts and Fantasies ... ..	619
Carmen Sylva ... ..	605	<b>Leading Books of the Month</b> ... ..	627
Harnessing the Sun ... ..	606	"In the Days of the Comet"—By H. G. Wells ... ..	628
How to Study the Piano ... ..	606	<b>Insurance Notes</b> ... ..	635
The Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg ... ..	607		
Where We Get Our Cotton From ... ..	607		

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# INDEX TO VOL. XXX.

## Of "The Review of Reviews for Australasia."

### BOOKS OF THE MONTH—

Conquest of Bread, The, 196.  
Marry, Björnstjerne Björnson, 411.  
Peers and the People, The, W. T. Stead, 306.  
Periwinkle, Lily Grant Duff, 411.

### BOOKS OF THE MONTH

(Leading), 97, 202, 308, 414.

### CARICATURES OF THE

MONTH, 40, 145, 256, 367, 470.

### CHARACTER SKETCHES—

Amir of Afghanistan, 150.  
Bryce, His Excellency James, 246.  
Hohenlohe, Prince, 50.  
Sexton, Mr. Thos. M.P., 355.  
Wilhelm II., Kaiser, 447.

### CORRESPONDENCE, 37, 239, 352.

### ESPERANTO, 48, 201, 409, 481.

### HISTORY OF THE MONTH

(Australasian)—

Anti-Gambling Act, 115, 216, 427.  
A.N.A. Exhibition, 218.  
Bent's, Mr., Visit to England, 429.  
Building Strike, Victoria, 7, 113, 217.  
Children's Courts, in Victoria, 219.  
Chinese Landing at Thursday Island, 7.  
City Improvements, 325.  
Compulsory Voting, 9, 115.  
Congress, Church of England, 4.  
Council for Drafting Bills, 217.  
Crick-Willis Case, 9, 215.  
Domestic Workers, 324.  
Elections, Federal, 111.  
Elections, The Victorian, 3, 427.  
Gambling Act, Liability of Owners, 427.  
Gambling Crusade, 18.  
Gambling and Licensing Bills, 6.  
Gillott's, Retirement, Sir S., 7.  
Governments, A Lesson to, 9.  
Income Tax and State Affairs, 3.  
Ignorance of Vict. State Scholars, 433.  
Immigration Imperial Conference, 431.  
Imperial Conference, 429.  
Jubilee of Parliaments, 6.  
Kanakas' Deportation, 115, 218.  
Kanakas' Imperial Conference, 431.  
Labour Convention, Queensland, 431.  
Labour Party and Social Evils, 324.  
Land Scandals, The Sydney, 114.  
Licensing and Gambling Bills, 6.  
Mail Contracts, 321.  
Manger, Mr., and the P.O., 432.  
Medical Inspection Schools, 9.  
Mentally Unfit, The, 218.  
Murray Waters, 430.  
Nature, Object-Lessons, 114.  
Neglected Children, 327.  
New Guinea, 325.  
New Hebrides, 323.  
N.S.W. Reform League, The, 219.  
N.Z. Government, 6.  
N.Z. and Social Reform, 6.  
N.Z. Strike, 432.  
N.Z. Exhibition, 217.  
Northern Territory, 322, 431.  
Old Age Pensions, 432.  
Opinion Cure, An, 432.  
Peace, 9, 115.

### History of the Month.—Continued. (Australasian)

Philip's, Mr., Policy, 432.  
Plague, The, 326.  
Political Matters, 215.  
Prosperous Year in Australia, 216.  
Queensland Immigration, 321.  
Queensland Policy, 432.  
Railway Commissioners, 219.  
Religion and Labour, 217.  
Repatriating S.A., Australians, 326, 431.  
Roads, Main, 433.  
Sachse, Mr., and the Pianos, 4.  
South Africa, Opinions on, 220.  
South Australian Political Matters, 3.  
State Elections, 324.  
Tasmanian Finances, 325.  
Varischetti, Mining Incident, 433.  
Vic. Licensing Bill, 326.  
Vic. State Elections, 427.  
Wages Boards, 326.  
Walking Delegates, 326.  
West Australia and the Land Tax, 6.  
Woman's Suffrage in Victoria, 4.  
Women-Suffragists, 15.

### HISTORY OF THE MONTH

(General)—

Air, The Conquest of the, 116.  
Amendments, The Lords', 116.  
America, Britain and Japan, 221.  
Amir, The, in India, 116.  
Anglo-American Friendship, 330.  
Atheism and Agnosticism, 440.  
Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, 14.  
Balfour, Mr., and His Party, 12.  
Balfour's, Mr., Policy, 435.  
Baroness' Burdett-Coutts, 227.  
Belgium and the Congo, 117.  
"Berlin," The Wreck of the, 437.  
Bible Ignorance in France, 334.  
Boers, The Victory of the, 436.  
Bryce, Mr., The Appointment of, 221.  
Bulgaria, The Danger in, 117, 221.  
Bulow, Prince, 119.  
Butler, Josephine, 226.  
Carnegie, Mr., and His Partners, 224.  
Channel Tunnel, The, 437.  
Chamberlain's, Mr., Health, 11.  
Church in France, The, 224, 333.  
Clemenceau, M., 13, 117.  
Colour Blind Act, 332, 438.  
Conference Gazette, The, 442.  
Convention, Military Anglo-French, 119.  
Cranbrook, Lord, 12.  
Dernburg, Mr., 328.  
East, Danger in the Far, 224.  
Editor's Visit to India, 123.  
Esperanto, The Spread of, 117.  
Free Libraries in Ireland, 124.  
German Editors, 123.  
German Elections, The, 327, 437.  
Hague Conference, The, 124, 435.  
House of Lords, Reform of, 16, 336.  
India, The Future of, 123, 228.  
Indians in the Transvaal, 122.  
Jamaica Earthquake, 329.  
Kaiser, Reichstag and the Colonies, 226.  
Kaiser Interviewed, The, 121.  
King's Speech, Peers v. People, 435.  
Koeppenick Sensation, 14.  
London County Council, 334.  
Lords and the Education Bill, 116.  
Maine Law and Aborigines, 121.  
Military and Naval Matters, 12.  
Military Convention, Anglo-French, 119.  
Mir, The Passing of, 224.

### History of the Month (General).—Continued.

Moral Instruction in Schools, 16.  
Morocco, A Lady's Ride Across, 123.  
New Theology, The, 335.  
New Year, The, 221.  
Norway, King and Queen of, 119.  
Old Age Homes, 335.  
Old Age Pensions, 120.  
Papacy and France, 440.  
Parliamentary Treadmill, The, 116.  
Peace, 228.  
Peers v. People, 10, 222, 435.  
Persian Parliament, 440.  
Programme of Home Government, 435.  
Raisuli, 330.  
Rainy, Principal, 227.  
Religious Liberty in Old World and the New, 441.  
Republic and Papacy, 440.  
Rhodes' Scholars, 122.  
Root, Mr., in Canada, 330.  
Root's, Mr., Warning, 223.  
Russian Outlook, 14, 119, 225.  
Russian Famine, 225, 440.  
Russian Duma, 329.  
Russian Elections, 439.  
Saunderson, Col., 12.  
Smith, Samuel, of Liverpool, 227.  
South African Progress, 13.  
South African War, Epitaph, on, 120.  
Staal, Mme. de., 442.  
Suffrage, Woman's, 122, 438.  
Tiger Story, 124.  
Trusts, The Battle of the, 120.  
U.S.A. Transformation, 222.  
Women's Protest in Prison, 15.  
Woman's Suffrage, 438.

### ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS—

Alexis, The Grand Duke, 225.  
Amir of Afghanistan, 151, 441.  
"Ancient Mariner, The," 28.  
Artesian Bores, 235, 341.  
Bannerman, Mr. C., Prime Minister, 454.  
"Berlin," Wreck of the Steamer, 426, 438.  
Bishops' Church Conference, 5.  
Björnson, M. Björnstjerne and His Wife, 411.  
Bore, Bundaleer, N.S.W., 236.  
Botha, General, 436.  
Bryce, Mr. and Mrs., at Home, 250.  
Butler, Josephine, 227.  
Campbell, Rev. R. J., 336.  
Campbell, Mrs. Frances, 123.  
"Captain," The, 15.  
Christchurch Exhibition, 8.  
Church Conference, Melbourne, 5.  
China, Diagram of the Provinces, 484.  
Channel Tunnel, The, 332.  
City Hall, The New, Cardiff, 173.  
Cocoa-nut Palms, Niue, 129.  
Cook's, Captain, Landing Place, Niue 128.  
Comet, In the Days of the, 98, 203 310, 415, 523.  
Collieries, Dover, 389.  
Cutting "Fa," Niue, 126.  
Dover, Collieries, 389.  
"Dreadnought," The, 13.  
Exhibition, Christchurch, 8.  
Fawcner, John Pascoe, 21.  
"Fa" Growing, Niue, 126.  
Ferguson, Sir Jas., 329.  
Fijian Firewalkers, 340.  
Franklin's Magic Squares, 81.  
Gabo Island, 18.



### Illustrations and Portraits.— Continued.

Glengarrrie Bore, N.S.W., 236.  
Goschen, The Late Lord, 442.  
Grand Duke Alexis, The, 225.  
Grader at Work, 236.  
Haakon, King, 118.  
Habib Ullah, Amir of Afghanistan, 151.  
Hat-Making, Nine, 127.  
Heir to the Russian Throne, 214.  
Hohenlohe, The Late Prince, 50.  
Jack London, 451.  
John Pascoe Fawcner, 21.  
Joan of Arc, The Statue of, 323.  
Kaiser Wilhelm II. as War Lord, 446.  
Kanakas's Home, A, in Queensland, 130, 131, 136.  
Kingston, Views Before the Earthquake, 330, 331.  
King Victor Emmanuel, 450.  
King Haakon, Queen Maud, Prince Olaf, 118.  
London, Jack, 451.  
Longfellow, the Poet, 502.  
Lueger, Dr., 451.  
"Mariner, The Ancient," 28.  
Macdonald, Mr. Ramsay, 33.  
Macdonald, Mrs., 33.  
Melbourne in 1837, 22.  
Mission Church, Kanaka, 22, 133.  
Miles, General, 34.  
Municipal Palace, A Cardiff, 173.  
New Zealand Exhibition, 337.  
Niue Anchorage at Alofi, 125.  
Olaf, Crown Prince, 118.  
Orchard, Burrungun Bore, N.S.W., 237.  
Paton, the Late Rev. Dr., 219.  
Pitt, Col., 7.  
Picquart, General, 2.  
Port Phillip, 24.  
Prince's Bridge, 26.  
Portraits, Telegraphic, 263, 264.  
Prince Hohenlohe, The late, 50.  
Queen's Bridge, 1906, 23.  
Queen Maud, 118.  
Queen Helena of Italy, 458.  
Resident Commissioner, Nine, 127.  
Rhodes' Scholarship, Mr. A. O. Rivatt, 325.  
Russian Throne, Heir to, and His Mother, 214.  
Saunderson, Col. M.P., 12.  
Santos Dumont's, M., First Success, 108.  
Schoolhouse at Alofi, Niue, 128.  
Sexton, Mr., Latest Portrait of, 354.  
Selby Abbey, 17.  
Shah's Successor, The, 228.  
Story, D.D., The Late Very Rev. R. H., 335.  
South Sea Islands, Kanakas Return-  
ing, 134.  
Sutter, Miss, 140.  
Telegraphic Portraits, 263.  
Three Generations of Kanakas, 132.  
Tiger Hunt, Ameer's Visit to India, 441.  
Valkyrie, The, 462.  
Vows, E. Blair Leighton, 320.  
Wreck of the Steamer "Berlin," 426.  
Zancig, Mr. and Mrs., 144.

**INSURANCE NOTES,** 104, 211, 317,  
423, 529.

### INTERVIEWS ON TOPICS OF THE MONTH—

Britain's Despair: An Interview with  
Miss Sutter, 140.  
Cancer Curers of Cardigan, 444.  
Labour Matters: British plus Austral-  
asian, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, 33.  
Law Making by Plebiscite, Dr. J. R.  
Haynes, 36.  
The Negro Problem, by General Miles,  
34.  
The Outlook in Russia, Professor  
Milyukoff, 138.  
The Outlook in Egypt.—By Faris  
Nime, the Editor of the "Mokat-  
tam," 143.

### Interviews on Topics of the Month.— Continued.

The Channel Tunnel.—Baron E. B. Er-  
langer, 443.  
Will There Be War in Spring?—Mr.  
W. A. Moore, 142.

### LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS—

Aerial Navigation, 496.  
Agriculture, Revolution in, 270.  
Air, Conquering the, 387.  
Alison, Sir Archibald, 507.  
Almanach de Gotha, 289.  
American Consular Service, 489.  
American Coal, 506.  
American Labour Party, 277.  
American Restriction in Immigration,  
277.  
Applied Science, 65.  
"Arabian Nights," 391.  
Arctic Crevasse, 273.  
As Others See Us, 169.  
Australian Socialism, 68.  
Balzac on Labour, 84.  
Ballooning, 180.  
Balfour, Away with Mr., 394.  
Beaconsfield as a Portrait Painter,  
279.  
Bismarck and Dr. Hans Delbruck, 279.  
Blue Stockings, 85.  
Boys' Judge, The, 131.  
British Insularity, 171.  
Brunetiere, M. Ferdinand, 294.  
Britain and Spain 70 Years Ago, 394.  
Buddhist Missions, 500.  
Butler, Josephine, 509.  
Canadian Alps, 74.  
Cabinet, Evolution of the, 78.  
Cardiff, 173.  
Californian Antipathy to Japan, 267.  
Canada, Under What Flag? 276.  
Calvin, from Catholic Viewpoint, 297.  
Catholic Church, Future of, 400.  
Camera, Limitations of the, 494.  
Ceylon, Buried Cities, 281.  
Chicago, 287.  
Chinese and Japanese, 72.  
China, Awakening of, 73.  
Christina, Queen of Sweden, 75.  
Christian Endeavourers and Boer  
Prisoners, 82.  
Chinaman in California and South  
Africa, 179.  
Child Discipline, 179.  
Channel Tunnel, 272, 395.  
Chinaman in British Columbia, 276.  
Chins and Character, 280.  
Christian Science, 384.  
China Awakening, 484.  
China and Christianity, 492.  
Church and State in France, 510.  
Civil Service and Promotion, 166.  
Clemenceau, M., 184.  
County Schools for City Children, 165.  
Colonial Conference, 390.  
Constantinople, 490.  
Congo Negro, 70.  
Co-operative Homes, 505.  
Criminals, Punishment of, 382.  
Demand for Pain, The, 67.  
Death, How It Feels, 165.  
Death, Do We Live After? 397.  
Disestablishment and Church Reform,  
65.  
Dovecotes, 275.  
Dover Collieries, 309.  
Dogfish as Food, 485.  
Dress Bills, Who Pays? 167.  
Draga, Queen, 170.  
Drama, 487.  
Drama as Literature, 278.  
Duelling Among German Students, 178.  
Education Bill, 261.  
Editors in India, 276.  
Eddy, Mrs., 285.  
Egyptian Nationalism, 83.  
English War Office, 274.  
English Fiction, 382.  
End of the World, 482.  
Englishwomen, 499.  
Esperanto and the Cause of Peace, 283.  
Ethical Education in Japan, 165.

### Leading Articles.—Continued.

Eye, How to Train the, 378.  
Fallières, Madame, 503.  
Family, Limitation of the, 510.  
Family of Nations, The, 168.  
False Teeth, 496.  
Feast of the Candles, The, 285.  
Flowers, Intelligence of, 393.  
Folk Songs, 285.  
Foot Ball, 74, 82.  
Food and Work, 187.  
Forster, Arnold, 290.  
Fox Hunting, 384.  
French Church, 77.  
Franklin's Magic Squares, 81.  
French Foreign Office, 273.  
Gambetta's Love Story, 381.  
Galicia, Music of, 383.  
Germany, Is She Quite So Black? 386.  
Germany's Banks, 172.  
German and Japanese Competition,  
187.  
German Emperor's Horses, 292.  
Gladstone's Library, 297.  
Gorki, Maxime, 294.  
Gold and Actors, 79.  
Greater Germany, 491.  
Hamlet an Athlete, 187.  
Harem, A Turkish, 284.  
Hawaii and America, 495.  
Head and Hand in Portraiture, 485.  
Horseflesh as Food, 380.  
Hohenlohe Memoirs, 176.  
Hospital Nurse, The, 188.  
House of Lords, 262.  
Ibsen, Henrik, 66.  
Imperial Army, 391.  
Infants, Degeneration of, 507.  
India and Western Life, 510.  
Insular Fiction, 377.  
Indian Nation, The, 170.  
India, The People of, 181.  
Influenza, 268.  
India and Education, 282.  
Indian Nationality, 501.  
Income Tax, Evolution of the, 284.  
Irish Sagas, 286.  
Ireland, Real Needs of, 59.  
Iron Crown of Roumania, 293.  
Italian Gardens, 378.  
Jena, 186.  
Juggling With Balls, 295.  
Kaiser's Voice and Phonograph, 71.  
Kaiser's Alter Ego, 166.  
Kaiser's Battleships, 488.  
Keat's American Brother, 283.  
Labour Party's Panaceas, 59.  
Labour Programme, Cost of, 62.  
"Lady's Realm," The, 286.  
Life Insurance for the Masses, 292.  
Literary Critics, 286.  
Liberals and Labour, 58.  
Literature and the Living Voice, 82.  
Lincoln's Courtships, 284.  
Liverpool, City of Ships, 489.  
London's Gardens, 84.  
Lodge, Sir Oliver on Life, 183.  
Lombroso's Conversion to Spiritual-  
ism, 269.  
London, Cost of Minding, 387.  
Longfellow and England, 502.  
Marriage Question in Spain, 490.  
Mark Twain's Autobiography, 69, 178,  
287, 393, 400, 508.  
Margherita, Queen of Italy, 293.  
Makers of Books, 487.  
McLean, Miss, and Japanese Navy, 267.  
"Memsahib": A Menace to the Em-  
pire, 64.  
Michigan State Prison, U.S.A., 175.  
Mischa, Uman, 280.  
Mining Boom in U.S.A., 288.  
Millionaire, The Vampire, 388.  
Monk, A Day in the Life of A., 504.  
Modern Motor, 271.  
Morte D'Arthur, 391.  
Modern Houses and Modern Pictures,  
490.  
Music by Electricity, 182.  
Nature Against Polygamy, 85.  
National Church, A., 188.  
National Training, 497.  
New York, 81.  
New York Elections, 180.  
North, Mystery of the, 392.



**Leading Articles.—Continued.**

Occult Magazines, 80, 495.  
 Occupation for Learned Women, 394.  
 Olcott's, Colonel. Last Days, 495.  
 Optics of Rifle Shooting, 81.  
 Oxford, 77, 167.  
 Parisian v. New Yorker, 78.  
 Parliamentary Personalities, 383.  
 Peace, Dynamics of, 399.  
 Peers, Dr. Wallace, on the, 390.  
 Photography and Landscape, 377.  
 Philosophy of Play, 76.  
 Pius, Pope, 385.  
 Pope, Defence of the, 500.  
 Poplar Union Scandal, 174.  
 Positivist and Woman, The, 185.  
 Poetry in the Magazines, 236.  
 Point Loma Brotherhood, 376.  
 Politics, Politicians, and Parties, 379.  
 Prime Minister at Home, 491.  
 Protestant Missions in China, 483.  
 Pretoria, New Way to, 83.  
 Printing House Square, 79.  
 Railways for the Nation, 386.  
 Ranjitsinhji and His Princedom, 291.  
 Reformed Papacy, A, 508.  
 Religion and the Workingman, 266.  
 Religious Education in U.S.A., 275.  
 Reform in Russia, 291.  
 Reformatories, 482.  
 Ritual Commission, 61.  
 Rockefeller's Pastor, 396.  
 Rome and France, 398.  
 Roosevelt, President, 274.  
 Russo-Japanese Difficulties, 397.  
 Russia, Future of, 392.  
 Russia, Break up of, 60.  
 Russell, Wm. Howard, 509.  
 School Children and Pay, 486.  
 Shakespearean Finds, 183.  
 Shakespeare and Tolstoy, 185, 296.  
 Shah of Persia, 388.

**Leading Articles.—Continued.**

Snake-feeding at the Zoo, 282.  
 South African Natives, 71.  
 Socialism.—H. G. Wells, 63.  
 Socialism and the Family, 66.  
 South America, 72.  
 Springboks, 184.  
 Spain, Present Day, 290.  
 State as Foster Fathers, 505.  
 Success in Literature, 72.  
 Sub-Target Rifle, 183.  
 Sultan of Turkey's Omens, 289.  
 Sultan's Army, 492.  
 Sunday School Work, 398.  
 Swimming the Channel, 270.  
 Teacher's Pay, 394.  
 Telegraphic Photographs, 263.  
 Temperance Movement in Ireland, 265.  
 Temperance Reform, 266.  
 Theatre, In Praise of the, 483.  
 Thought Reading, 486.  
 Topsy-Turvy Land, 164.  
 Toccata of Galuppi's, A, 281.  
 Training the Taste, 172.  
 University Training and Business, 85.  
 Unemployment, 265.  
 Universal Religion, 498.  
 Unearned Increment, 501.  
 U.S.A. and Monarchy, 400.  
 Vaughan, Father: A Christmas Sermon, 177.  
 Verdi's Letters, 484.  
 Voting Qualification, 282.  
 White Man's World, 488.  
 Woman's Suffrage, 67, 78, 174, 506.  
 Workhouses, London Without, 265.  
 Woman Novelist, Triumph of the, 295.  
 Worry, The Disease of the Age, 379.  
 Workman's Compensation Act, 509.  
 Yoga, The Science of, 177.

**REVIEWS REVIEWED, 83, 189, 298, 403, 511.**

**SPECIAL ARTICLES—**

"Ancient Mariner, The,"—F. Verell Heath, 28.  
 Artesian Waters of Australasia.—W. G. Cox, C.E., 234, 241.  
 Discoverers of the Yarra—The Rev. Dr. Watkin, 21.  
 Impressions of the Theatre.—W. T. Stead, 44.  
 Anthony and Cleopatra, 363.  
 The Pavilion, 44.  
 International Demonstration for Internationalism.—W. T. Stead, 462.  
 My Partners, the People.—Andrew Carnegie, 240.  
 New Zealand Exhibition, 337.  
 Nieuwe Island.—Ronald Buchanan, 125.  
 Parliament of Man.—W. T. Stead, 452.  
 Peace Movement.—Rev. Chas. Strong, D.D., 19.  
 Prison Reform.—Rev. Chas. Strong, D.D., 349.  
 South Sea Islanders in Queensland.—Thos. Parker, 130.  
 State Banks v. State Bonds.—J. Miles Verrall, 346.  
 To Our Readers, 109.  
 The Next Wonder of the World, 159.  
 Tattersall's.—The Editor, 229.  
 Victoria's New Licensing Act.—The Editor, 232.  
 What About the Lords? 135.  
 In the Days of the Comet.—By H. G. Wells, 98, 203, 309, 416, 523.  
 Topics of the Day in the Periodicals of the Month, 401, 520.

**JUNE ISSUE—**

**Progress of the World, 535.**

**The Non-Voting Problem, 550.**

**On the Goldfields of the West, 553.**

**The Artesian Waters of Australia, 557.**

**Interviews on Topics of the Month, 563.**

**Character Sketch—The Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, 569.**

**Correspondence, 576.**

**The International Pilgrimage of Peace, 578.**

**Esperanto, 581.**

**Current History in Caricature, 582.**

**Leading Articles in Reviews—**

Saving the Child, 588.

A Marriage Advertisement Extraordinary, 588.

**Leading Articles.—Continued.**

How to Interest Children in Reading, 589.  
 Sir William Henry Holland, M.P., 589.  
 Germany's Obsolete Navy, 590.  
 The Improvement of the Race, 590.  
 Medical Inspection of Schools, 591.  
 Are There Two Universes? 591.  
 How to Give Efficiently, 592.  
 The Queen of Spain, 592.  
 A Floating Shipyard, 592.  
 The White Man's Notice to Quit, 593.  
 Is the Belief in Immortality Dying Out? 593.  
 Plea for Economic Chivalry, 594.  
 Never Seen the Fear of Death, 594.  
 The Old Blue: What Becomes of Him, 595.  
 The City of the Yellow Devil, 595.  
 Seven Representatives of Britain Oversea, 596.  
 "Go and Wash in Jordan," 596.  
 A Caricature of Womanhood, 597.  
 Dickens's Publishers, 597.  
 Mark Twain as a Guest of the Kaiser, 598.  
 Kissing the Book, 598.  
 History in Pageant, 599.  
 Diet for Brain Workers, 599.  
 Recent Wonders in Plant Growing, 600.  
 A Smuggling Community, 600.  
 A Painter of the Christ, 601.  
 Taking Scientific Records in the High Atmosphere, 601.  
 Housekeeping by Electricity, 602.  
 Why Exempt Buildings from Local Rates, 602.

**Leading Articles.—Continued.**

A Great Hymn Writer, 603.  
 The Haunts of the Earthquake, 603.  
 What a Suffragist Learned in GaoL, 604.  
 A Haunted Palace in Italy, 605.  
 Carmen Sylva, 605.  
 Harnessing the Sun, 606.  
 How to Study the Piano, 606.  
 The Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg, 607.  
 Where We Get Our Cotton From, 607.  
 Mark Twain's Originals, 608.  
 Madame Curie, 608.  
 Is the Labour Party Irreligious? 609.  
 What War with the U.S.A. Would Mean, 610.  
 Shakespeare's Brutal Public, 610.  
 The Science of Happiness, 610.  
 The Regeneration of Refuse, 611.  
 A Great European Trust, 611.  
 Against Collectivism, 612.  
 Russian Students, 613.  
 A Young Cuckoo at Work, 613.  
 Butterfly Breeding, 614.

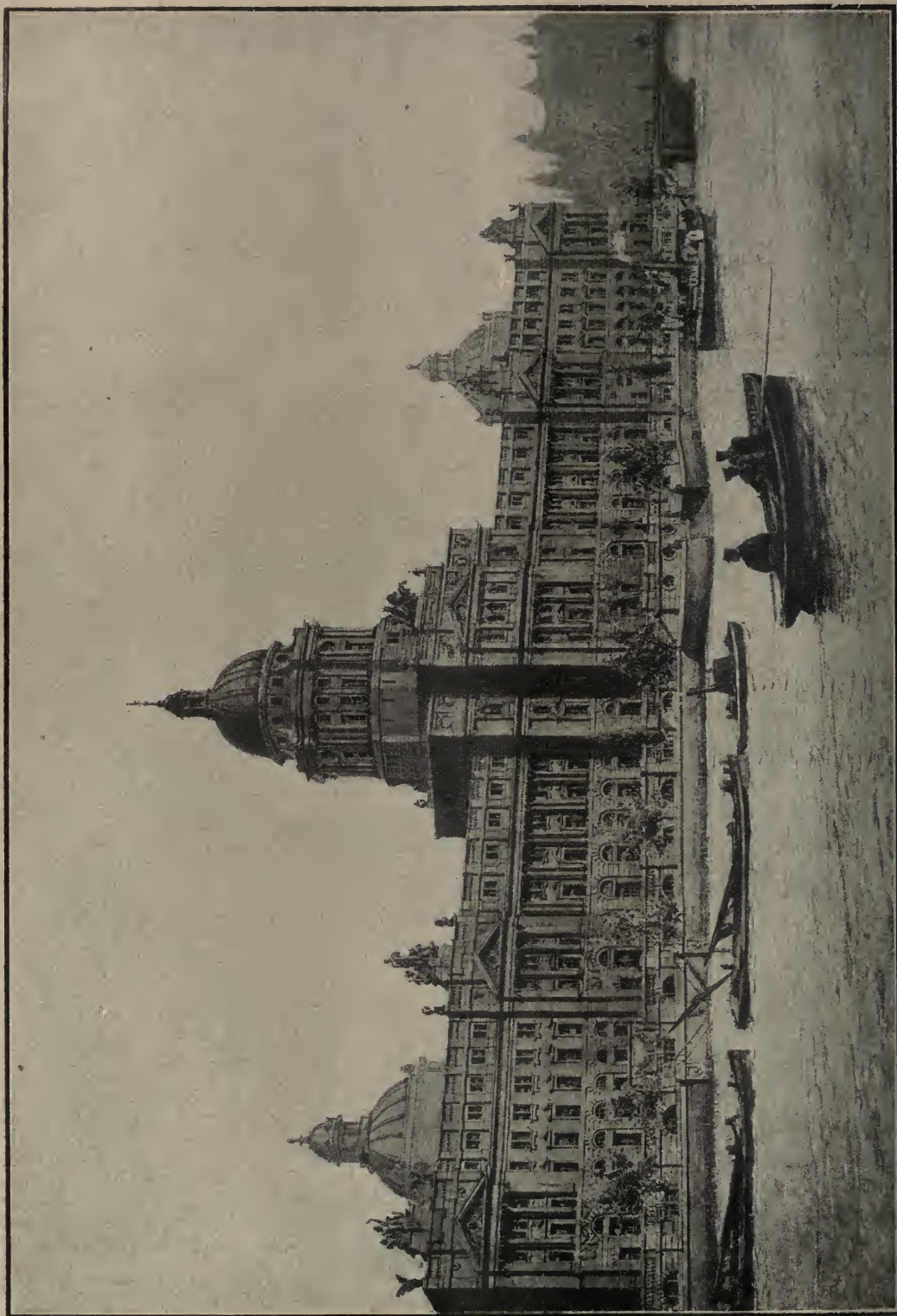
**Reviews Reviewed, 615.**

**Book of the Month, 619.**

**Leading Books of the Month, 627.**

**"In the Days of the Comet," 628.**

**Insurance Notes, 635.**



IMPROVING LONDON: THE PROPOSED NEW COUNTY COUNCIL HALL ON THE THAMES.  
*Suggestive Design by Mr. W. E. Riley, F.R.I.B.A., Superintendent Architect L.C.C.*



# THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

FOR AUSTRALASIA.

TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE BUILDING, SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE.

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## THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

MELBOURNE, May 10th.

### Political Matters.

Political matters during the month have been very quiet. New South Wales is, of course, beginning to make preparations for her elections in a couple of months' time. The Queensland general elections will take place on Saturday, the 18th May. Out of a House of 72 members, only four were returned unopposed. Three of these were Oppositionists, and one belonged to the Labour Party. The triangular battle is a feature of Queensland elections just as it is of all the other States, and the Ministerialists have 56 candidates in the field, the Oppositionists 65, the Labour Party 47, and there are also eight or nine Independent candidates. The elections for the Victorian Legislative Council are also in full swing. They will be held on June 4th. It is a pity that more interest cannot be aroused in this election; the apathy is dreadful. The Upper House in Victoria sadly needs democratising. Of course, the apathy can hardly be wondered at, seeing that so small a percentage of the electors have a vote, the franchise qualification being too high. There is a stern necessity for the qualification for the Upper House vote being reduced to a far lower point than it is at the present time. The Conference of Premiers will take place in Brisbane on the 27th May. The chief business to be considered will be the financial arrangements between the States and the Commonwealth. It will be remembered that although this matter has been freely discussed at previous Conferences of Premiers, no finality has been reached. One feature about this Conference will be that every State will be represented. It ought to be possible, therefore, for some very important matters to be settled.

### State Governors.

Sir John Forrest has been discussing the question of the appointment of State Governors, and has made the suggestion that they should be appointed by the Federal Executive. Now that Federation is established there is certainly no need for State Governors to be appointed by the Imperial Government. The question arises

as to whether there is any need for State Governors at all. The Premier for the time being could very well carry out any social functions that might be required, while the Federal Governor would, of course, act as a medium between the State Parliament and the Home Government. If, however, it should still be felt that there is a necessity for a representative man, there is no reason why the distinction should not go to some local man. Lieutenant-Governors have invariably filled the position with credit, and seeing that no really useful purpose is now served by the appointment of Englishmen of title, the blue ribbon might just as well pass into local hands. But, if so, the appointments would be made by the States. No good purpose would be served by relegating it to the Federal Executive.

### New South Wales and Opium.

A short time ago the Commonwealth Government prohibited the importation of opium. It was undoubtedly done in accordance with the wishes of the States, from which it was understood an implied, if not an explicit, assurance was given that drastic legislation would be introduced to make the prohibition effective. As a consequence, Queensland and Victoria passed laws making the smoking of opium illegal. The New South Wales Government was urged to do the same thing, and Mr. Carruthers gave a deputation which waited upon him an assurance that a Bill had already been drafted and would be introduced. It was not done, however, and some who ought to know say that opium-smoking goes on just as freely in some quarters in Sydney as it did before the restrictions were imposed. Such high prices can be obtained for the drug that it really pays the smuggler to bring it into the States. Nemesis is waiting in the other States in two forms for those who wish to break the law, first, in the shape of the Customs authorities, and, second, in the shape of the State officials. But in New South Wales, so long as the first can be escaped, there is no need to fear the second. Surely such a necessary reform as this, which would be passed in any House without discussion, might be put through the New South Wales Parliament this year?

### Victorian Acting-Premier's Backwardness.

So many of the States are now acknowledging the necessity for examining State school children with regard to their mental and physical fitness to receive instruction, that it could scarcely be credited that any prominent administrator should have any serious objections to it. New South Wales has a medical officer for the children, and only the other day Tasmania appointed a qualified doctor to inquire into the physical and mental condition of school children, but Mr. Davies, the Acting-Premier of Victoria, while others of the States do similar good work, will have none of it. He says the original Act never designed expenditure of this kind: a very conservative and out-of-date view to take. It is such a well-known fact that dulness and backwardness of certain children is entirely due either to defective sight or some physical deficiency that one would imagine that mere sympathy would compel action. Victoria is very far advanced with regard to some of her teaching methods, and it is to be hoped that when Mr. Bent returns he will see that the highly-desirable work is carried out. In another part of this issue of the "Review" is an article bearing upon this subject.

### Tasmania's Plea for a Special Case.

Sir John Forrest is filling quite a rôle of his own as Acting-Prime Minister, and is touring the States, a policy which the Prime Minister might with advantage pursue on his return. He has been visiting Tasmania as well as Sydney, and has been receiving a kind of royal reception. Now he proposes to go to Queensland. During his visit to Tasmania, the Premier laid several matters of trouble to the island State before him. There are some matters which Tasmania feels she suffers great disabilities from, and, as far as one man can help to smooth matters over, Sir John Forrest has been making a brave attempt. Tasmania certainly has suffered financially since Federation came in, probably more than any other State has done. She purchases most of her goods in Victoria or New South Wales, and in the interchange from these States, says that the destination of the goods is officially lost sight of sometimes, and that she consequently loses the credit of Customs fees. A suggestion made by the Premier that inter-State certificates should be done away with, and a lump sum payment made instead, seems very reasonable. It would save a tremendous amount of trouble, and be more just and satisfactory to Tasmania.

### University Students and Good Manners.

On previous occasions I have remarked upon the insane behaviour of students at capping celebrations, but this event on the last occasion at Melbourne far surpassed in levity and folly any previous exhibition. The noise was so great that

Sir John Madden, the Chancellor of the University, could not be heard. The behaviour was so bad that public comment induced the students to tender Sir John an apology, and to ask him to deliver, at a later date, the address which he would otherwise have given. This Sir John graciously consented to do, and it is probable that the experience of eating humble pie may prevent a repetition of this business again. Some similar disturbances occurred in Sydney. It is surely time that the educated youth of our country gave up these insane and unnecessary exhibitions, truly a relic of bygone times, and a transplantation from another country. Whatever may have been the latitude allowed to students in other places, there is no need upon such a great occasion as this for Australians to follow in their footsteps.

### Melbourne and the Unemployed.

It scarcely seems credible that, in a time of such wonderful prosperity as Victoria, in common with the other States, is enjoying, there should be any unemployed, but in Melbourne at any rate there is a considerable section which will go very hungry during the winter unless something is done for them. To give casual assistance is merely to beg the question, and to try to get rid of an unpleasant problem. There is something wrong with our social system somewhere when so many men are anxious to find employment and cannot do so. The trouble chiefly arises in connection with men whose occupation may be described as "clerical," and who have no practical knowledge of farm-life or of any definite trade. Very few men who are specialists in any kind of manual work are needing employment, but there are hundreds of men who are either earning a pittance or are out of work. There is a movement on foot now to try to improve the salaries of men in clerical positions. The movement is of course a righteous one, but it is extremely difficult to grade men employed in this kind of work. It would be almost impossible to arrange work on such a basis that it would form a foundation for a table of rates to be prepared for certain classes of work. And then it will not solve the problem. Of course if the young men of the cities were to launch out into the country, instead of hanging about the city, content to earn a few shillings a week, the problem would be very largely solved. But while they persist in the latter, it is to be feared the problem will remain. Nevertheless reformers must do all they possibly can to deal with the problem, and to remove the difficulties as far as possible.

### A Humane Practice.

I have rarely spent an hour on the platform with more feeling of satisfaction than I did an hour at the Pentridge prison in Melbourne the other day. The authorities have very kindly and humanely tried to arrange for a monthly lecture to



be given the prisoners in order to break the monotony of their life, and to do something towards helping the men to a higher level of living. For some time the practice has been in operation, and the warmest commendation must be paid to the officials who conceived the idea, and have carried it out. I was honoured by being asked to give a lecture there during the month. The subjects which have been dealt with have been of a varied character, being upon travel, as well as more abstruse and philosophic subjects. My own subject was "Some Aspects of Social Reform," and I must say I never had a more interested and appreciative audience. The evident pleasure which the men seemed to feel at the change is a complete indication of the good that it must do, and the practice may form one of a series of experiments of a reform character which the officials would only be too pleased to carry out if the authorities gave them the power. If not in practice in other States, the idea is commended to Prisoners' Aid and similar societies.

#### An Exhibition for New South Wales.

Australia seems to be catching the fever of exhibitions something like America has done. The microbe seems to get into the atmosphere and to be absorbed by nationalities. New Zealand has just got through her exhibition with a substantial loss, which the Acting-Premier, Mr. Hall Jones, says is more than made up in Customs duties and railway receipts. Victoria had a very long bill to pay at the close of her great exhibition some 20 years ago, but, nothing daunted, New South Wales is now in the field. Some of her prominent business men propose holding an International Exhibition in that city in 1910. It is estimated that the cost would run to something like a quarter of a million. Mr. Carruthers has given a very diplomatic reply to a deputation which waited upon him, and has promised to make inquiries and to obtain data and then place the matter fully before the Cabinet for consideration. Considerable opposition to the movement is being manifested by some country towns, which urge that the scheme is simply one for the aggrandisement of Sydney, but an objection of this kind cannot be expected to have very great weight. New South Wales since the drought is certainly enjoying a boom. It is not an unnatural one. There is not likely to be a reaction after it. It is due to the splendid development of the country, and it is likely to still further increase in view of the flow of immigrants which has already begun to take place towards that State. New South Wales is certainly bidding fair to leave her sister States behind in this question. Some hundreds of immigrants have already been landed, or are on the high seas. Australia is due for a big exhibition again, and it is to be hoped that New South Wales will take it up. It will help to bring the other parts of the world still nearer to us.



N.Z. Free Lance.]

#### A Lock-Out at Christchurch Exhibition.

ACTING-PREMIER HALL-JONES: "Yes, Your Excellency, I'll admit we haven't made a fortune out of the Exhibition itself, but we've got these heavy bags of gold to fall back on—and, above all, we've still got George Munro!"

#### A Curious Position.

It is rather curious that while a great cry for immigration is being raised on the part of some of the States, there should be an exodus from one part of Australia to another. Nevertheless the fact remains that there is quite a pilgrimage from Victoria to New South Wales and Queensland. Of course the reason is that those undertaking it have made money in Victoria, and are going to the other States, where there is more land for them to take up than they can secure in Victoria. Land is growing to be very dear there, and the policy of the Government has a very great deal to do with it. There is not the slightest doubt but that the closer settlement purchases have put a fictitious value upon land generally. In almost any settled part there is such a boom in land that prices are going up out of the reach of small capitalists. But it certainly does seem ridiculous that any State should be making efforts to get people from the other side of the world, while some of the best farmers are getting out. Victoria would do well to open up her available Crown lands speedily, and make settlement far more expeditious and easy than it now is.

#### Compulsory Military Training.

It is very satisfactory to know that the Professorial Board of the Melbourne University Council is not in favour of compulsory military training. A proposal had been made that the University should impose compulsory military training on its students. There are several reasons against this; one is that we do not want to foster the military spirit for the sake of doing so, another is that it might interfere with the studies of the students, and a third that the University has no authority from Parliament to insist upon such a condition. No-

thing could be said against a proposal to establish a volunteer corps amongst the members of the University, but it would be rather a bad beginning for it to insist upon a compulsory system. There are some who advocate compulsory training in our schools, but the day when that will come is still a long way off.

#### Victoria's Caves.

The caves at Buchan, Victoria, which have lately been opened up promise to challenge comparison with the famous caves of Jenolan.

Scarcely any higher compliment could be paid. Visitors to them have described them in the highest terms. There seems every prospect, if the Government will only afford facilities for tourists, of turning the feet of pleasure seekers towards these Victorian novelties as freely as they turn towards those of Wales, and of making the caves just as valuable an asset. West Australia, Tasmania, Victoria and New South Wales all rejoice in caves of this description, but until very lately the Victorian caves have not been explored.

#### The Coal-Lumpers' Strike.

The coal-lumpers in Sydney have been reverting to the old and barbarous method of striking in order to get what they consider to be their

rights, and have foolishly taken matters into their own hands to try to prevent free labour. When non-union men proceeded to the work of coal-loading at Circular Quay, to take the place of the strikers, they were set upon by the coal-lumpers—surely an acknowledgment of absolute defeat. The non-unionists subsequently proceeded to their jobs under police escort, and the coal-lumpers have of course prejudiced their case very seriously. The Arbitration Court award for lumpers provides for rs. 6d. per hour, with overtime between 6 p.m. and midnight on Saturday, and between midnight on Saturday and 6 a.m. on Sunday, when 3s. is paid. The terms were not considered good enough by unionists, and they refused to work at midnight on the 11th April. Proceedings were immediately taken in the Arbitration Court, an affidavit being sworn by a foreman, Julius Wulf, and others. This seems to have angered the men, and they resolved their complaint into one against Wulf, of general unfairness in dealing with the men, although prior to his making the affidavit no complaint had been made against him for eight years by the men who had been constantly under him. It is childish and ridiculous that an industrial trouble should be prolonged by any such feeling, and there is no doubt but that it is merely a paltry excuse on the part of the men to justify them in the difficulty. When methods like these are resorted to, a union cannot expect to get public sympathy, and the sooner they are taught by hard experience to fall in with the re-

quirements of an up-to-date civilisation, and settle their differences by the peaceful methods of arbitration, the better it will be for them. The community will not stand exhibitions of violence. It is very evident from the constant industrial troubles which New South Wales is experiencing that some change will have to be made in her method of settling disputes. Her Arbitration Act is too clumsy and is insufficient. Again it may be repeated that the most reasonable way to settle industrial troubles is on the line of that adopted in Victoria, where there has practically been industrial peace since the principle was brought into operation. Another reason why the New South Wales Act requires amendment is that while employers can be compelled to fall in with the awards, there is nothing to prevent the workers from doing as they please. The arrangement is decidedly one-sided and ought to be improved upon.

#### Misguided Friends.

The position was still further complicated by the refusal of the Newcastle Union to coal at Newcastle any steamer which, but for the strike, would have coaled in Sydney. This action will, of course, still further embitter public feeling against the lumpers. The Newcastle Union has no complaint whatever to make, no grievance to have rectified, and it is the height of indiscretion to have acted in this short-sighted fashion. Meanwhile the coaling of ships is going on very satisfactorily. The crews and a number of free labourers are doing the work. The Steam Collier Owners' and Coal Stevedores' Association issued about 70 summonses against the Coal-lumpers' Union for penalties for alleged breaches of the Arbitration Court award made on December 5th, 1905, and in connection with which further orders were made on later dates. The summonses, of course, refer to the stoppage of work by the men on the Saturday referred to. It is said that the Sydney Union has asked the co-operation of the Brisbane Union, urging them to follow the example of the Newcastle workers, but so far the invitation has very wisely been passed by.

#### Justly Severe Penalties.

Some of the cases have already come before the Court, and the stipendiary magistrate has inflicted penalties, the justness of which everyone concerned must agree with. It is no light matter for a man under circumstances like these to attempt violence, and the proper thing was done when one of the men was sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour, and another to seven days' imprisonment with hard labour, without the option of a fine in either case. A third was fined £2, in default a month's imprisonment, with hard labour. It is a pity that the men transgressed in this respect, for public opinion has the habit of





*The Bulletin.*]

**The Poor Old Ma State.**

A Mixed Picture Reflecting the Mixed Weeps of the Sydney Anti-Federal Press.

THE UNFILIAL DAUGHTER: "Yes, this is going to be the Federal Capital site, and I've made it cold on purpose, and you've got to stay here and be robbed; and if you whimper much more I'll take that cloak from you."

veering from one extreme to the other, and it will be harder for the men to get even-handed justice from public opinion after their deplorable exhibition of lawlessness. Much as the men might object to seeing the places that they have vacated filled, they could get a proper remedy by constitutional means.

**The Federal Capital Site Again.**

The question of the Federal capital site has once more sprung into prominence. The Acting-Premier, Sir John Forrest, has paid a visit to Sydney, and had a chat with Mr. Carruthers, with the result that Mr. Carruthers' hopes were raised to a great height. To Mr. Carruthers, Sir John's attitude seemed to indicate that if 200 square miles were asked instead of 900, this area including the water supply, and if the proposal to reserve the land for the railway to the coast were abandoned, and the objections of New South Wales to the Dalgety site would thereby be removed, the whole thing would be satisfactory to both parties. A correspondent to the Sydney



Map prepared by the "Sydney Daily Telegraph," to show the position of the controversy to date, as it appears to a representative Sydney journal.

"Daily Telegraph," however, afterwards suggested that the proper way out of the difficulty is for New South Wales to reserve one or two areas, and to give the Federal Parliament the choice. This has raised Sir John Forrest's ire, and he resents the idea of any such proposal being favourable to the Federal Parliament. Clearly, upon the face of it, it is unlikely that the Federal Parliament, even if it did not like the Dalgety site, would accept such a stand-and-deliver policy as that, and, as far as negotiations are concerned, they seem to be in the same position as they were a little while ago. The probability is that unless Dalgety is accepted by New South Wales, the question will be hung up for a considerable period. Those members whose homes lie on the south and west of Victoria do not feel inclined to place the site of the Federal capital any farther away than is absolutely necessary. The "Daily Telegraph" prints a map, which I have reproduced, giving a history of the selections from the New South Wales' point of view. The contention of that State is that a site somewhere near the 100-mile radius to Sydney should be selected, while the rest of the people not unnaturally regard the whole of New South Wales outside that radius as being open to the choice of the Federal Parliament.

**Baby-Farming.**

None of the news of the month has caused humanists greater satisfaction than to find that the terrible baby-farming cases in Western Australia have aroused public sentiment. A crowded meeting was held in the Perth Town Hall, the Mayor presiding, and the warmest of interest was shown. As a result, resolutions were passed affirming the instant and stern necessity of the Government to take notice of the terrible evils of baby-farming, and the inadequate provision existing for



the care of unwanted infants; that it was the duty of the State to assist and foster institutions designed for the care of neglected infants; that a foundling home entirely under the control of the State should be instituted, and that various denominations who so desire make provision for the accouchement of misled women, and that the Government be requested to give such assistance as will maintain the mother with her child for a period of nine months, and thereafter pay such institutions the amount requisite to the proper care and education of the child until it reaches at least the age of 14 years. This is a matter which all the States will have to take up. The mortality amongst these little ones is tremendous, and yet their lives are valuable to the State, and it is as much a Christian duty to preserve them and render them fit for their future duties as more favoured ones. Some kind of State institution is certainly needed. Volunteer institutions may do all they possibly can, but the matter is so urgent that it should not be left to volunteers, but should be ardently taken up by the Government. West Australia has an opportunity to lead the other States in reform with regard to unwanted infants.

#### Anti-Gambling Legislation.

Some of the "Review" readers have written to me asking me to give a digest of the Anti-gambling laws passed in Victoria. A mere glance at the main provisions is sufficient. The Bill has been very effective so far, and our friends in other States may, with confidence, use it as a basis for reform in matters relating to gambling. I shall be pleased to forward a copy of the Act to anyone requiring it for 1s. 1d. to those in Victoria, and 1s. 2d. to those outside, which amount will cover cost of Bill and postage. A constant visitor to Melbourne would be struck immediately after the Bill came into operation with the changed appearance of some of the Melbourne streets. Whereas in certain quarters men of raucous voice and horsey appearance made the footpath in some places almost impassable, these places now present the orderly and respectable appearance of other parts of a well-ordered town, while some of the notorious betting places have closed their doors, and, although a good deal of betting still goes on, the flagrant, aggressive public gambling that was openly carried on before is now no more.

Briefly, the Bill has stopped street betting and relegated gaming to the racecourse, has made totalisators illegal, and has provided heavy penalties for gaming houses. It has also restricted the number of race meetings to be held, and has very considerably curtailed what was one of the most prolific forms of viciousness that was connected with gambling—viz., pony racing. Strange as it may seem, it was nevertheless true that round pony racecourses the very worst elements of society seemed to gather. Another important feature of the Bill was the prohibition of the sale of Tattersall's

tickets, and the liability to penalty of anyone forwarding money or goods in connection with any lottery conducted within or without the State. In addition to that, it was made illegal to publish any information concerning betting before a race. The Act may, therefore, be said to cover a very extensive area.

#### An Excellent Clause.

The method provided by the Bill for dealing with houses suspected of gambling is likely to be effective in the extreme. If a place be suspected of being a gaming house, application may be made to the court, and the court may grant an order quarantining the premises, and making liable to arrest any person entering or leaving the building. This clause was responsible for the stopping of gambling in Tattersall's and the Collingwood Tote. As soon as the application was made, Wren and Boardman made a kind of public confession, and promised to gamble no more if the order for quarantine was not granted. Under these circumstances the judge declined to make an order—rather a curious way of conducting judicial matters, by the way. If criminals generally were treated in that fashion justice would be a farce. The promise to stop gambling was practically a confession that gambling had been carried on by the persons confessing, a rather suggestive commentary upon a case a little while ago, where convictions for gambling were quashed on the plea that no gambling was carried on. Nevertheless the Act proved effective, and there is every reason to believe that if it be properly administered, an effective stop will be put to gaming in houses.

#### The Telephone in Every Home.

The Postmaster-General's Department took an up-to-date step when it arranged for the substitution of the toll system for the flat rate in the telephone department. Under the latter, everyone paid the same, and small firms which used the telephone three times a day paid as much as those which used it scores of times. This is contrary of course to the spirit of trade, which demands that greater services should be paid for in proportion to the business done. But another forward step is now anticipated. The Postmaster-General proposes to lower the present minimum charge, so that the person who has occasion only to use the 'phone two or three times a day may be induced to have it installed. The present system provides for a minimum of six calls a day on the average, with 0½d. charge per call over that amount, charges being adjusted every six months. "A telephone in every home" at 1s. a week, is the ideal which the Minister says he has placed before him. There is a good progressive ring about this. In the meantime the Postmaster-General might introduce another and much more needed reform in the shape of the penny post throughout Australia.



**A Terrible Indictment.**

A little time ago the feelings of the community were roused to a high pitch of excitement over the revelations that were made concerning the treatment of West Australian blacks. When Dr. Roth inquired into the matter; but from statements of Dr. Gibney, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Perth, it seems as though the evils complained of are still being carried out with unmitigated severity. In a long letter to the press on the subject of the treatment of the aborigines, Dr. Gibney writes:—

I will leave out of the question the barbarities of the past. I only desired to allude to the conditions that exist at the present time, and from what can be gathered, are likely to continue to exist, unless some compelling force is used to bring about the change that all wish to see.

In many directions, especially in the Northern Territory, settlers have taken up extensive runs for sheep and cattle. Where this is the case, the kangaroo, the opossum, and the wild fowl, on which the natives were accustomed to live, soon disappear, and the natives are often told to clear out, which they are reluctant to do.

If they remain, they must starve. If they kill sheep, they go to prison. If they go into the territory of other tribes they will be speared. Of all these evils, the prison has the greatest terror for them.

They are arrested indiscriminately, and often chained one to another, and then to the necks of police horses.

Very seldom do they escape conviction. Many do not know for what offence they suffer imprisonment for years, and are kept in chains day and night.

Most of the native prisoners do not live long after their arrest. Burials from the native prisons are common. Treatment of this description to dumb animals would be counted gross cruelty, yet to the natives it is claimed to be what the law demands.

The barbarous practice of chaining helpless creatures one to another, and then to the necks of horses, ought to be stopped by the Imperial Government.

The chaining of natives has been roundly condemned by Dr. Roth, and still later by the German scientist, Dr. Klaatsch; nevertheless, the chief protector of the natives defends it as a humane form of punishment.

The indictment is so severe that the West Australian Government must of necessity inquire into it, for it is a slur not simply upon West Australians, but on the whole of the people of the Commonwealth. If the land belonging to the natives is taken up by white people, ample provision ought to be made for the unfortunate and helpless natives who are dispossessed of their inheritance. It is of little use for us to rail against the barbarities of other people if such monstrous things are permitted within our own borders.

*S.S. "Caronia," en route.*

MARCH, 1907.

**From the Old World to the New.**

We are nearing Queenstown, the last port in the Old World from which we leap off to the New World across the Atlantic. The

morning is heavenly bright, the sea as tranquil as a lake, and the gulls, the fearless doves of the ocean, are floating so near to the bulwarks that it seems as if you could almost touch them with the hand. Few of the passengers are as yet about. The steerage is still. Only the ceaseless throb of the engines tells that the ship is not asleep. Otherwise, despite the miles we are flinging behind us every hour, we might almost be upon a painted ship upon a painted sea. It is a moment of calm and rest between two periods of extreme activity—a pause between the eddying currents of the Old World and the plunge into the fiercer activities of the New. It is the New World that more and more is dominating the Old. At the second Hague Conference for the first time all the American States will be represented. Some, of course, especially the small ragamuffin States, which are even now fighting in Central America, will contribute little of weight or wisdom to the Parliament of the World. But Brazil, Chili and the Argentine represent Powers already great, but destined to be infinitely greater in the years that are to come. The second Conference will differ from the first in that it will be much more American in its composition, in its ideas, and probably also in the nature of its decisions. Therefore I am at this moment on a Cunarder outward bound, off the coast of Ireland, instead of doing my ordinary day's work in London.

**American Influence at the Hague, 1899 and 1907.**

American influence was very great in 1899. It will be greater in 1907. The summoning of the second Conference was due to American initiative. The first draft of its programme was drawn up by President Roosevelt. One of the first subjects relegated by the first Conference to its successor was the question of the right to capture private property at sea in war time—a favourite American traditional doctrine forced upon the first Conference by the American delegates. No more striking illustration of American ascendancy can be afforded than the fact which now appears to be almost beyond doubt, that the Americans, having brought the Conference together largely to legalise the American doctrine of the immunity of private property, will use it to abandon that doctrine, and insist upon the maintenance of the *status quo*. If they do this, and I hear they are very likely to do it, then *volte face* will occasion no reproaches, although it may provoke a gentle sarcasm. For the Americans are the chartered libertines of diplomacy, and are allowed to do as they please. Of their influence in the first Conference I heard an interesting anecdote the other day. The Tsar summoned the Conference to check the growth of armaments, but it achieved its great success in establishing an International Court of Arbitration. The decision to save the Conference from failure and to convert it into an instrument for forwarding arbitration was taken in the office of the then Under-Secretary for State at Washington. The subject was first mooted by Lord (then Sir Julian) Pauncefoot to Mr. Secretary Hay, and by him referred to Mr. Under-Sec-



The Late Prime Minister of Bulgaria.

M. Petkoff was shot dead on March 11th, in the public park at Sofia. His assassin was arrested.

retary Hill, in whose office the scheme of arbitration was framed which was afterwards carried out at the Hague. Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefoot are no more, but by good fortune Mr Hill is American Minister in Holland and member of the American delegation at the second Conference.

#### The Unity of the English-Speaking World.

At the Second Conference, as at the first, the essential unity of the English-speaking world whenever theory gives place to action will be the great outstanding feature of the assemblage. The representatives of the feudalism of the Old World have been quick to recognise that in the Parliament of Peace the New World holds the sword of Brennus—if so warlike a metaphor may be permitted in this connection. Hence, when differences arise, the supreme question will always be, "Stand they together these two, Britain and America?" And the tactics of the opposition will be to divide one from the other—tactics which must not be allowed to prevail. In 1899 the two Powers played into each other's hands to such an extent

that America refused to condemn our Dum-Dum bullet, and we in turn refused to vote against her protest in favour of the use of asphyxiating gases in war. Similar deals may be expected at the Hague. The maintenance of Anglo-American unity in action is the key to the position. That, among other things, is a reason why I should be glad if Lord Esher were nominated as first British Plenipotentiary at the Hague, with Sir Arthur Nicolson as his second. For Lord Esher has a strain of American blood in him, and his direct businesslike ways would enable him to get on famously with Mr. Choate, Mr. Porter, Judge Ross and Mr. Hill. Of his other qualifications, his French, his influence, his position and his tradition of unbroken success all point him out as the man for the Hague.

#### The Attitude of Germany.

The appointment of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein as first German delegate at the Hague has been favourably received. Baron Marschall has had a wide and varied experience. He has served his time at the German Foreign Office, and he has of late years been Ambassador at Constantinople, where the ascendancy of Germany has been at its zenith. His latest exploit in securing the disgrace and dismissal of Fehmi Pasha, the Boss of the Palace, has been universally recognised as a triumph for honesty and civilisation. Baron Marschall, we may depend upon it, will not come to the Conference this year as Count Munster, with Baron Stengel as his Sancho Panza, came to the Hague in 1899—with his mouth full of sneers at the absurdity of the whole business. "All we can do," he used to say, "is to manufacture some pretty *Etrennes* to please Nicholas." I venture to hope and believe that Baron Marschall will come in a very different mood and with very different instructions. Herr von Tschirschky assured me that the German Government would energetically support every practical measure the British Government brought forward for the maintenance of peace. Prince von Bülow was even more emphatic in declaring that the only practical way in which the Government could work for peace was by promoting friendlier relations among the different peoples by the systematic exercise of international hospitality. In recommending the principle of an annual appropriation for peace, Germany and England should be at one, and when the English-speaking peoples and the Kaiser agree, no other Power is likely to say them nay.

#### The Only Danger Point.

In all Europe—excluding the Balkan peninsula, where we have still to pay the penalty of Lord Beaconsfield's betrayal of Macedonia—the only danger point is the excessive nervousness of some French statesmen and their echoes in the Press, who see in every attempt at a *rapprochement*



between Germany and England a danger to the *entente cordiale*. Cannot our sensitive French friends be made to understand that the English idea of the *entente* is not at all the idea that seems to possess the minds of some people on the Continent on both sides of the Rhine? Not, we fear, until some necessary changes have been made in the diplomatic and journalistic *personnel* of Paris. Our *entente cordiale* with France is a very real and a very precious thing to us. But we can buy even diamonds too dear. And if anyone imagines that our *entente* with France is to preclude us from cultivating the most friendly relations with Germany or any other nation, he is labouring under a very great delusion, from which he will wake up with a very sudden disillusion. In English domestic *menage* we are the strictest of monogamists, looking with much more disfavour than most French novelists upon *liaisons* with a mistress. But in our international relations we have no wife with right of monopoly. We are free to make love to all our agreeable neighbours, and any attempt on the part of our French mistress to claim the exclusive privileges of the one and only wedded wife would have no other result than the manifestation of similar jealousies usually produced in private life.

#### Anglo-German Visits.

The consciousness of the existence of this nervousness across the Channel leads some English journalists to deprecate the visit of the Kaiser to London, or the return visit of the editors to Germany. Things must have come to a pretty pass when we cannot visit our own relations or accept the hospitality of our own *confrères* because of French susceptibilities. Of course we do not attribute such excessive jumpiness of nerves to any sane and responsible French statesmen. But it is imputed to Frenchmen by many Englishmen, who seem to think that because we love France and wish to perpetuate and strengthen the *entente cordiale*, therefore we must be uncivil to Germany. No more mischievous doctrine or one more certain to rebound disastrously on France herself can possibly be imagined. Our *entente* with France, so far from committing us to be uncivil to Germany, imposes upon us the obligation to go out of our way to do Germany friendly acts wherever we can find an opportunity in any part of the world where French interests are not concerned. As for the visit of the British journalists to Germany, arrangements for that pleasant interchange of international amenities are going on most satisfactorily. Almost all the important editors of the British press, regardless of party distinctions, have accepted the German invitation. The only difficulty lies in the extreme cordiality of our German hosts. Munich insists upon being included in the programme, and how the visit is to be finished in less than a fortnight no man can conceive.



Photo by]

[Maull and Foz.

Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson,  
New Admiral of the British Fleet.

#### The Fate of the Channel Tunnel.

As stated last month, the Channel Tunnel will not be made—not because it is not wanted, but because of the excessive nervousness of a certain portion of the British public. We have no right to throw stones at our French neighbours about the jumpiness of their nerves when we have to admit that our own people are so prone to panic that they dare not even allow a rat-hole under the Channel. The decision of the Government was inevitable. The loss of the Tunnel is only one among the many other penalties we pay for the art of panic-mongering. All that can be done at present—till the coming of the aeroplane, which will bring as a counter-irritant a new and more formidable panic—is to push forward the Channel Ferry scheme. If we could go to sleep in London and wake in Paris, as we can go to sleep in Berlin and wake in Copenhagen, it would be an immense improvement upon the present broken voyage. If, in the cause of the *entente cordiale*, the antiquated and useless system of examining luggage were replaced



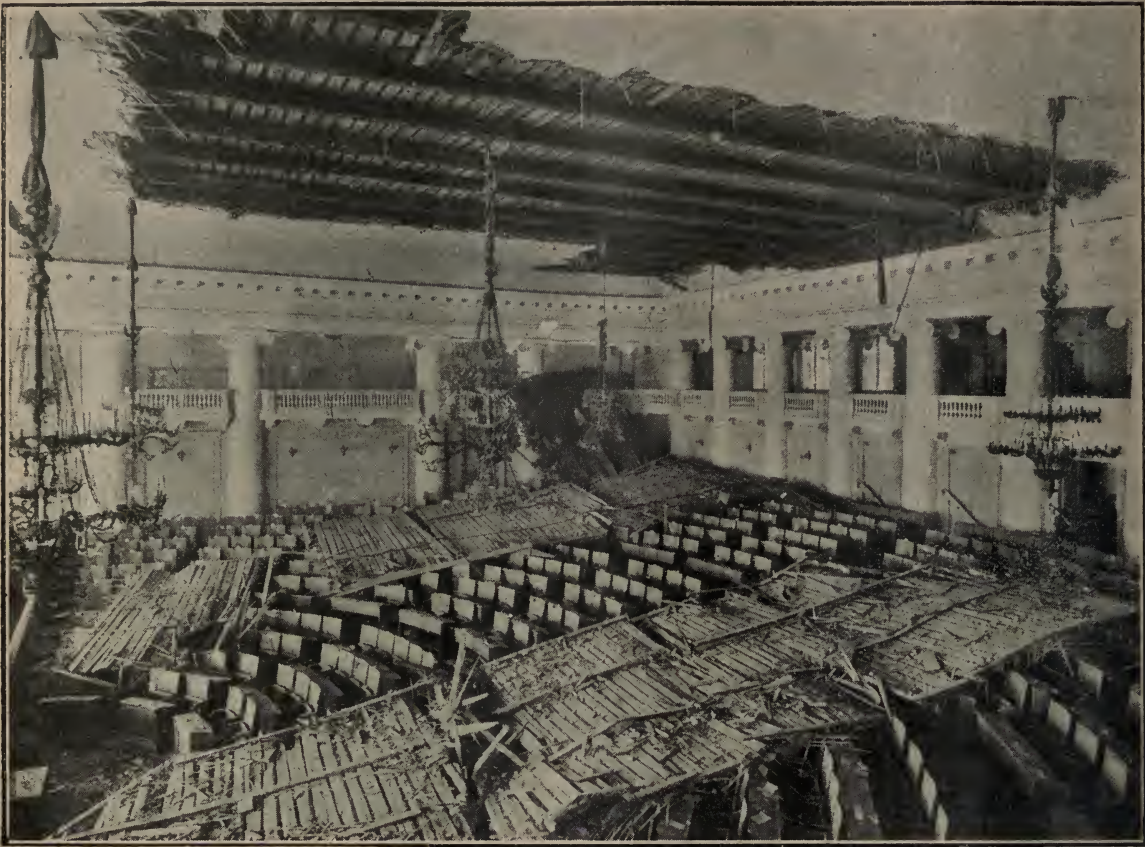


Photo. by the "Sphere."]

**Fall of the Ceiling of the Hall where the Duma Meets.**

On March 15th, in the morning, the ceiling of the hall in the Tauride Palace, St. Petersburg, where the Duma meets, gave way, and fell into the body of the Chamber. Had the accident happened during a sitting only the Ministers, a few Polish Deputies, some members of the Extreme Right, and the journalists would have escaped.

by a more civilised mode of checking smuggling, mankind would be the gainer and no exchequer the loser.

**The Patience  
of  
Griselda.**

The patience of Griselda has been overdone. Thanks to the over-cultivation of that Christian virtue by women, men have come to believe that the worm will never turn and that women can be tricked and cheated and befooled with impunity world without end. In the relations between the sexes—in the bastardy laws for instance, in the refusal to make seduction under false promise of marriage a criminal offence, and in scores of other instances—men have so habitually played women the scurviest of tricks that they have come to regard it as quite in the order of things. They would never dream of behaving to each other

in the dishonourable way in which they constantly behave to women, and as women have put up with this for ages, the majority of men cannot understand why dear, patient Griselda should not put up with it for ever. Hence, when the demand for woman's suffrage is put forward seriously in Parliament, the instinct of the man is always to cozen the woman. He will not say her nay with a good round oath and be done with it. He prefers to pretend he is most anxious to oblige her, and then by the clumsiest of fraudulent pretences he evades the discharge of his obligations. The professed supporters of woman's suffrage in the House of Commons have done this for years. They did it again last month. Mr. Dickinson's Bill was talked out and then when Sir C. McLaren's motion had a chance of being brought to a division, an adulterous suffrage Bill was introduced in order to burke the discussion.



**"Getting Mad."**

So in one way or in another the exclusively male House of Commons allows its members to baffle and evade the women who are pleading for a plain yea or nay to claims the justice of which both Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Balfour have admitted, and to support which 400 members were pledged at last General Election. The House exists for the redress of grievances. But when the grievances are only those of women, any and every wretched subterfuge is resorted to in order to evade the performance of the duty which it owes to the nation. Let it reject their claim if it thinks well, but don't dodge it. It is this miserable, cowardly, dishonest evasion of facing the issue which explains and justifies the impatience of the Suffragettes. There are seventy-six of them now in gaol for attempting to march to the House of Commons to complain of the way in which their demands have been cushioned. It is all very mad, no doubt. But there is method in their madness. It seemed very mad to us for the Ashantees to commit suicide on their enemies' doorstep, but it was the *ultima ratio* of despair, and it was not without its uses. If sufficient women can be found to crowd and overcrowd the gaols rather than endure any longer the shuffling cowardice of the House of Commons, the House will at last be compelled to debate the question fully and decide on it fairly. That is all the women ask. But so far they have not been able to get a division. Until they get a fair answer, yes or no, they will continue to protest by getting themselves locked up. It is very mad, no doubt, but if Ms.P. will not play the game, and play it fair, what are women to do?



The Late Count Lamsdorff.

Count Vladimir Lamsdorff, who had been Russian Foreign Minister since 1900, and resigned only recently on account of ill-health, was born in 1844. He had a brilliant career, and possessed all the Orders of Russia.

**A Gap in the Resources of Civilisation.**

Two cases which came personally before me last month illustrate forcibly the existence of a gap in the resources of civilisation. In order that human society can hold together, not merely must justice be between man and man—it is, perhaps, premature to say between man and woman—but for the necessary self-complacency of the units which compose society there ought never to be an uneasy sense that cruel injustice is being done to anyone without redress, because of the inability of the victims to put up the necessary funds to right their wrongs. It may be that the alleged victims have no real grievances. It may be that they are crazy. But what Society ought to have a means of ascertaining is, whether they are wronged or whether they are crazy, and that in the two cases that came before me Society does not seem at present to possess. No doubt if the complainants who go about crying in the streets had money they could get their cases attended to by our Royal Courts of Justice. For law courts are like penny-in-the-slot machines. Money must be put in before

justice can be brought out, and these unfortunates have not the necessary penny.

**The Case of Miss Littlejohn.**

The first case was that of a lady from South Africa, of Scotch extraction, of the name of Miss Littlejohn. She has, or claims to have, a wealthy brother, from whom she alleges she has a legal right to demand, under the provisions of a trust deed, the regular payment of an annuity, the arrears of which now amount to £1000. For reasons which may be excellent, or which may be the reverse, the money is not paid, and the lady is driven from sheer penury to spend night after night homeless in the streets of London, sitting sometimes for hours on her brother's doorstep in one of the West London squares, challenging arrest. She possesses documents signed by men learned in the law stating that her claim is legally sound, and that if the necessary fees can be paid the Court of Chancery or some other Court would speedily right her wrong. This may be so or it may not. The question I am discussing is quite independent of the



**French Battleship "Jena," Blown Up at Toulon.**

The "Jena," 12,100 tons, was lying in dock at Toulon undergoing repairs. On March 12th an explosion occurred in the after-magazine supplying the 12-in. guns, and thence spread to the other magazines. The "Jena" carried 630 men, and of these 118 were killed and 44 injured.

merits of either brother or sister. For after a period of more or less prolonged tension, Miss Littlejohn, being totally penniless, gravitates to the workhouse and becomes an indoor pauper. According to her own story, she was turned out of the workhouse because her brother promised to pay a weekly pittance to keep her off the rates. Now this may be extravagant generosity on the part of the kindest of brothers to the most aggravating of sisters; but it does not seem right that anyone should be left to go at large charging any of His Majesty's lieges with all manner of frauds and violation of trust without somebody being laid by the heels. Could not the workhouse authorities get the question settled one way or the other by bringing an action against the relative alleged to be responsible for maintenance under the trust deed? If he paid, it would afford *prima facie* evidence that her case ought to be looked into by the Courts. If he resisted, then the whole case would be gone into in open Court, and we should at least have the comfort of knowing that justice was done.

**Mr. Horsfall and Parr's Bank.**

The case of Miss Littlejohn is, however, as nothing to the case of Mr. Horsfall, which has now, after several years, assumed the dimensions of a public scandal. I am neither a shareholder nor a depositor in Parr's Bank, but I am a citizen of London, and feel a certain degree of smug complacency in my confidence in the sterling honesty, unimpeachable integrity, and solid foundations of British banks. Whenever I take my walks abroad I am confronted with one or another of the innumerable branches of "Parr's Bank." Parr's Bank is indeed the most conspicuous of all banks, and we ought to feel correspondingly proud of its renown as a typical British banking institution. But thanks to this old gentleman, Mr. Horsfall—and a most respectable-looking old gentleman he is—all my smug complacency has been destroyed. Parr's Bank, instead of ministering to my national and civic pride, is becoming a positive eye-blister, and all owing to Mr. Horsfall, against whom I owe on this account no small grudge. For this most bene-



volent-looking, and certainly most persevering, old gentleman bombards the public with pamphlets of 300 pages and more, in which he sets forth with most terrific iteration and reiteration, the most damning charges against Parr's Bank. These charges may all be the merest moonshine or the most malignant libels. But they are most explicit, most detailed, and they are repeated with a savage intensity of earnestness which produces a very uneasy impression upon the mind of the reader. Now, why is Mr. Horsfall not sent to gaol as a criminal libeller or locked up in an asylum as a lunatic? He has been making for five years now charges which, if true, would make out Parr's Bank to be heading straightway to the abyss in which Whitaker Wright was engulfed. Why is he not prosecuted? The fact that he is still at large makes me feel quite creepy whenever I see "Parr's Bank" written up in large golden letters on any building in London town. The scandal has attracted attention even in Paris, where press comments of a very unpleasant nature have begun to appear. Surely this nuisance ought to be abated. Parr's Bank, like Cæsar's wife, ought to be above suspicion. But if it refuses to vindicate its own reputation, perhaps Mr. Lloyd George might put the machinery of the Board of Trade in motion to clear up this mystery.

#### The Great Revolution of the Twentieth Century.

In another page I deal with the question of the coming of the aeroplane, and indulge in some speculations as to the changes

which the solution of the problem of flight may bring about in war and peace. After that article was written I came upon a very interesting sketch of Monsieur Berthelot, the distinguished French savant, who in the closing years of his life expressed himself to his interviewer as having no doubt at all as to the advent of the aeroplane. In fact, in order to illustrate his confidence as to the ultimate solution of some scientific problem, he declared that you may be as certain of it as of the coming of the flying machine. He went on to say, "Ah! when the problem of flight is solved, how many other problems will also be solved, as it were, automatically! Frontiers will be abolished; warfare will be made more and more dangerous, if not impossible; and those tariff controversies which disturb the temper of nations, even that of your own countrymen, will trouble us no more."

#### The Passing of the Shadow on the Throne."

M. Pobiedonostseff, the most famous and most feared of all Russian statesmen of the Reaction, passed away last month. He was eighty years of age, and until his seventy-ninth year he had exercised a powerful and baneful influence upon the course of Russian policy. He was for two reigns a veritable "shadow on the throne," obscuring all the better features of the autocratic system

by his sombre pessimism. If M. Pobiedonostseff had been a man of fervent religious faith much would have been forgiven him, for the enthusiast who persecutes has at least a certain joy in assisting what he considers to be the progress of humanity towards the millennium. But M. Pobiedonostseff had no such consolation. He had no faith in the future and no hope in the progress of mankind. He was like a shipwrecked mariner clinging to a spar in midocean. He had no hope of reaching land. All that he could do was to cling desperately to the spar which alone stood between him and destruction. To maintain the autocracy with undiminished authority, to defend the monopoly of the Orthodox Church as its chief mainstay, seemed to him all that could be done, but he did it joylessly without hope or faith. Yet in private life M. Pobiedonostseff was one of the most charming, intelligent, and cultured men whom it was ever my fortune to meet. He was extraordinarily well-read in English literature, for he read our language easily, although he spoke it very imperfectly. I suppose it is not right to speak of his existence as having been a misfortune for Russia, inasmuch as in the mysterious dispensation of Providence he had his uses; but so have pestilence, plague, the Arctic frost, and the simoom of the desert, and it would be to adopt some of his own pessimism not to believe that even those outward forms of evil work together for the good of mankind.

#### Constitutional Russia.

There was a certain fitness in the irony of circumstances that M. Pobiedonostseff should pass away in the same week that M. Stolypin, as Prime Minister of Russia, declared to the Duma the unalterable determination of the Emperor to persevere in the establishment of constitutionalism in Russia. Parliamentarism to Pobiedonostseff was the great malady of the age from which, in his earlier days, he believed Russia was happily immune. It was well to pass from the world when the Russian Minister, in the name of the Russian Tsar, proclaimed the end of autocracy, and tabled a mass of measures of reform which cut up by the roots the whole system that the deceased statesman regarded as the paladium of Russia's greatness. M. Stolypin appears to have convinced the Duma of his sincerity and determination to carry through the reforms which he has placed before them. The Russian Liberals, in short, appear now to have just arrived at the point which they ought to have taken up when I implored them at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Saratoff to show a little confidence in the Tsar, and co-operate with him in the attempt which he was determined to make to introduce the constitutional system into Russia. Through what a welter of bloody misery Russia has passed because of the disdain with which such counsels of conciliation were scouted in 1905!



**Constitutional Democrats.**

It is very satisfactory to note this evidence of growing *rapprochement* between Constitutional Democrats and the Government. M. Milukoff,

their leader, has always been much saner and more practical than the majority of his followers. If things go on as they seem to be going at present there is every reason to anticipate that he will ere long succeed M. Stolypin as Prime Minister of Russia. Nothing in the world would tend to make the Constitutional Democrats more reasonable than even the shortest experience of the actual difficulties of the work of Government. Even in our country, when a political party has been kept too long in opposition, it is inclined to adopt all manner of wild-cat theories, and there is no remedy for this except an experience, however short, of the responsibilities of office. The Duma had a narrow escape from destruction by the falling of a plaster ceiling of the Hall of Meeting, as the mass is said to have weighed about thirty tons. If the Duma had been in session it would have effectively extinguished the legislators. Fortunately only a very small handful of Russians are now mad enough to attribute this accident to the Government. Two years ago, if it had been foreseen, the great majority would have set it down to the account of the Bureaucracy with-

out any hesitation. It is only another instance of the truth of the saying that oppression drives even a wise man mad.

**The Jews in Moldavia.**

Very disquieting news has been received last month from Roumania, where the chronic hatred of the peasants of the Jews has broken out in very violent form in Moldavia. There seems to be no particular reason why the anti-Jewish feeling should have culminated in bloodshed and arson just at this particular time. There seems to be unfortunately no doubt as to the severity of the attack, and, what is worse, bands of peasants from across the Austrian frontier, who are kith and kin of the Jew-baiters in Moldavia, have taken a willing hand in the work of plunder. Such disturbances are not only deplorable in themselves, but they might easily bring about international complications. Neither Austria nor Russia can afford to see an agrarian *jacquerie* blaze up heaven high just across their frontiers. No one can say how far such a conflagration might spread, and when once the international fire brigades are called into action to extinguish the conflagration in their neighbours' territories no one knows how soon they may come into collision with each other.



Photo. by]

[Gnigoni and Bossi.

A Royal Explorer: The Duke of the Abruzzi.

Engaged to Princess Helene of Servia.



N.Z. Graphic.]

The Domestic Servant Problem: A "Graphic" Forecast of the Future.





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**AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: SNAPSHOTS AMONG THE RUINS OF KINGSTON.**

- (1) View of Duke-street; Post Office and Town Hall on right.
- (2) Harbour-street, from Myrtle Bank Hotel. Some of the wooden buildings on the right are just a mass of matchwood.
- (3) King-street. The chief business centre and a portion of the city destroyed by fire. In the foreground are the remains of an electric street car.
- (4) Upper portion of King-street, with street car destroyed by fire.
- (5) Roman Catholic Church, with the new and beautiful Gordon Hall to the left. The church is a complete ruin.
- (6) Coke Memorial Wesleyan Church, admitted to have been the most beautiful structure in the town.



# THE NON-VOTING PROBLEM.

## A RATIONAL AND DEMOCRATIC SOLUTION.

By G. E. FERRY, ASSISTANT EDITOR "OVENS AND MURRAY ADVERTISER."

### COMPULSION AND UNINTELLIGENCE.

The general neglect of political science and the growing indifference to electoral duty, and not the Socialistic Party, are the real Frankenstein that threatens to destroy the Australian democracy. Only 50 per cent. of the electors voted at the Federal elections of 1903, and 45 per cent. at those of 1906. But for the almost frantic drum-beating of the press, and the holding up of terrorising election bogies, there is every reason to believe that these scandalously low averages would have been considerably lower than they were. The situation is equally deplorable with respect to State elections; though as purely personal and parochial considerations usually enter largely into these, the political apathy of the electors is not quite so apparent at the polls. The grave national danger implied by these facts is everywhere recognised by thoughtful people. The problem is to find the remedy. The politicians of the past have acted upon the assumption that the proper way to popularise the franchise was to cheapen it as much as possible. To serve this democratic end an elector's right was given to everybody on the nominal payment of a shilling for registration. A person might be a vicious larrikin, a dissolute spendthrift, an ignoramus; he might be utterly and contemptuously indifferent to politics and care little or nothing for the country—in fact, be ready at any time to sell it for a pot of beer—but provided he could contrive to keep outside the walls of a gaol, or a lunatic asylum, was not a minor, and provided also the said person was not a woman, that person was given a voice and a voting power in the supreme government of the State equal to that of its greatest political and moral philosopher, who might have made the principles of government and the laws of social development the study of a lifetime. The effect was to make the franchise exceedingly cheap, but not to make voting popular. So the Legislature set to work to make it still cheaper, reducing the registration fee to sixpence, and finally sweeping it away altogether. But the public took less interest in politics than ever, and the Legislature, still labouring under the notion that the cause of this indifference lay in the lack of voting facilities, finally proceeded to take away the last shred of excuse by issuing voters' certificates, so that if an elector lived a short distance away from the polling station, and was busy, he could vote in his own house. The result is seen in the last Federal election returns, and a more scathing commentary on the cheapening process there could not well be.

The cheapening policy having thus hopelessly failed, the Legislature, in its dilemma, has now conceived the astonishing idea of resorting to force. If the people will not vote voluntarily, they shall vote on compulsion. Mr. Bent will henceforth drive the Victorian electors to the poll like a flock of unwilling sheep. It is conceivable that Mr. Bent may—to change the figure—whip his obstinate horses to the water, but can he possibly force them to drink? He may conceivably succeed, by cunningly devised legislative enactments, in compelling every elector to make a cross on the voting paper, but can the ablest legislature that can be gathered in any four walls construct an Act of Parliament that will compel an indifferent, an incapable, or an unwilling elector to vote wisely and intelligently? And if not, what is the use of forcing the elector to vote at all? A compulsory vote would be an unthinking and a reckless vote, and would therefore be quite worthless from a legislative point of view. Worse still, it would be positively harmful, since the compulsory registration of thousands of reckless votes in every constituency might be expected to sap and destroy the enthusiasm of the thoughtful and intelligent electors, who regard the exercise of the franchise as a duty and privilege, and who conscientiously prepare themselves for its discharge. For what is the use of exercising thought and intelligence on a matter if it is to be swamped by ignorance and incapacity? Would not the cure be worse than the disease?

### A CHEAP THING NOT PRIZED.

It never seems to have seriously entered the minds of our legislators that the most hopeful way to make the franchise valued is not to make it dirt cheap, but to make it a great civic honour—the greatest in the power of the State to bestow—to be earnestly striven after and prepared for. And yet is it not a law of human nature that whatever can be had for nothing is popularly considered worthless? The old and experienced registrars say that when naturalisation cost a Chinaman a guinea it was immensely more sought after than now, when it can be had for half-a-crown. A foreigner now does not care whether he is naturalised or not. If we could only get a tax of a farthing on every hundred cubic feet of fresh breathing air, what a check would be immediately given to that fell disease, consumption! Alas! pure air is cheap, and people despise it. Now it clearly seems to me that the realist, most rational and most truly democratic remedy for the present indifference to voting, and the serious dan-



gers that necessarily attend upon it, is not to make the franchise air cheap, much less to force it willy nilly down the people's throats, but to require every future candidate for an elector's right to seriously qualify for it by passing a prescribed examination in social or political science. The amount of knowledge required would, of course, be a detail, subject to argument and adjustment. It need not be considerable at first. The essential thing is that there should be some educational test of fitness necessary for a candidate to acquire the privilege of the franchise; an established minimum of political knowledge without which no new applicant for the franchise would be allowed to vote.

#### SOME OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

I am well aware, of course, that the bare mention of the proposal to make the franchise respectable by requiring every future candidate for a vote to, qualify himself for it will be met with a storm of derision by a large section of the public, who will declare it to be a most unreasonable proposition. But confining myself for the moment to those who can divest themselves of all partisan prejudice, I would ask: Is this proposition so very unreasonable after all? It would not be considered unreasonable in relation to any other social matter. For example, what person would be permitted to take part in, say, a chess tournament, a cricket match between two villages, or to dance at a hospital ball, who had not previously made himself acquainted with the rules of the game, and, to some extent at least, practically mastered the art of it? And if this personal preparation would be considered indefeasible in regard to the smallest and most insignificant of arts, involving the comfort and pleasure of others for a day or an evening, how immensely more indefeasible should that personal preparation be held to be in relation to that admittedly most difficult and vitally important of social arts—an art involving the happiness, the liberties, the possessions and even the lives of the people, as well as the destinies of the country—the supreme art of government! I venture to think that there is no reply to this contention. But I hear a thousand voices exclaim, "But it would be so utterly undemocratic. There are thousands of poor but honest people who could not pass your prescribed educational test, and these would be deprived of their votes, whilst it would give the balance of electoral power to the rich and the well-to-do." To this I reply that as the test would not be applied to those already admitted to the franchise, but only to all future candidates, it would obviously deprive nobody of a vote. It would simply operate to exclude new and unsuccessful candidates from the exercise of the most serious and responsible civic function assignable to a citizen, on the ground of intellectual or educational unfitness. What is there undemocratic about that? The franchise would still be as open to the poor as to the rich; for I submit that all youth of average intelligence could, if they

applied themselves, master such a modicum of knowledge as would—especially at first—be required of candidates for the suffrage, and that if they were too indolent to do this, or were mentally incapable, it would prove, not that the requirement was undemocratic, but that the candidate was seeking to exercise a privilege which he had shown himself unqualified to enjoy.

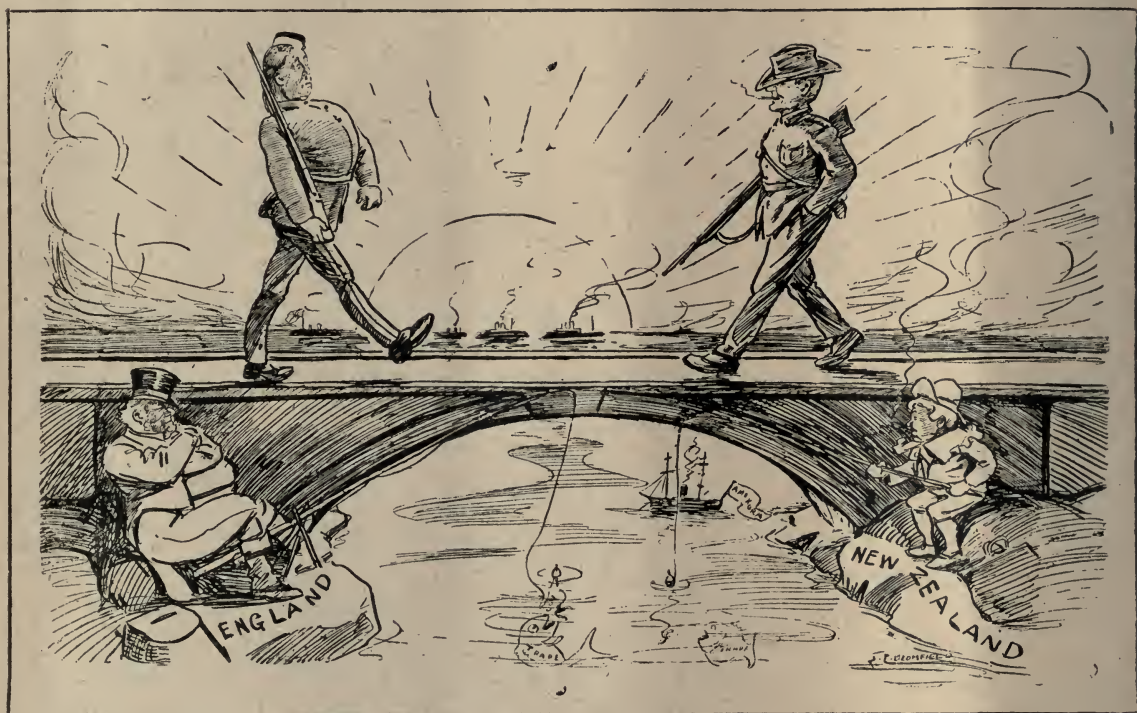
#### A PRIZE TO BE WORKED FOR.

"But such a scheme as you advocate"—it will be further objected—"would challenge the inherent and indefensible right of every adult person to vote. Every man has a right to vote in a democratic country." Has he? Then why does the democratic State deny this "right" to the lunatic, the imbecile, the criminal, the person twenty years of age, and to women, if it is "inherent and indefeasible"? In point of fact, the greatest political writers, from Aristotle to J. S. Mill, declare the franchise to be not a "right," but a conditional "privilege" conferred by the State upon as many of its citizens as it deems it expedient to invest with that power. And the fact that the modern democratic State refuses to grant the franchise to the classes I have mentioned proves that this principle is fully recognised to-day. Again, it will be urged: "But it would be a tremendous and even an impossible task to examine all the adults of a whole community." But it would not be necessary to examine "all the adults of the whole community," but merely all the new candidates, that is to say, all those applicants who have never previously exercised the franchise. The number of such is not large for any given year, and what is there to prevent the holding of, say, triennial public examinations in the public halls of each district, and the issuing by the State of a cheap and specially devised text-book, to be bought at any bookstall, not by the Government, mind, but by the candidate himself? "But would the necessity to qualify for the franchise really have the effect of enhancing the value of the vote in the popular mind?" Not to any marked degree, perhaps, immediately; but for reasons I have already mentioned I think there can be no reasonable doubt it would in the long run. From the moment an educational test of fitness was demanded, the status of the franchise, and consequently the dignity of the enfranchised elector, would be raised in the eyes of the unenfranchised, who would no longer hold it in the cheap contempt they do at present, when it goes about pitifully begging for their acceptance. In time it would form the popular dividing line between, the helplessly ignorant and the intelligent portions of the population; and just as in Germany the exemption of a youth from the obligation of universal military service has come to carry with it a social stigma, as implying physical defect, so under the regime I am advocating the failure of a young man to pass his political science examination would doubtless subject him either to pity or something akin to social dis-

grace. Thus every youth would be impelled to make political matters a serious study. And when once the habit of political study and investigation had been formed, a personal and intelligent interest in political movements would be engendered.

The limited space at my command prevents me from tracing out the beneficent indirect social results that might most confidently be expected to follow the adoption of the principle requiring candidates to qualify for the franchise. In the first place it would obviously act as a general stimulus to self-improvement;

it would tend sensibly to raise the personnel of future members of Parliament, reflecting itself correspondingly upon resultant legislation; and it would provide also a happy, natural solution to the vexed sex problem in relation to the franchise. Last, but not least, it would raise the popular conception of "manhood suffrage," and give it a higher and more truly democratic direction, by placing an increasing emphasis, not on wealth, not on sex, and not on mere bipedism, but on those qualities which most distinguish a man—reason and intelligence.



N.Z. Free Lance.]

### NEW ZEALAND SAVES THE EMPIRE.

JOHN BULL (talking in his sleep): Now I'm safe!

Sir Joseph Ward believed New Zealand would arrange for an interchange of units and officers, and if a volunteer company came to England for purposes of interchange the New Zealand Government would probably be willing to pay a reasonable sum.



# On the Goldfields of the Golden West.

## AS THEY APPEAR TO WOMAN'S EYES.

By ANNIE A. HART.

It is a far cry from a sedate Victorian town to the goldfields of West Australia; from elm-shaded streets to bare patches of parched, dust-laden soil! A far cry, too, from the sound of church bells to the nerve-distracting roar of the batteries, where are being ground out, moment by moment, the precious grains of yellow metal that cost so much to obtain! The man who reads is prepared, after due reflection, to yield assent to the statement that gold costs more to obtain than it is actually worth in coin of the realm, and the man who thinks and cares will admit even more readily that, from an ethical standpoint, this is even more true.

At first this aspect of the case is lost in the immediate effect of unexpected surroundings, and an environment so wholly new as to rouse the perceptive faculties to utmost sensitiveness.

One misses sadly the panorama of sea and pasture-clothed hill, of well-kept garden, and building planned for beauty as well as utility. The eye tires of, and the heart sickens with, the monotonous stretch of desert, where the dwarfed and crooked mulga struggles from the parched reddish soil, and forms but a poor relief to sun-wearied eyes, with its scanty foliage of the dullest sage green.

And yet, perhaps, the first feeling of the traveller who lights on the goldfields is one of almost startled interest. In the old, dull, well-ordered life of the sister State he has perhaps had unconscious yearnings towards a more unconventional fashion of getting through the years; his imagination has leaped forward to meet something more crude and real. Well, here it is. One is at the heart of things. But it is simply a change, not an improvement. Life here is as surely ordered by the dull monotony of eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, marrying and giving in marriage. The hoarse whistle of the great mine calls to work some and releases others. Man climbs to the desired height here, as elsewhere, over the shoulders of his less fortunate brother, and worth often goes to the wall, while blatant wickedness or scheming hypocrisy reaches the coveted "top." One sees human nature in the rough, in its worst as well as in its best phases—it is human nature all the same!

There is a sense of wideness of outlook, corresponding with the broad, clear arch of the sky in which are shining, with a brilliancy one has surely never seen in the East, the wonderful stars. The mine itself, with its hundred glistening and varicoloured lights, looks like some great ship poised

in mid-air, and lit from bow to stern in conformity to shipping laws. There is a whirr and stir about it that betoken it no phantom vessel, and one wonders just when it will glide off into the unseen distance. At first one does not pause to think that, while there is little or no fear of it landing on the rocks itself, it could—had it a tongue—tell of many wrecks it kenned of, which, alas! had not been provided for at Lloyd's.

One does not, however, possess seven-leagued boots, and the goldfields are not reached by one fairy stride. The sea trip breaks old links, and prepares for new. Then a few delightful days spent in and about the pretty city of Perth and its prettier suburbs predispose towards hearty appreciation of the Western State. If this is the West, then the West is undoubtedly a desirable place of residence. And in those few days the lesson to be learned in this prosperous portion of the Commonwealth is first spelled out.

Frankly it must be confessed, the Perth folk are delightful. But for the stir and general up-to-dateness of their methods in business, one might well fancy one had reached the land of the lotus-eaters. Poverty is kept well out of sight, yet the prosperity is not of the vulgar, blatant sort one has learned to detest. Here, surely, are folk who have left behind them to a wonderful extent the consideration of money. They have it—that is all. It does not seem necessary to parade it; it can so safely be taken for granted. And the soft, bland air has crept into their very manners, their pleasures, their religion! This last is broad, delightful, unobtrusive! They have carried to a fine perfection the faculty of excusing all sorts and conditions of creeds, and are prepared to make all allowance for those who disagree with them. They warn one courteously against bringing into their midst that ugly thing, the "Victorian conscience!" And, indeed, one finds it the most inconvenient thing for one's comfort one can carry West. There is no duty on it, to be sure; no stern officer overlooks one's mental and spiritual trunk on the wharf, and seizes it as a dangerous article. It is cleverly pronounced out of date, and "not wanted on this voyage," at any rate. And who cares to carry unnecessary luggage?

They are frankly sorry to hear one is going to the goldfields, and say so. The tales that have drifted to their ears are rather calculated to disturb repose, and they warn the traveller of the



doings and sayings, and beings, likely to be met with on that delectable spot. They wish one was going to stay down by the coast, and before they have finished with their prognostications one wishes so too. But, alas! for wishes. The day dawns at last when, seated in a very comfortable railway carriage, one looks one's last on the kind friends and the places that have grown both familiar and dear, and sets one's face due North.

An evening, a night, and a day the train slowly ti-tacs on. The scenery one wakes to after a troubled sleep has at least the charm of novelty. Where are the dull gum trees which one has imagined part and parcel of one's environment heretofore? Gone!—and in their place these miserable, distorted things, scarcely higher than shrubs, and none too generously distributed at that. But at least the morning air is delightful. One feels like drawing deep breaths just to get a sufficiency of it.

Then comes night again, and the journey is over. Many hundred miles from the capital of W.A. one lights on a busy roar, a dazzle of electric light, and a mysterious town in the midst of a desert. The train glides into a station filled with lounging men, to whom this sight has a nightly fascination, as forming the connecting link with a far-off home. And one has arrived!

When morning dawns the glamour has vanished. Where is the beautifully-lit boat of a few hours before? Gone! and in its place a great uncouth mass of buildings, built of the ugly corrugated iron, which offends the eye in every direction on "the fields." Gone are the tall masts, and in their place tall smoke stacks thrust their black columns insolently into the glorious blue sky, and belch out smoke that lies in a great tapering bridge high above one's head. And the town, which at night might represent anything from an army at rest to an Indian encampment, resolves itself into long rows of hideous little iron houses, with very little to distinguish the one from the other, save that, perhaps, the owner or occupier of number one has painted the northern or eastern side and half of a door before his patience and his paint alike became exhausted; and number two, with the desire for something a little more chaste, has given the western portion of his a few licks of atrocious colour, and nailed bagging over one corner of the leaning verandah to ensure one touch of privacy. There is a painful absence of fences, which, in itself, constitutes no slight annoyance to the ordinary individual, though it enables the man or woman (mostly woman) possessed of an inquiring mind to gauge the cleanliness and thrift of her neighbour—as evidenced by the condition both as to colour and repair of her neighbour's bi-weekly wash. A few pepper trees are struggling to grow, and may in time succeed, if the harmful, but necessary, meandering goat sees fit to allow them to.

So much for surroundings visible to the naked eye. What of the subtler environments?

One goes to the fields with dim ideas, conned from wonderful stories of goldfield life (written by someone who has never been there), of a happy-go-lucky, stirring life, where freedom from restraint is the keynote; where any sort of honest work commands respect, and where generosity runs riot. Given six months, with the focus adjusted to take in the near, and not the distant, one slightly revises such ideas. After three years there the man is fortunate indeed who can retain any of them. Rough kindness—of a sort—is there in plenty. The tangible appeals to it. Given an accident on the big mine, and although the company may work hard to evade compensation to the injured, the men will rally round with their donations large and small. They realise they themselves may be the next to require it. But a wrecked life and blackened character will raise a laugh, and a helping hand down will invariably be given to the man whose dissipation is breaking a wife's heart, or digging the grave of a worried father or mother in distant lands. The goldfielder will see just what he wants to see—and no more!

Yes, gold is dearly purchased, and the workers pay the price. The men and women who form the population of the fields are for the most part dully conscious of this. One cannot pass through years in such places without paying toll, and in some cases a woefully heavy one. The most thoughtless are prepared to admit cheerfully that a few people "go to the dogs" there. These, however, are the notable cases, where the toll in question stands for everything a man possesses—character, friends, home, health, and last of all, life! He is buried with more or less compunction by those who have helped him down hill, and his mates come back from his funeral and have a drink, over which they discuss his folly, and congratulate themselves on being able to stop a bit before he did. He is forgotten in a few weeks! Why not? No place is left empty on the fields—the ranks close up every time. The man had his innings, and made a mess of it! Well, another man is in his place!

But the toll paid is not always so heavy, and often passes unnoticed. In most cases youth goes fast in the rough-and-tumble and selfish grind; then follows fast faith in man and woman alike. And at last the old beliefs must go; the beliefs that sweetened childhood, and by whose light a sainted father reached heaven, or still lives serenely in the dear home land.

The young man in his saner moments realises, at first with a stabbing pain, that no such walk can be his; no such death will follow; no such reputation can live behind him. His father lived a clean youth, a sturdy, helpful manhood, and is now enjoying a fruitful old age. The son is bartering the hope of all these for the sake of a little shallow



popularity with the man set over him for a brief while; for the cackling applause of the man beside him, who will "jump his billet" to-morrow if it suits him; for a few hours of pleasurable excitement that will to-morrow swing to the balance of added monotony. Sometimes he thinks of it . . . when he is ill; when the mail comes in with a long letter from home. But after a while it does not seem to matter quite so much, and he can read the loving letters almost with impatience! The writers' ideas are so slow and narrow, and the chaps are waiting for him in B.'s camp—for a game! He lost more money than he could afford last night; he must have his revenge to-night from the man whose purse is swelled to-day—at his expense!

True, he may overdo the thing, and neglect his work, and make ugly mistakes! Then the man who won his money last week may "sack" him this, and give his billet to another man who has seen the end coming and been waiting. Well, again, why not? A successful mine cannot be a nursery for sick souls. It pays for brains at their brightest. If his are dulled, he must go. "What is that to us—see thou to that?" is still asked and answered with the same despair.

For the look of the thing he must take his new bad luck smiling; must go away with a cordial round of hand-shakes and cries of "Good-bye, old man." His purse is empty in spite of his generous salary. He has left a few debts to tradespeople behind him, and the future is a horribly uncertain thing. What matter? Let him smile till the last; then settle down for his long railway journey with an ugly pain in his heart, as he remembers the bright hopes he came to the place with! . . .

As for the fellows he has left on the station—they would have filled his wallet had they known—having first emptied it! To be sure! But how amused they would have been if anyone had told them they had stolen from him what neither they nor anyone else could ever return to him. That would be sentimental drivel. And sentiment has no part in their lives!

Not bad-hearted, perhaps, any one of them—capable of odd streaks of kindness and even surprising acts of gentleness and sympathy. What they will have left to them of these delightful qualities when the mill that is slowly grinding them has turned them out as the finished article, is another question, and may safely be left to the imagination!

The men who, through drink or gambling, actually—in goldfield parlance—make a mess of things, are well known, and their cases even excite a contemptuous passing pity. The man who arrived there a capable, clear-eyed fellow, eager to excel, and who has now lost billet after billet, and sunk lower and lower, will be laughed at behind his back by the unthinking, and heartily pitied by the more

decent. But there are ten chances to one that his stone-throwers, whose own houses bear a strong resemblance to glass, will with great cordiality beg him to come and have a drink with them when he revisits—as a drunkard—the scene of his former labours. He is none the wiser if they tell each other afterwards what a wreck he is. It is only fair to admit they are none the wiser either. This they do not suspect, however, and glow with self-gratulation. For they cannot see and do not realise that the trend of their own life is precisely the same. The miserable ruins of manhood are plainly to be seen on every hand. What is not noted by the casual observer is the steady, sure, relentless deterioration of character that is taking place daily, hourly, in the men and women unfortunate enough to be cast into the hurly-burly of this life.

The women can tell their own tale. In many cases the danger that confronts husband or brother is the counterpart of their own. The deadly monotony of life palls as surely on them; they have even less interest in it. The woman's more delicate frame is wrecked by the cruel heat, the incessant dust, the impossibility of preserving the daintiness her very soul loves. She may—if she be a wise woman—do her level best to turn the horrible iron cages into homes. To her everlasting honour, be it said, she does it, too, in most cases. There are oases in this desert; only the woman knows how it is managed. But the life is telling all the time. If she is a weak-souled creature she is apt to prove a constant thorn in the side of the hard-worked, over-taxed man of the house with her hysterical tears and complaints. If she is well balanced enough to avoid such scenes, the wear and tear of nerve is apt to make of her a physical wreck. . . . And all the time the drink is at hand, and well-meaning friends urge her to take it as a tonic and general pick-me-up! She can always stop at the right point, they urge. It is an absolute necessity in that climate, they reason. . . . And if she escapes, into her life comes the deadly spirit of don't-careism. Why bother about her house? The dust colours her curtains, and spoils her daintiness, be she ever so careful. Why make friends? The woman beside her may, and probably will be, shifted to-morrow, if her husband displeases the man set over him. And anyhow she may be carving for herself a new tool of torture in forming a new friendship. For the curse of the goldfields, that rears itself above all other giant evils, is the deadly habit of encouraging the gossip which amounts to slander so vile that in more settled places it would only be settled by recourse to law. And the friendly (?) caller, who must—because of the simplicity of the life—necessarily be taken right into the heart of things, may be merely seeking information to be used later to her hostess's discredit.

The empty-brained woman, with absolutely nothing to fall back upon for amusement but her neighbour's foibles, misfortunes and sins, is the most-to-be-feared element on the fields. Her housework speedily finished, her husband away at his work, there remain many long hours to be got through. Books are rare, unless she has attached her name as subscriber to the lending library. A delectable pink newspaper—very popular on the fields—falls into her empty hands, and while she nurses her baby she yawns over its pages. By the time she has finished its perusal she will wonder drearily whether there are any good men left in the world, and think the few she has met must have come there by accident, unless indeed their villainy has yet to be unmasked! She inclines to the latter opinion finally, for the life she is leading does not tend to inculcate trust in man, and, primed with such healthy (?) opinions, she straightway calls on her neighbour and endeavours to disseminate them—only too successfully, alas! for the most part.

Drink is slaying its scores, its hundreds, on the goldfields. Gambling is being carried on to an extent that should fairly frighten not only folk who object strongly to it from an ethical standpoint, but the practical man, who realises that men who handle gold should be clean from the lust of getting gold and giving in exchange nothing!

These are evils indeed. But until men and women realise that the man or woman who believes in no one's probity, and who carries under his or her tongue the poison of asps, is doing more to tie the hands of the few earnest and painfully-tired workers than the worst drunkard who reels down the streets, many an eager, sensitive worker must fall in this battle—mortally wounded!

There are heroes on the fields, men whose tired, sunburnt, grimy faces can smile sunnily in the midst of work that is slowly sapping strength; men who slave so that the wife and children may lack nothing they can procure; men with generous hearts and helpful hands; men who have come out from the cleansing fires purified and strengthened, and better able to understand and help others. There are women whose silent, self-denying heroism fills one with the deepest admiration; women who,

having left luxurious homes to share with the man of their choice a life of privation, yet smile through it all. Brave souls these, who have learnt the lesson of keeping "a heart at leisure for itself." They have learnt to laugh at the heat, the dust, the nastiness, to turn a deaf ear to slander, to give others credit for the virtues they themselves possess. They have conquered, too, the prevailing superficiality which dwarfs all real intimacy in a place where the floating population is held to be an excuse for suspicion. Such form friendships that are destined to last, and do simple acts of kindness remembered long after their faces have ceased to be familiar.

So rare friendships may be formed! In a land where fences are remarkable for their absence, intimate glimpses into each other's lives are necessarily frequent. Reserve is accounted a suspicious thing, and the man or woman who indulges in such a luxury must prepare for the misunderstanding that follows. In a land where everything is criticised by idle busybodies, from the clothes on one's line to the care on one's face, one may perhaps be pardoned for wishing for even a galvanised iron fence to hide the one and for cultivating a galvanised smile to hide the other.

There are no doubt good and bad everywhere. But here one sees human nature fighting with the gloves off. It may be that the hands of the fighters thereby contract a little more moral grime than may be considered desirable. That is perhaps a matter of taste. Some folk prefer cleanliness right through.

The writer candidly confesses to having met on the goldfields some of the very nicest and also of the very nastiest people she has ever been brought into contact with. And she positively declines, with thanks, to say which class she considered to be in the preponderance.

The winters in Westralia are delightful. The spring, with its wealth of flowers scattered over the warm, kindly soil, is something to be remembered. So also is the summer. . . .

But that, as Kipling would say, "is another story."

In short, with all their delights and excitement, the goldfields of West Australia are splendid places . . . to keep away from!

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The Index for the Half-Yearly Volume, which this issue closes, will be found on pages 531, 532 and 533.



# THE ARTESIAN WATERS OF AUSTRALIA.

By W. GIBBONS COX, C.E., late Assoc. Inst. C.Es., London (author of "Irrigation and Land Drainage").

No. III.

The latest geological and other Government reports of the various States give the following particulars:—

The main artesian basin of Australia lies chiefly in Queensland, extending on the S.W. into South Australia, and towards the S.E. and S. into New South Wales. Commencing at the Gulf of Carpentaria, and taking in the great part of Cape York Peninsula, it trends southerly, and follows approximately, as regards its eastern boundary, the outline of the adjoining coast, the distance between its eastern margin and the coast varying from about 100 to 300 miles. Its southernmost development in New South Wales is in the neighbourhood of Dubbo, and it extends from there N.W. up the Bogan River to its junction with the Darling, and thence westward along the Darling River to near Bourke; from Bourke, W.S.W., to near White Cliffs, and then its boundary follows an irregular course westerly to the South Australian border, and across South Australia just north of Lake Torrens to about 133 degrees meridian of E. longitude. Thence it is bounded on the west by an irregular line, based at present on meagre data, following approximately this meridian northwards to its intersection with the 25th parallel of S. latitude; then it trends north-easterly to a point about longitude 141 degrees 30 minutes E., and about 22 degrees S. latitude. Thence the course is north-westerly to near the mouth of the Roper River, in the Gulf of Carpentaria. The area whose boundaries have thus been roughly outlined is proved by the palæontological evidence to have been first chiefly a vast fresh water lake, and subsequently, for the most part, an inland extension of the Gulf of Carpentaria, expanding southwards into a Mediterranean.

It was formerly supposed that the recurrence of artesian water was confined to the beds of the lower cretaceous formation, but Mr. Pittman, the Government Geologist of New South Wales, says: "There is a possibility of the triassic, or surassic, formation being continuous underneath lower cretaceous, between Eastern Australia and Leigh's Creek, in South Australia, and it is not improbable that the porous strata of this formation may constitute the chief storage beds of the artesian water supply of Australia."

In studying the artesian rocks of the adjoining States of New South Wales and Queensland—a brace of the Australian States which may be taken to be representative ones—we came upon some astounding figures. The Government reports show



**Beel's Bore, Queensland.**

Depth, 1706 feet. Flow, 5,500,000 gallons per diem.  
Temperature, 109 deg. Fah.

that the area of country already proved to be underlain by artesian water-bearing beds in New South Wales is, approximately, 83,000 square miles, and in Queensland 376,000 square miles, making a total of 459,000 square miles. The thickness of the beds varies from 600 feet to 100-200 feet. There are, therefore, about 2133 cubic miles of water-bearing sandstone in the artesian areas, and assuming, as I do, that this soft, highly porous stone absorbs 30 per cent. of water, these 2133 cubic miles of strata will hold 640 cubic miles of water. The areas of the outcropping porous rocks—the intake areas—amount approximately in New



South Wales to 18,000 square miles, and in Queensland to 50,000 square miles, making a total of 68,000 square miles. The mean annual rainfall on this area is about 25 inches. It follows that 3,971,000,000 cubic feet of water fall on it annually. If it be a fair assumption, as I think it is, that 30 per cent. of this rainfall is absorbed by the intake beds, a volume of water equal to 7,445,625,000 gallons per diem percolates through the porous beds under the western plains.

Although a great portion of the water now flowing is used for stock consumption, being led over the runs, the utilisation of the water for the purposes of irrigation is only in the initial stage, although a few station-holders have been very successful in their enterprise in this direction. There is

poses does not by any means exhaust the benefits derivable from the bores. Over the artesian areas of New South Wales and Queensland alone, amounting to 528,000 square miles, it is admissible to predict a great increase in the number of bores and a much larger outflow of water. As the natural rainfall is thus augmented by an increased water supply, settlement will proportionately increase, and with it a greater demand for labour-saving appliances to meet the various requirements of station and farm.

In New South Wales and Queensland, for instance, there are 897 artesian bores, running night and day, under the well-known laws that govern the movement and pressure of water. Their pressure may be utilised in the simplest, most economical and effective manner for work now done by the



Richmond Downs Bore, Queensland. Cattle Watering.

an increasing quantity of water now running to waste which could, and should, be used for irrigating land for raising fodder for stock in times of drought, as the following short statement will show:

After allowing for soakage and evaporation, 109,200,000 gallons, consumption by stock 70,000,000 gallons (equal to 179,200,000 gallons), there is a surplus on the *present* flow—546,000,000 gallons per diem—of the New South Wales and Queensland bores combined of 366,800,000 gallons per diem, which would irrigate at the rate of 20 inches of bore water per annum, 295,911 acres, or would irrigate at the rate of nearly 330 acres at each of the 897 bores now flowing.

The value of artesian water for irrigation pur-

more costly and cumbersome modes of steam or horse-power, by its application to the modern turbine or Felton wheel. Twenty-eight of the bores—officially measured—give an average pressure of 82 lbs. per square inch (equal to 190 feet head of falling water), at which rate the bores now running would give in pressure applied to a three foot Felton wheel, 39,468 horse-power. That power is now mostly unused, unheeded, running to waste, but it appeals, as does the artesian water itself, with Nature's mute eloquence, for perfect utilisation.

When first artesian water flowed in Australia in enormous, unlooked-for quantities, on to the parched surface of the land, a jubilant optimism was engendered regarding its great prospective value, and



although the first estimate of that value has been somewhat depreciated since—on account of the waters containing more or less deleterious mineral elements, derived from the rocks in which they have lain—the degree of impregnation is, when compared with similar waters of India and America, but moderately affected by the injurious alkaline elements, so as to be better adapted for the growth of plant life.

An examination of the conditions which obtain in America and India show that those existing here are widely different, and that the dreaded efflorescence need not be feared, even after prolonged use of the water in our irrigable lands, provided proper care in the use of the water, a proper system of drainage, and abundant tilth be observed.

tracts had been constituted under the Acts, embracing a total area of over 2,000,000 acres of country, which was formerly periodically denuded of stock by frequently-recurring droughts. The importance of these water supplies are described in the Statement as amongst our direct revenue-producing works, and that their value to the areas of uncertain rainfall in which they are located, cannot be over-estimated, and these works are being vigorously pushed on.

In view of Victoria's experience in Trust administration, which was attended with large financial loss to that State, no doubt the results now being worked out in New South Wales will be watched with the very closest interest. In this connection the Minister for Works has stated that he is seized



**Noorooma Bore, Queensland.**

Depth, 1502 feet. Flow, 2,304,000 gallons per diem. Temperature, 110 deg. Fah.

This has been shown by the successful production of most valuable cereals, vegetables, and fruits, at the Government artesian irrigation farms, especially at Moree and the Pera bore, New South Wales, which have been under scientific continuous cultivation with bore water for from eight to ten or twelve years.

Following the example of Queensland, the administration of artesian supplies has lately made vigorous and gratifying progress in New South Wales. The annual statement of the Department of Public Works, 1905-6, just issued, gives particulars of work accomplished under the Artesian Wells and Water and Drainage Acts.

At the end of September last twenty-five bore dis-

tributing works necessary to obtain the maximum benefit from the existing bores sunk under the Act, he had determined to press forward with new works as soon as possible.

A conflict of opinion has prevailed in some quar-





**Station Home, Cuttabulla (N.S.W.).**

Artesian Lake in Foreground.

ters as to the value of artesian water for agricultural purposes, owing to its being mineralised. A report the Minister has received from the Government representative stationed at Moree of the Florida Bore Water Trust, does not leave much room for doubt. He states that were it not for the bore water, nearly all, if not the whole, of the 50,000 acres within the Trust area "would be uninhabitable for man and beast," whereas the area is now carrying the full complement of stock. "Rapid progress," says the report, "in small settlements is being made in the Moree district, despite the fact it is in an arid part of the State, and it is asserted that the permanent success of the settle-

ment is assured by a good system of water supply from boxes."

The above statement is, of course, very gratifying, but is in reality only a confirmation of the fact long in evidence to which pastoralists are willing witnesses—that artesian water has been on pastoral properties in times of drought the saviour of stock and the pastoral industry. The business-like position, however, now assumed by the New South Wales Government, which is largely due to Mr. Lee, the Minister, recognising the great importance of carrying partially-completed works to a productive stage and pushing forward with the least possible delay new ones to be undertaken, is in marked contrast to the earliest state of affairs, which were in marked contravention of our national motto—"Advance Australia!"

That a diversion on a very large and costly scale is proposed by the Government of New South Wales—that at Barren Jack—in favour of a river supply is one of the facts of the time, but it remains to be seen which will prove, in the long run, of the greatest economic value—river or artesian supplies—in their particular spheres of operation. In their regard it is, I think, fair to make a comparison of the two systems:—

Besides the great cost of the weir, or dam, in the river schemes the distributing canals and channels must necessarily be very large and costly, and a great disadvantage the system lies under is not only in soakage and evaporation, on a maximum scale, but in silting up by the deposit from flood



**Eungonia Bore, New South Wales. Wool Scouring.**



waters of both reservoir and channelling, involving a periodical outlay in clearing and maintenance. Again a conservation reservoir is a *fixed* head of supply, and necessitates costly channelling to lead the water over a sufficient area of country; whereas artesian bores may be sunk at any, and many, points within the enormous artesian areas, the capacity and therefore cost of channelling is reduced to a minimum, and, what are most important considerations, soakage and evaporation, are minimised, and there is no silting up whatever in the channelling, maintenance being thus confined to the smallest possible extent and cost. An artesian supply may also, in all probability, be relied upon as a *constant* one, being derived from a great natural conservation in the crust of the earth, covered by impermeable strata which prevent evaporation, and which supply so long as the rainfalls will prove effective.

It may also be said, in addition, that the general fall to the ocean of the water-bearing rock is so gradual, and the velocity of the flow of water in them so slow, and its volume spread under enormous areas, so great that the supply may be considered adequate for a very much greater increased production from the surface, and for its utilisation for irrigation and for the requirements of stock. That under intelligent, systematic treatment artesian water may be safely relied upon for raising crops of all kinds, and that the reported failures in its application at certain bores *is traceable to the use of too much water and the lack of proper cultivation and drainage*, and that in all probability, as the



**Furrow Irrigation of Grove.**

outflow is increased by additional bores, the water will become of a better, if not perfect, quality.

From a consideration of the foregoing treatise on the artesian stratas of Australia, two leading conclusions, it is submitted, may be drawn, viz., that the opinion formerly entertained through the early explorations, and in a modified form by succeeding settlers, that the Western country was doomed to aridity and desolation a great portion of the time was altogether erroneous. By means of irrigation from river and underground sources the country may in reality be rendered prolific in the production of feed for the pastoral and of crops for the agricultural industries, and that although the great artesian water supply—at present only partially utilised—has, like some of the most valu-



**Fluming—Florida Bore Drains.**



**Charlotte Plains Bore, Queensland.**

Depth, 1920 feet. Flow, 3,500,000 gallons per day.  
Temperature, 120 deg. Fahr.

able devices and inventions, but slowly established itself, it *has* done so in spite of the pessimism and apathy that formerly prevailed.

The movement for artesian supplies has been really fraught with a vital and national interest of a specially unique character, and it still calls for the deepest study and the most liberal scientific and practical treatment. It is evident that had there been no surface supplies at command entire attention would have been devoted to the subject by the Governments of the country, and that less time would have been lost in doing the fullest justice to it. My experience of Victoria (some five years) in the early times, and of Victorian enterprise, shows me that had there been as great a development of the artesian rocks in that State as in New South Wales and Queensland, the supply would have been elaborately and fully utilised either by the Government or by other landholders, or both, without the least unnecessary delay. In Queensland the absence of a Darling-Murray river system has induced, though tardily, a feature more

systematic and valuable utilisation, even to date, of artesian waters than in any of the Australian States, and the time is undoubtedly approaching when the artesian system of water supply of Queensland will become an object lesson to the whole world.

In conclusion, I may be allowed to quote from the first article of mine to the Australian Press, the Melbourne "Leader" in 1878—"Artesian Wells for Australia." It was written soon after arriving from America and England, at which time the word artesian was little understood, but was looked up in the encyclopedias and other literary archives a neglected quantity in the country's economy:—"The artesian system of well-sinking has proved a great boon to the world. After its established success, through the wonderful results given by the great wells of Paris some 50 years ago, it has been almost universally used. The formation of the crust of the earth, and its general physical conditions, being nearly the same in all countries, admitted of this. The science of Geology, initiated and developed in Europe, has been adopted with little modification, by the rules in Asia, America and Australia. The rain falls from the clouds on to the higher lands, percolates through the previous outcropping strata, finds the lowest level possible in its passage to the bed of the ocean, into which the surplus water slowly discharges itself, forming on its way underground conservations, the bed of which consists of the compact impervious strata of the rock. This artesian water may derive its source on higher lands many hundreds of miles distant, finding its way by underground conduits to the site of the boring. As in the wells of the Great African Desert of Sahara, before mentioned, a sandy, parched and barren plain may cover at no great distance below a subterranean underflow of water ready at the will of the explorer to burst forth and change the aspect of the surface above a condition of sterility and death to one of fertility and life."

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We desire to express our thanks to those of our readers who continue to send us the names of friends whom they think will be interested in "The Review of Reviews," and to whom we have been able to send sample copies. We shall be glad to receive names from others of our readers. Address, "Review of Reviews," Temperance and General Life Building, Swanston-street, Melbourne.



## INTERVIEWS ON TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

ENGLISH INTERVIEWS.

### PAINTING IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE: ALEX. BORISSOFF.

There is now on exhibition at the Grafton Gallery, in London, a collection of paintings unique alike in character, in origin, and in charm. They are the pictures painted by a Russian artist within the Arctic circle. Alexander Borissoff deserves in some way to be bracketed with that other Russian painter of genius, the lamented Nerac Verestchagin. Common to both was the gift of translucent colour. Verestchagin's pictures of light and shade in the

honour of my acquaintance with the eminent Russian artist.

M. Borissoff was a peasant lad of Voloyda, who owes his chance in life to the piety of the Russian Church. He learnt to read out of a prayer-book; he first saw a picture as the result of a pilgrimage, his artistic soul was wakened by the work of painters who were decorating the village church, and his apprenticeship was served in Solovelek Monastery,



blazing noontide of Central Asia may fitly be compared to the almost miraculous paintings in which Alex. Borissoff displays on canvas all the mystery of colour that lurks in the ice floe, the desolate tundra, or the sunlit water of the Northern Seas. One of his pictures representing the midnight sun as reflected on the ocean at midsummer is almost incredibly wonderful. It is difficult to believe that there is not a strong lamp behind stained glass, so real is the glow of sunlight upon the purple bronze of the Arctic Sea. Madame Novikoff insisted upon my visiting the gallery, and I owe to her the

on the White Sea, among the painters of holy images. It was the Grand Duke Vladimir who discovered Borissoff—one of the few good deeds that should be remembered to the credit of that much-maligned personage. He brought him to St. Petersburg, and there Borissoff attended the art school, and became a full student of the Academy. When he was thirty years old he started for the bleak and inhospitable region of Novaya Zemlya, which was afterwards to be the scene of his triumphs. Since then he has spent the greater part of his life amid the ice-floes, and the collection at the Grafton Gal-

lery is a marvellous illustration of his industry and of his genius.

I found M. Borissoff a pleasant, genial gentleman, unassuming and unpretentious, who pined to be back amid the horrors of the Arctic seas. On my expressing my astonishment he said, "I pine for the light and shade, for the translucent colour, for the wonderful hues of the Arctic skies. Oh! here everything is so grey and dull."

On my remarking upon the marvellous shimmer on the great picture of the midsummer midnight, he remarked simply, "It cost me ten years' constant study and practice before I could get that effect."

What study, in such a studio! Sometimes he was

the frozen fastnesses of the far North. Sometimes they camped in tents and battled for days together against the raging tempest. At other times they crawled for shelter under rocks from snowstorms that seemed as if they never would cease. But worst of all they feared the mist, the dense Arctic fog which descends upon them like a pall of death. All these phases of human life and misery within the Arctic circle are depicted upon his terrible canvases.

"Here," said M. Borissoff, pausing before a large picture 'Lent by the Tsar,' "is 'the Cemetery,' There are many such in these parts."

"The Cemetery" was gruesome. The centre



all alone, at other times with only a Samoyede for a companion. And the cold! M. Borissoff said it is very cold. The paints congeal into a compact lump; even turpentine (the only matter in which paints can be kept there) freezes, such is the intensity of the cold. Some of my sketches I painted in the open-air at twenty-three to thirty deg. below zero, Réaumur. I had to put on fur-gloves to hold the brush, and to work with rapid and energetic strokes. There were moments when my hands were frozen, and refused service, my brush splitting with the cold.

As we walked round the gallery, M. Borissoff pointed out his little red-beamed yacht, "The Dream," in which he spent many lonely months in

figure was a white fox seated by the side of a wrecked boat. In the background were some crosses; in the foreground the remains of a skull and some bones. The white fox had been the last undertaker. M. Borissoff explained that "one particularly severe winter a party of Russian hunters in Novaya Zemlya had to shut themselves up in their huts; cold, damp, bad air, bad food, brought on the awful Polar disease, the scurvy; one after another died; those who remained buried their companions and set a cross on their tombs, until the last one, whose body was devoured by the white fox."

With the exception of the white fox and the reindeer M. Borissoff does not particularly emphasise



animal life. His Samoyedes are delightful naturalistic studies of human ugliness. One of his pictures represents the Samoyedes' great sanctuary on the Isle of Vaygach.

"Do you see these posts?" said M. Borissoff. "Every one of them is an offering to a god, the great god of the Samoyedes—Syadey, the deity of the Polar deserts. Pilgrims from the Urals will travel 800 miles in order to offer sacrifices at this holy shrine."

"What sacrifices?"

"Reindeer as a rule, but sometimes they offer human sacrifices. Yet they are nominally Christians." Thus the Samoyede Gogarkan, of the Isle

M. Borissoff does not himself offer sacrifices to Syadey, but he is longing to go back to Syadey's dominions, where, as likely as not, he will one day be offered up as a living sacrifice to the rigours of Syadey's realm. At present he is fortunately alive and in London, and those who wish to experience something of the magic and the mystery of the Arctic wilderness had better follow the example of the King and the Queen, and everybody who is anybody, and spend an hour in the Grafton Gallery.

ORPHEUS REDIVIVUS: MR. TOMLINS.

Orpheus, in ancient myth, wrought miracles with his lyre, making even inanimate things dance with



of Vaygach, had his son shot to offer his body to the god. After the deed he threw away his gun and commenced to cry. At another time he was going to kill his wife in the same way, when he was prevented by the voices of some strangers in the adjoining hut; fearing their denunciation, he renounces his criminal design. I often tried to prove to the Samoyedes that human sacrifice is contrary to God's commandments. 'We do it because it is wicked and immoral,' they used to say; 'we do not sacrifice to God, but to the evil spirit of Syadey, to send us plenty of reindeer and Polar bears.' This belief is so deeply rooted in the minds of the Russians, that even they offer their reindeer to Syadey."

glad joyousness of life. The which was a parable. For Orpheus but symbolised the miracle power of song, the full potency of which has been imperfectly realised by mankind, and which indeed has to a very large extent been completely forgotten.

Mr. Tomlins, a man born in England but discovered in America, is at present giving daily demonstration of the reality of the power of music to a class of the poorest children in the slums of Canongate, in Edinburgh. When I was in Edinburgh last month I met him not for the first time. For when I was in Chicago fourteen years ago I made his acquaintance in the city in which he had



This, with the three previous pictures, are reproductions of some of M. Borissoff's paintings, but black and white can give no idea of the colour which is the fascination and the secret of this artist.

established his name and his fame as a kind of magic music-master for the million.

I was glad to see him again in Edinburgh, for I love miracle-workers of all kinds, and although to me, a man without a musical ear, the secret of his power must ever remain a secret, I recognise results when I see them. I had heard great stories of his doings in Chicago. I found that he had not lost the spell by crossing the Atlantic. Here is what Mr. Andrew Young, Headmaster of the North Canongate School, in which school the experiment of Mr. Tomlins' method in teaching singing has been carried on during the last ten weeks, wrote about Mr. Tomlins on March 15th, to a friend who had attended the rehearsal of his children in the Music Hall, and who had greatly enjoyed the beautiful tone, taste and expression with which the children sang:—

You, however, had there only a glimpse of what Mr. Tomlins is doing for our children. He is developing the beauty of their voices, and blending their registers to a remarkable degree, such as is only to be found in the best adult choirs; and not only is he doing this for their voices, but he is getting at the heart of the life of these children, and so making singing a means of humanising and spiritualising the child nature, which has largely been destroyed by the sordid conditions under which too many of our children live. In his song-teaching he inculcates lessons of bravery, honesty, love of kind and country, and the spirit of sacrifice for others. In short, he brings out the best that is in the child, and

makes him spurn all that is base and mean. Did all teachers inspire in their children the same intelligent self-control and self-direction, I do not think we should have a Juvenile Delinquency Question. In fact, I feel that Mr. Tomlins' methods and teaching have a national interest, and should be extended to all the schools in the country, and then dear auld Scotland would become a home of singing-birds, and much of the prosaic chillness would vanish from our native land.

I saw Mr. Tomlins at the house of the Rev. Dr. Whyte. I did not hear him sing, for I had to leave just as he was preparing to prove that even I could be reached by his method. But I had some talk with him, and this is the substance of what he said.

"Every human soul has in it an inextinguishable spark of God. But in most human beings their environment darkens it, and in some appears almost to extinguish it. What I claim is, that of all the agencies by which the human soul can be revived, music is the most powerful. Music is the key to unlock the prison in which the soul lies imprisoned. There is a potentiality of divinity in all of us which music can call out. I have tried it everywhere, and the result is always the same."

"Even in Edinburgh slums?"

"Quite as much there as elsewhere. You remember when you were in Chicago I was Choral Director to the Columbian Exposition, and Director of



the Apollo Club. I resigned the latter Directorship in order to devote myself to the task of bringing the best methods of training in music and song to the national school teachers and children of the United States. I have trained in the last eight years 2000 teachers and 20,000 children."

"But can anyone else learn your secret?"

"It is an open secret which anyone can learn. Its whole art lies in quickening the whole mind and concentrating it upon the one object. When my children are singing their whole soul is absorbed. Even a dog-fight would hardly divert their attention, for there is no unoccupied section of their mind for the new distraction to appeal to."

"How did you come here?"

"I am over on this side on a holiday. Dr. Arthur Somervell, Inspector of Music to the Board of Education, asked to see how my method would work in Scotland. Mr. Morant, after receiving the report of two of his inspectors, has strongly urged that I should try what can be done in Lancashire."

"How long have you been at work in Edinburgh?"

"Since January. I am going back to America in July. If I have a fair chance I ought to have one or two classes of teachers of 100 or 150 each, and access to a school where I could give a lesson of twenty minutes daily to several classes, say, 500 or

1000 children in all. One of the main features of my work is that I aim not so much at a mere training in singing as at making music and song the means of arousing the vitality of the child and giving it more life, movement, and expression, at the same time guiding, softening and harmonising this increased vitality."

So much for Mr. Tomlins. I close this brief notice of a very interesting man by quoting Professor Earl Barnes' verdict:—

"To Mr. Tomlins the voice is a part of the soul; when one sings he sends himself forth into the world; hence music, to him, is life. In extending and perfecting singing, he believes that he is extending and perfecting life. He believes he has a message for humanity, and so do I."

Scotland seems to be waking up. As I finish this article I take up the first pamphlet of "The Fraternal Platform." It is entitled "The Witchery of Music," and is a reprint of a lecture by the Rev. C. A. Hall, delivered at Paisley, February 10th, 1907. In it I read that music "seems to detach us from the material and, for the time being, to wing our spirits into the eternal realms. It confers an appreciation of the Infinite, arouses aspiration, and makes the mind reach out to the unseen eternities. Under its influence the Unseen is *felt*, the spiritual realised, and the heart of man cries out to God for light and life."



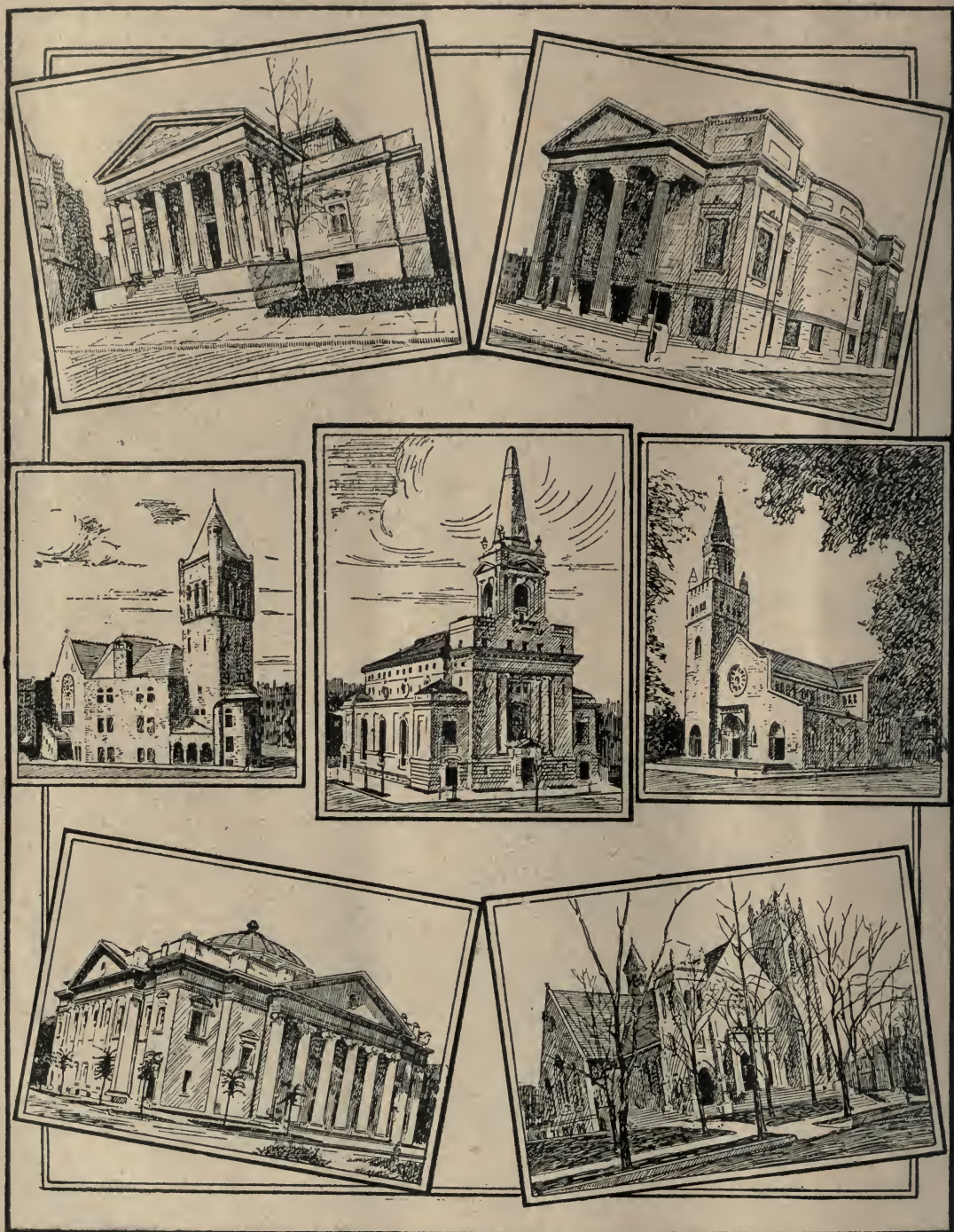
Pasquino]

#### King Edward and the Entente Cordiale.

KAISER: "The older my uncle gets, the more enterprising he becomes!"

BULOW: "Have no fear, your Majesty. Elderly passions are always pacific!"





SOME OF THE CHURCHES OF THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS IN AMERICA.

(1) In Pittsburg; (2) In Kansas City; (3) The Old Mother Church erected in Boston, 1896; (4) In New York; (5) In Concord; (6) In Denver; (7) In Minneapolis.



## CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY,  
Pastor Emeritus of the First Church of Christ Scientist, Boston, Mass.

The other day I received from a firm of American publishers a stand-and-deliver demand that I should name "the greatest man now living on the earth." I did not venture to respond to the summons. But if the best known of all American writers now living on the earth be not grossly mistaken there is no doubt at all as to who is the greatest woman now living on the earth. According to Mark Twain. Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, is that woman: she and no other. His latest book, "Christian Science," with notes, containing corrections to date (Harper Bros.), proclaims this with trumpet tones, so that all the world can hear.

### THE MOST INTERESTING PERSON IN THE WORLD.

Mark Twain is a humorist, the greatest of living humorists. But he is, none the less for that, a profoundly earnest thinker, and a very serious writer upon subjects which interest him. What he says of Mrs. Eddy, although characterised by his usual vein of picturesque exaggeration, is nevertheless serious enough in all conscience. The man—you can feel it in every page of his book—is face to face with a problem which he has not solved, which he knows he has not solved, and which, as is usual with unsolved problems of great magnitude, leaves him ill at ease. His contribution to the controversy settles nothing, not even to his own satisfaction. The only thing he is quite sure about is that Mrs. Eddy did not write "Science and Health." But that is a small matter. Whether she wrote it or another, she admittedly built upon it a new religion—a religion which, Mark Twain himself being judge, works miracles of healing, both mental and physical, and which he frankly but ruefully admits has in it the promise and potency of dividing Christendom with the Catholic Church. If this be so, we can understand that he is not joking when he says of Mrs. Eddy:—

Closely examined, painstakingly studied, she is easily the most interesting person on the planet, and, in several ways, as easily the most extraordinary woman that was ever born upon it.

### A PALPABLE MIRACLE OF OUR DAY.

Anyone who ever strolls into a "Church of Christ Scientist," or who tries to master "Science and Health," after he has overcome his first feeling of boredom and repulsion, is compelled to admit that there is something in it miraculous that transcends the ordinary experience of every day. The mediæval story of the Jew who became a Christian after witnessing the unspeakable corruption of Rome under the Borgias, because no religion not Divine could possibly have survived such abominations as were then associated with the Catholic Church, illustrates



The Rev. Mary Baker Eddy.

the reason why I am compelled to do obeisance to Christian Science. The service in Christian Science churches and the contents of the Bible of the new creed seem of all things most calculated to destroy all interest in the cult and to damp down enthusiasm. There is no appeal to the reason, to the emotions, or to the senses. There is nothing to attract, everything to repel. When Elijah in his famous challenge to the priests of Baal demonstrated the might of Jehovah by drenching his altar with water before calling down fire from Heaven, he acted very much as Mrs. Eddy has done by her writings and her method of worship. She has deliberately aggravated every difficulty which stands in the way of the acceptance of her religion. She has stripped it to the skin of everything that is calculated to attract attention, to stimulate the imagination, or to convince the intellect. And yet notwithstanding this, Christian Science flourishes to such an extent that Mark Twain declares "I believe that the new religion will conquer the half of Christendom in a hundred years."

## THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The progress of Christian Science—it has already 660 churches, and charters a new branch every four days—is accomplished “without frenzied revivals, without uniforms, brass bands, street parades, corner oratory, or any of the other customary persuasions to a godly life.” It repels rather than attracts converts. Mark Twain, it is true, maintains that this is due to her fine astuteness and knowledge of human nature: “Mrs. Eddy knows that when you cannot get a man to try, free of cost, a new and effective remedy for a disease he is afflicted with, you can generally sell it to him if you will put a price upon it which he cannot afford.” But that explains nothing. Merely to put up a barrier is not enough to make people climb over it. Would the public read their Bibles better if no Bible could be bought for less than a five-pound note? The Bible Society raises vast sums every year to distribute Bibles at less than cost price. Not so Mrs. Eddy. Mark Twain points out that the Bible, containing a million words, can be bought for 7½d., whereas not a copy of “Science and Health,” which contains only 180,000 words, can be bought for less than 12s. or 24s., although the cost of its production cannot exceed 7½d. for the cheaper edition, or 3s. 4d. for the dearer. Churches advertise themselves by recounting the services they render to the poor and the afflicted. Christian Science has no charities; yet it prospers.

## THE SECRET OF ITS SUCCESS.

Mark Twain gives us the reason, but he cannot explain how that reason came into being. Quoting an orthodox preacher, he says:—

He conceded that this new Christianity frees its possessor's life from frets, fears, vexatious bitterness, and all sorts of imagination-propagated maladies and pains, and fills his world with sunshine and his heart with gladness. If Christian Science, with this stupendous equipment and final salvation added—cannot win half the Christian globe, I must be badly mistaken in the make-up of the human race.

But how “this new Christianity” does the trick Mark Twain does not explain. And his explanations of the faults in Mrs. Eddy's character and the autocratic system of the Church of Christ Scientists add to the mystery, instead of dissipating it.

## WHO IS MRS. EDDY?

Who is the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy? *McClure's Magazine* has been publishing in America “the story of her life and the history of Christian Science,” by Georgine Milmine, who promises to become as famous as Miss Ida Tarbell, who published in the same magazine the story of Standard Oil. She has spent two or three years in mastering the subject, and her biography, so far as it has appeared, seems to be conscientiously written without any apparent bias. The British rights in these remarkable articles have been acquired by the *Woman at Home*, and the first instalment appears in the April number. By the courtesy

of the publishers we are enabled to reproduce some of the portraits in this article.

## HER HYSTERICAL GIRLHOOD.

This American prophetess was born of good old New England stock in New Hampshire, on July 16th, 1821. Her father, Mark Baker, was the descendant of men who for two hundred years had farmed in that State. He was a Congregationalist of the old school, who died in 1865, at the age of eighty. He was “ignorant, dominating, passionate, fearless. He drove the sharpest bargains, paid his workers the smallest wages.” But he “never cheated a man, and he always sacredly kept his word.” He was a strong advocate of slavery, openly rejoiced over the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and so strict a Sabbatarian that he made his six children after attending service on Sunday, sit quietly with folded hands all the rest of the day. His children resembled him in being high-tempered, headstrong, and cranky. Mary A. Morse Baker—who was afterwards to become famous as Mrs. Eddy—was his youngest, and was the *belle* of the village. She lived till she was fifteen in the little farmhouse, where everyone worked twelve hours a day but herself. She was an interesting, beautiful, delicate child, with good taste in dress and a glorious head of hair. From her youth up she was subject to fits of hysteria:—

They frequently came on without the slightest warning. At times the attack resembled a convulsion. Mary pitched headlong on the floor, and rolled and kicked, writhing and screaming in apparent agony. Again she dropped limp and lay motionless. At other times, like a cataleptic, she lay rigid, almost in a state of suspended animation.

## EARLY CLAIRAUDIENCE.

She was a sensitive child, clairaudient, and very psychic. She says in her “Retrospection and Introspection”:—

“For some twelve months, when I was about eight years old, I repeatedly heard a voice calling me distinctly by name, three times, in an ascending scale. I thought this was my mother's voice, and sometimes went to her, beseeching her to tell me what she wanted. Her answer was always, ‘Nothing, child. What do you mean?’ Then I would say, ‘Mother, who *did* call me? I heard somebody call *Mary* three times!’ This continued until I grew discouraged, and my mother was perplexed and anxious.”

At another time her cousin, Mehitable Huntoon, heard the voice, and told Mrs. Baker about it. Then, according to Mrs. Eddy, her mother advised her to answer in the words of Samuel, “Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.” The voice came again, but Mary had not the courage to answer it. When she did get that courage there was no response, nor did she ever hear that voice again.

At school her attendance was irregular, owing to her fits; and when she was at school she was indolent, lolling on her seat, and constantly scribbling on her slate. When she was eighteen she was admitted as a Church member, although she obstinately refused to admit the truth of the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination.

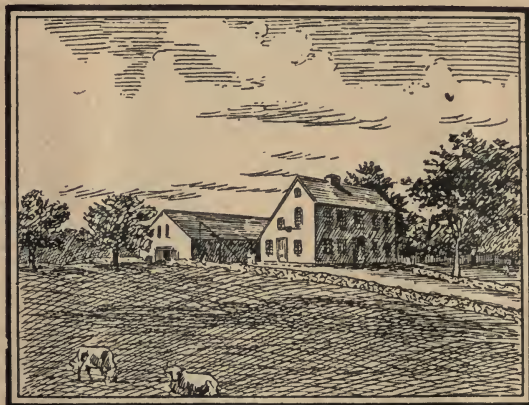


## HER EARLY ENVIRONMENT.

In those days the Shakers, under their prophetess, Ann Lee, were making much stir in those parts, and Georgine Milmine draws a very suggestive parallel between the distinctive doctrines of the Shakers and those now known as Christian Science. When Mrs. Eddy was twenty-two she married a bricklayer, George Washington Glover. He died of yellow fever six months after his marriage. Three months later was born her first and only son, George W. Glover, who is now taking proceedings in order to secure an account of his mother's financial affairs.

## THE GROWN-UP BABY IN THE CRADLE.

Mrs. Eddy lived for the next ten years upon her relations:—



Mrs. Eddy's Birthplace.

Mrs. Glover's hysterical spells became more violent as she grew older. For months at a time she lived in an almost continuous state of collapse. She was given to long and lonely wanderings, especially at night. During her many illnesses her family would leave her in bed, apparently helpless, and returning a moment later find that she had disappeared. One manifestation of her pathological condition was a mania for being rocked or swung. Mark Baker frequently took the grown woman in his arms, dropped into a big rocking-chair, and soothed her to sleep like a baby. Then he carried her to bed, gently tucked her in, and stealthily tip-toed out of the room. Mrs. Tilton, when Mary stayed at her house, performed like service. Usually, at the Tilton house, the task fell to one John Varney, the man of all work. He, like the members of her own family, rocked her to sleep in his arms.

Then a cradle was made in which she would be rocked for hours. Her father always had to carry her upstairs.

## HER SECOND MARRIAGE.

When, after ten years' widowhood, she married a dentist, Dr. Daniel Patterson, the bridegroom had to carry her downstairs to church and upstairs after the ceremony. Her new husband was extremely poor, very unfortunate, and in 1873, when she was fifty-two years of age, she divorced him on the ground of desertion. For her son she seems to have had no affection. She seemed, indeed, to have for him a positive aversion. "Mary," said Mark Baker, "acts just like an old ewe sheep that won't own its lamb. She won't have it near her."

## DR. QUIMBY HER TEACHER.

When she was forty years of age she had been practically bedridden for six or seven years. It was believed that she suffered from an affection of the spine. In 1862 she heard of a mind-healer, Dr. Quimby by name, who, after some experience of mesmerism, discovered "The Science of Health," which he sometimes described as "Christian Science."

Dr. Quimby was a very good man, a great healer, and the original inventor of the difference between "Mortal Mind" and the True Mind, which is the fundamental idea of Mrs. Eddy's doctrine:—

His method was simplicity itself. The medical profession constantly harped on the idea of sickness; Quimby constant-

ly harped on the idea of health. The doctor told the patient that disease was inevitable, man's natural inheritance; Quimby told him that disease was merely an "error," that it was created, "not by God, but by man," and that health was the true and scientific state. "The idea that a beneficent God had anything to do with disease," said Quimby, "is superstition." "Disease," reads another of his manuscripts, "is false reasoning. True scientific wisdom is health and happiness. False reasoning is sickness and death." Again he says, "This is my theory, to put man in possession of a science that will destroy the ideas of the sick, and teach man one living profession of his own identity, with life free from error and disease."

Mrs. Eddy—Mrs. Patterson she then was—came to see Dr. Quimby, and in a week was restored to perfect health. She became an enthusiastic disciple. Two years later she spent two or three months in Dr. Quimby's society, drinking in his teachings, copying his manuscripts, and learning whatever he had to teach her. When she left him he gave her "absent treatment," on one occasion sending his astral body to visit her in her room. She spoke to it, but it turned and walked away.

## HER SPIRITUALISTIC PHASE.

About this time she became interested in Spiritualism. She went into trances, when she was controlled by her dead brother Albert, who uses her lips to tell her friend Mrs. Crosby not to put entire confidence in his sister, for "while his sister loved me as much as she was capable of loving anyone, life had been a severe experiment with her, and she might use my sacred confidence to further any ambitious purposes of her own." From which it would seem that her brother knew his sister very well. Spirit letters followed. Mrs. Eddy, in after life, declared:—

"We never were a Spiritualist; and never were, and never could be, and never admitted we were a medium. We have explained to the class calling themselves Spiritualists how their signs and wonders were wrought, and have illustrated by doing them; but at the same time have said, This is not the work of spirits and I am not a medium; and they





Mark Baker.  
Mrs. Eddy's father.

have passed from our presence and said, Behold the proof that she is a medium!"

For which conduct on their part there was at least as a *primâ facie* case.

#### HER INDEBTEDNESS TO DR. QUIMBY.

In 1865, when Mrs. Eddy was forty-four, Dr. Quimby died at the age of sixty-four—done to death by overwork, against which even his Christian Science had no cure. Mrs. Eddy wrote elegiac verses to his memory, two of which may be quoted as an acknowledgment of her indebtedness to his teachings:—

To mourn him less; to mourn him more were just  
If to his memory 'twere a tribute given  
For every solemn, sacred, earnest trust  
Delivered to us ere he rose to heaven.

Heaven but the happiness of that calm soul,  
Growing in stature to the throne of God;  
Rest should reward him who hath made us whole,  
Seeking, though tremblers, where his footsteps trod.

#### THE FOUNDING OF THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH.

She urged one Julius Dresser to take up the master's work. But two years later she appears to have decided that it was she, and none other, who was called to fill the vacant place. In 1866 she claims

that she was led to the discovery of Christian Science. In 1867 she started the first school of Christian Science Mind-healing in Lynn, Mass., with only one student. In 1870 she copyrighted her first pamphlet on Christian Science, but did not publish it till 1876, although from 1867 to 1875 copies were "in friendly circulation." In 1881 she opened the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, where she taught the pathology of spiritual power, charging students twenty pounds a week! In seven years four thousand students passed through it. Even supposing each only took one week's lessons, this represented a total of £80,000. This is a minimum, for the college term was three weeks. Mrs. Eddy had struck oil.

In 1879 she established the first Church of Christ Scientists, without a creed, and with twenty-six charter members. From such small beginnings arose the present organisation, of which Mark Twain says in 1920 there will be ten million Christian Scientists in America and three millions in Great Britain.

#### MARK TWAIN'S STUDIES.

Mark Twain's study of Christian Science was carried on in his desultory fashion over a period of some four or five years. His book contains within its two covers a somewhat heterogeneous medley of observations, witticisms and statements of fact which are not always consistent. He frankly admits this, here and there adding corrections in footnotes to his earlier impressions. For instance, after declaring in the text of an earlier article that

of all the strange and frantic and incomprehensible and uninterpretable books which the imagination of man has created, surely this one ("Science and Health") is the prize sample,

he adds the following penitential note:—

January, 1903.—The first reading of any book whose terminology is new and strange is nearly sure to leave the reader in a bewildered and sarcastic state of mind. But now that during the past two months I have, by diligence, gained a fair acquaintance with 'Science and Health' technicalities, I no longer find the bulk of that work hard to understand.—M.T.

And to emphasise his regret he satirises, in a further note, his precipitate censure by an elaborate sarcasm at his own expense.

#### THE OPENING JOKE.

Mark Twain opens in his best style by a very humorous description of the way in which he first made the acquaintance of Christian Science. He had a bad fall when travelling in the Tyrol, and a Christian Science healer mended his broken bones. The incident may or may not have happened, but it is told with all the humorous exaggeration which first endeared the author of "The New Pilgrim's Progress" to a laughter-loving world. The healer tells him that he needs no healing, his suffering is purely imaginary. He replies:—

"I am full of imaginery tortures," I said, "but I do not



think I should be any more uncomfortable if they were real ones. What must I do to get rid of them?"

"There is no occasion to get rid of them, since they do not exist. They are illusions propagated by matter, and matter has no existence; there is no such thing as matter."

And so he is prepared to receive the secret—the open secret—of Christian Science healing:—

"It is quite simple," she said; "the fundamental propositions of Christian Science explain it, and they are summarised in the four following self-evident propositions: 1. God is all-in-all. 2. God is good. Good is mind. 3. God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter. 4. Life, God, omnipotent Good, deny death, evil, sin, disease. There—now you see."

He accepts the formula, which, he says, works equally well when repeated backwards; all his broken bones knitted themselves together, the dislocated joints reset themselves, and in the end

Mrs. Fuller brought in an itemised bill for a crate of broken bones mended in two hundred and thirty-four places—one dollar per fracture.

"Nothing exists but matter?"

"Nothing," she answered. "All else is substanceless, all else is imaginery."

I gave her an imaginary cheque, and now she is suing me for substantial dollars. It looks inconsistent.

#### MINGLED FEAR AND FAITH.

That is but the overture. The rest of the book is serious enough. Mark Twain is evidently fascinated by Mrs. Eddy, but it is a fascination of repulsion and of fear. As the devils believe and tremble, so Mark Twain shudders as he avows his faith in the power and coming triumphs of the creed of which this strange octogenarian is the inspired prophetess. He is under no illusions as to evils which it will bring in its train. His book is written apparently with the direct object of proclaiming to the world the approach of the worst spiritual tyranny mankind has ever groaned under. After describing the probable rapidity of its growth and extension, Mark Twain predicts that Christian Science will become

in 1940 the governing power in the Republic—to remain that permanently. And I think it a reasonable guess that the Trust (which is already in our day pretty brusque in its ways) will then be the most insolent and unscrupulous and tyrannical politico-religious master that has dominated a people since the palmy days of the Inquisition.

#### THE CERTAINTY OF ITS TRIUMPH.

To most people the possibility that Christian Science is destined to attain such a position of influence seems mere lunacy. But Mark Twain sticks to his guns. He says:—

Remember its principal great offer; to rid the race of pain and disease. Can it do so? In large measure, yes.

He maintains that four-fifths of the maladies which affect the human frame are amenable to treatment by Christian Science—can, in fact, be cured and permanently banished by Christian Science, and he naturally asks, if it can rid the world of four-fifths of its pain and disease, why should the world refuse to embrace it? He asks:—

Is it insanity to believe that Christian Scientism is destined to make the most formidable show that any new religion has



Mrs. Mark Baker.

Mrs. Eddy's own mother died in 1849; Mrs. Baker was her stepmother.

made in the world since the birth and spread of Mohammedanism, and that within a century from now it may stand second to Rome only, on numbers and power in Christendom?

#### WHAT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ACCOMPLISHES.

But the healing of physical pain and disease is only one-half of the Scientists' claim to attention, and on the justice of this other claim Mark Twain is even more emphatic. He says:—

There is a mightier benefaction than the healing of the body, and that is the healing of the spirit, which is Christian Science's other claim. So far as I know, so far as I can find out, it makes it good. Personally I have not known a Scientist who did not seem serene, contented, unharassed. I have not found an outsider whose observations of Scientists furnished him a view that differed from my own. Buoyant spirits, comfort of mind, freedom from care these happiness we all have, at intervals; but in the spaces between, dear me, the black hours! They have put a curse upon the life of every human being, I have ever known, young or old. I concede not a single exception. Time will test the Science's claim. If time shall make it good; if time shall prove that the Science can heal the persecuted spirit of man and banish its troubles and keep it serene and sunny and content—why, then Mrs. Eddy will have a monument that will reach above the clouds. It is the giant feature, it is the sun that rides in the zenith of Christian Science; the auxiliary features are of minor consequence.

Measured by this standard, it is thirteen hundred years



since the world has produced any one who could reach up to Mrs. Eddy's waist belt.

Figuratively speaking, Mrs. Eddy is already as tall as the Eiffel Tower. She is adding surprisingly to her stature every day. It is quite within the probabilities that a century hence she will be the most imposing figure that has cast its shadow across the globe since the inauguration of our era.

#### MRS. EDDY'S CHARACTER AND STYLE.

Mrs. Eddy's character, as it is revealed by her writings, her genuine writings, and her acts is far from commanding Mark Twain's admiration or respect. As a witness, he says—and the record of her varying testimonies on the subject of her relations to Dr. Quimby appear to justify his remark—she is the most untrustworthy that the world has heard since the late lamented Ananias quitted the witness stand. Her literary style, he says, is characterised by:

- Desert vacancy as regards thought.
- Self-complacency.
- Puerility.
- Sentimentality.
- Affectations of scholarly learning.
- Lust after eloquent and flowery expression.
- Repetition of pet poetic picturesquenesses.
- Confused and wandering statement.
- Metaphor gone insane.
- Meaningless words, used because they are pretty, or showy, or unusual.
- Sorrowful attempts at the epigrammatic.
- Destitution of originality.

Her character, as revealed by her acts, displays a superlative egotism, an overweening ambition, and an insatiate lust for power.

#### THE ANGEL OF THE APOCALYPSE.

Mrs. Eddy's claims, as set forth by her disciples, which appear to be endorsed by her acceptance of their homage, make her out to be a Divine being. The Virgin Mary—Jesus Christ—Mrs. Eddy—appear to be the positive, comparative and superlative terms of the revelation of God to man according to this latest American religion.

"We consciously declare" (says Dr. George Tomkins) "that 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' was foretold, as well as its author, Mary Baker Eddy, in Revelation x. She is the 'mighty angel,' or God's highest thought to this age (verse 1), giving us the spiritual interpretation of the Bible in the 'little book open' (verse 2). Thus we prove that Christian Science is the second coming of Christ—Truth—Spirit."

#### HOW CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS REGARD HER.

To outsiders she seems to be a singularly unlovely, blasphemous old woman, but to her followers (says Mark Twain) she appears to be—

Patient, gentle, loving, compassionate, noble-hearted, unselfish, widely cultured, splendidly equipped mentally, a profound thinker, an able writer, a divine personage, an inspired messenger whose acts are dictated from the Throne, and whose every utterance is the Voice of God.

She has delivered to them a religion which has revolutionised their lives, banished the glooms that shadowed them, and filled them and flooded them with sunshine and gladness

and peace; a religion whose heaven is not put off to another time, with a break and a gulf between, but begins here and now, and melts into eternity as fancies of the waking day melt into the dreams of sleep.

They believe it is a Christianity that is in the New Testament; that it has always been there; that in the drift of ages it was lost through disuse and neglect, and that this benefactor has found it and given it back to men, turning the night of life into day, its terrors into myths, its lamentations into songs of emancipation and rejoicing.

Small wonder, then, that they worship even her old rocking-chair as Catholics revere the relics of the saints:—

Mrs. Eddy has this efficient worship, which is indifferent to opposition, untroubled by fear, and goes to battle singing, like Cromwell's soldiers; and while she has it she can command and it will obey, and maintain her on the throne, and extend her empire.

#### THE NEW PATERNOSTER.

What is the essence of this monstrous farrago of incredible nonsense, of shrewd good sense, of mystical insight? Mrs. Eddy's spiritual interpretation of the Lord's Prayer will suffice to illustrate the curious jargon of the Scientist theology:—

"Our Father-Mother God, all-harmonious, adorable One. Thy kingdom is within us, Thou are ever-present. Enable us to know, as in heaven, so on earth, God is supreme. Give us grace for to-day; feed the famished affections. And infinite Love is reflected in love. And Love leadeth us not into temptation, but delivereth from sin, disease, and death. For God is now and for ever all Life, Truth, and Love."

Since Mr. Voysey mutilated the Lord's Prayer by turning the sublime petition, Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, into Forgive us our sins as we hope to be forgiven—surely the supreme example of unspiritual banality of our time—there has been nothing quite like this.

#### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE NOT MIND-HEALING.

Mark Twain wrestles vigorously with the problem. The following passages represent the net result of his prolonged cogitations:—

The Christian Scientist believes that the spirit of God (life and love) pervades the universe like an atmosphere; that whoso will study Science and Health can get from it the secret of how to inhale that transforming air; that to breathe it is to be made new; that from the new man all sorrow, all care, all miseries of the mind vanish away, for only peace, contentment, and measureless joy can live in that divine fluid; that it purifies the body from disease, which is a vicious creation of the gross human mind, and cannot continue to exist in the presence of the Immortal Mind, the renewing Spirit of God.

It is apparent, then, that in Christian Science it is not one man's mind acting upon another man's mind that heals; that it is solely the Spirit of God that heals; that the healer's mind performs no office but to convey that force to the patient; that it is merely the wire which carries the electric fluid, so to speak, and delivers the message. Therefore, if those things be true, mental-healing and Science-healing are separate and distinct processes, and no kinship exists between them.

#### WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

This is going too far. Mind-healing is very closely connected with Science-healing. The difference between them is chiefly in this, that the mind-healer does not assert that the live wire which



he switches on for healing purposes is connected with the central dynamo of the universe. The Christian Scientist does. But if the latter is right, the former is working with the same force, only he refuses to recognise its force. A child who imagines that he makes the electric light by turning a button, and the electrician who can trace the current thus switched on from the dynamos in the distant powerhouse, are dealing with the same force, and are as near akin as the mind-healer and the Christian Scientist. For what is the healing efficacy on the mind of man but the Spirit of God, Who is Life and Health and Power?

#### AN AMERICAN WITCH-DOCTOR.

Mrs. Eddy, however, regards mind-healers and hypnotists with the profound aversion natural to two of a trade who never agree. Herself a great mistress of magic, she brooks no rival near her throne. If any Christian Scientist has anything to do, even in the secret recesses of his mind, with mind-healing or hypnotism, he is cast out of the Synagogue. In this article of the Christian Science Church Mrs. Eddy has a sceptre of despotism the like of which no Pope ever possessed. She shares it with the witch-doctors of Africa, whose right to smell out witches is one of the most familiar and most monstrous engines of murderous tyranny that ever existed in the world until the days of Mrs. Eddy. Listen to the claim of this modern witch-doctor of the New World:—

I possess a spiritual sense of what the malicious mental practitioner is mentally arguing which cannot be deceived; I can discern in the human mind thoughts, motives, and purposes; and neither mental arguments nor psychic power can affect this spiritual insight.

Hence she has but to allege that a disciple is secretly indulging in hypnotism, and out he goes:—"She is sole accuser and sole witness, and her testimony is final and carries uncompromising and irremediable doom with it."

#### THE NEWEST IDOLATRY OF THE NEW WORLD.

Of the church which Mrs. Eddy has founded, of the millions of followers whom she has gained throughout the world, there is no need to speak here. It is a church founded upon one book, written or mothered by one woman. It is, Mark Twain says, the most despotically organised society or church in the whole world. No Reader—or, as we should say, minister—can be appointed without Mrs. Eddy's approval. Any Reader may be dismissed by Mrs. Eddy at any time. As if this were not enough, no Reader is allowed to make any commentary of any sort upon the inspired text-book which is proclaimed the sole Pastor of the Church of Christ-Scientist. The much-derided Bibliolatry of the Protestants is as nothing to this worship of the Book which has been established by an unchangeable decree as the new idolatry of the newest church of the New World. And what an idol it is! Few deities in the Hindoo Pantheon can vie with it in shapelessness, in uncouth, grotesque unloveliness. But it is a wonder-working idol. It coins dollars, and it earns its meat by healing the sick and banishing worry from the minds of its worshippers. Verily, we feel disposed to cry: There is no Pastor but "Science and Health," and Mrs. Eddy is its Prophet.



*Kladderadatsch.*]

#### The Alliance of the Future.

THE KAISER AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (together): "If we fight shoulder to shoulder, we'll soon settle the impudent brats."



## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE COUNTRY PRESS—ORGANISATION IS STRENGTH.

"Sincere" writes:—"In all things necessarily uniform, co-operation; in original matter, individual choice; in all things charity." Why should the country Press not practice all these things? The maxim is profitable unto all things—in economical, aye, and in much higher spheres! As regards country journalism do not Ruskin's words ring true, "Competition besides being the life, is the death of trade"? There is too much capital now wasted. In this way: Any two local contemporaries, instead of setting up separately what must of necessity be practically uniform reading matter should co-operate in the setting up of this part of the newspapers (town and district news, and original matter to be set up separately), and make a stereotype for each journal. By this means each paper could increase its circulation and the influence of its original matter, and tri-weeklies could be transformed into dailies. At present metropolitan newspapers "swamp" country towns, just because the country is divided against itself. Since the advent of the linotypes the opportunities of the country Press to co-operate have largely been increased as, I understand, each line of type can be duplicated in the shortest space of time. In many towns the newspapers could become all that would be desired by the local residents through this co-operation. The metropolitan newspapers could produce a larger paper, but after all most of the largeness would consist of advertisements and stuff that is only news to local metropolitan people. Then, again, while there is only one set of cables cross the seas to Australia why should they be despatched in two sets to each town when they arrive in Australia? Why should even Australian news outside one's own town require two messages for its transmission to the town? Newspaper proprietors or editors in country towns cannot compete with one another in regard to news outside that town or district.

Now, we want more originality in our country papers; we do not want that originality crushed out "owing to the pressure on our space," caused by an influx of routine matter; the brain needs some space to communicate itself to other brains; and by the means I have suggested, by co-operation in all things possible, we can secure that improvement. As we do not want a stereotyped community, we do not want half-a-dozen metropolitan papers to dominate the whole of Australia. Eminent men have testified to the superiority of the country newspaper in its effect upon local readers.

But there is something more than economics involved in this question. Australia is rearing numerous journalists who must in future advance or retard its welfare. There is no greater social service possible than could be rendered by the country journalist, so that in helping to raise that social service the readers themselves will raise their own welfare. Yet it is a fact that at present the journalist who, in being true to his calling, must utilise every moment of his leisure in greater preparation for his life's work, is allowed but a fraction of the leisure of the artisan. "You are never free," is the editor's favourite maxim to his subordinates. The life partakes too much of froth and bustle for healthy growth; the reporter cum-proof-reader-cum-everything else—the "maid" of all work—thinks himself com-

paratively lucky if he gets off one night in the week or receives the "privileges" of domestic service! If such breadth of work is insisted upon, one must expect nothing but shallowness, and if we are to have that, it is worse than having nothing at all. To rear a nobler State we must rear a nobler Press, and the Press cannot be elevated if the members of it are made mere literary hacks—hewers of wood and carriers of frivolous or distorted news. Some have spoken of the enormous pre-natal influence of mothers: the tremendous responsibilities of the newspaper man is seen when one realises that through his brain comes filtered lessons from a thousand influences. There may be some who are constituted to "live" by the day's happenings, but they only skim the surface of things. There is this danger that the Press will attract to itself those who glory in nothing more than free banquets, free races, free theatres! Where the carcass is there shall the eagles be gathered together! And these are thy gods! But something more is required. The reporter should have even a great deal more chance than ordinary citizens to embrace ennobling opportunities of development, that can be afforded in every town. I would say somewhat after Ruskin: Create your standard of qualifications by a set standard of time and wage; select your journalist who will improve his spare time in developing his powers in the manner that any independent public-spirited citizen would do—and then you may be sure that your bread cast upon the waters will return not after many days.

By unifying outside news, we can clear the decks for competition for best town and district news! Put a premium on originality. Elevate your paper's literary tone! The greater our beneficent influence the greater the welfare of our country; the greater the district's trade-fortifications, the greater the Commonwealth! Let us foster confidence in our district's resources! What we require is more brains in proportion to bulk, and we can secure a vast improvement in brains and bulk by a free federation of our resources. The key to all is Co-operation!

### TRIBUNALS OF INHERENT RIGHTS.

#### A SUGGESTION FOR A SIMPLE SETTLEMENT OF DISPUTES.

By L. LEWIS.

1. Any person having any cause of action or question of importance involved as regards any other person may proceed as herein provided by interviewing some member of the Judicial Committee who shall take particulars of his case and forward a letter to the party or parties concerned notifying concisely the nature of the claim.

2. If such party elects to have the matter adjudicated under these provisions, he shall interview some other member, who shall take particulars of his case.

3. The two members shall then meet and ascertain the exact issues involved, and if they are able to recommend an adjustment shall notify the parties accordingly.

4. If such recommendation does not lead to an agreement between the parties, then the two mem-



bers shall meet and appoint a third member, and the three shall then proceed to hear, consider, and decide the matter, and for that purpose shall have power to summon witnesses, cause interrogatories to be exhibited, and discovery and inspection of property to be made.

5. The decision of the Judicial Committee shall be final, unless there is some continuing right, duty, or liability involved, in which case there may be an appeal to the Committee of Appeal, who shall consider and decide the matter.

6. The decision of the Committee of Appeal shall be final unless the decision adversely affects the opportunity of any person in the way of earning his livelihood, in which case the party affected may appeal to the Appeal Council, who shall decide the matter at issue, and whose decision shall be conclusive as between the parties.

7. The Appeal Council, Committee of Appeal, or Judicial Committee shall have power to make any order for the preservation of the property or rights concerned pending the trial of any cause or the hearing of an appeal as shall be requisite and just.

8. (a) The Committee of Appeal shall be constituted by three members, and the Appeal Council by seven members. (b) The judges of the Supreme Court shall prescribe practical tests for the admission of those who are to be members of these Tribunals, and shall assign those who satisfactorily answer such test to such Tribunal, as they are considered eligible to be members of according to the standard attained.

9. All matters shall be decided according to—(a) Natural Justice, (b) Equity, and (c) Good conscience.

10. The parties to any cause before the Committee of Appeal or Appeal Council in addition to appearing themselves may be represented, and the members of the Judicial Committee who took part in the matter may attend and present their views of the case.

11. Any decision of the Appeal Council, Committee of Appeal, or Judicial Committee, that affects any real estate may be registered in the Office of Titles or the Office of the Registrar-General as the case may be. This provision includes interlocutory orders.

These main provisions of this proposed system show the lines upon which we might work to establish a way of adjusting the various relations between members of society upon the foundation of first principles. Such a method should give a renewed and larger life to these matters. It would be interesting to establish Tribunals after this nature, and to compare their working on the basis set forth in paragraph nine, with the working of the Law Courts. There are some lawyers who will heartily help in perfecting this system. They and all others interested are invited to take part in bringing constructive criticism to bear upon this subject.

## GOD'S PRESENCE AND SIGHT.

Contra Mundum contributes:—

Children unborn, God saw their infant play,  
The joys, the sorrows of their ev'ry day;  
Their youthful longings, and their manhood snarls,  
Conquests, defeats, their hopes, and their despairs.

He saw the breath leaving the earthly crust,  
Long, long ago, when Adam was but dust;  
Nations to come He saw them pass away,  
And yet they're present with Him ev'ry day.

The past can't vanish, nor the future pause,  
Hist'ry can't hide from the Eternal Cause,  
He reads the proof before the type is set,  
Marries a couple, long before they've met.

Mankind with Him are buried when they're born,  
And lives when coming are with Him as gone;  
Past, present, future, though we can't tell how,  
Jehovah blends in one eternal now.

## PROPOSED NEW PROVISION IN CROWN GRANTS.

L. Lewis writes:—I would ask every one of your readers to honestly answer these questions:

1. If it is requisite to resume land for National purposes, is not the owner only entitled to receive the following?

(a) What he paid to the Crown.

(b) The value of work done in improving the land,

(c) And possibly in some cases under certain conditions compensation for severance.

2. Is not the enhanced value which is caused by the progress and activity of the whole community something that the owner has not earned, and to which he is not entitled?

3. Is it not unwise and burdensome to the community that they should have to pay upon resumption for a value which they have themselves created?

It is to be frankly recognised that not only is this enhanced value first created by the community, but it is constantly maintained by the industry and expenditure of the whole community.

I frankly admit that there is no just and right reason why such a provision should only apply to future grantees from the Crown.

For example, can anyone at all justify the enhanced value caused by the railways being paid to owners for land required for Closer Settlement purposes, when all the time the people are paying a heavy annual interest on the cost of construction, thus paying for the upkeep of this land value?

If this enhanced value were not paid to the owner of the land, it would be paid to the people who created it, and this would mean greatly reduced railway freights and other benefits to new settlers,



# The International Pilgrimage of Peace.

## PROSPECTS AND ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

The response received last month to the appeal which I published recently for an international pilgrimage of international personages has met with gratifying response. It is now evident that, providing the Americans decide at the great Peace Convention at New York to attempt this great new thing in the way of international appeal, there will be no lack of adequate response in Britain and in other European countries. As Baroness von Suttner writes: "The plan is simple and splendid. Its chances of realisation lie in America, where the pilgrimage is to start from, and where the men and the women have the noble daring that is wanted. I am quite willing and ready to join." And so, in effect, write many others.

### WOMEN AND THE CONFERENCE.

Lady Aberdeen, who is unfortunately unable from illness to take part in the Pilgrimage, has done nobly in arranging for an independent demonstration on the part of the International Council of Women. Writing to me from Dublin Castle, March 15th, the Countess of Aberdeen says:—

Personally I should like nothing better than to take part in this or any other movement which might help forward the Peace movement.

I am afraid, however, that this year it will be out of the question for me to go.

Since I last wrote to you I have been laid aside by an attack of rheumatic fever, from which I am only just now recovering—indeed, I am not yet allowed up out of bed, and am told I have got to be very careful for some time to come.

I have, however, asked Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, our Corresponding Secretary of the International Council of Women, to send out a letter to all the Councils asking them, if possible, to arrange to send a delegate to the Hague at the time of the assembling of the Conference, so that they, in the name of the International Council of Women, which may now truly be held to speak for the women workers of the world, may ask for an audience.

That is all to the good, and if the Pilgrimage should come off after all, these ladies will form an invaluable auxiliary, whether or not it was decided to join forces.

If the requisite dozen of representative Americans can be found able and willing to head the Pilgrimage, intimation of the fact will at once be cabled by me to the various secretaries in the different countries, and they will immediately set about getting their respective groups into readiness to start. Even if the whole project should from any cause fall through, it may be as well to set out in brief the main outline on which it is proposed to carry through the first world-wide international demonstration in favour of internationalism.

### A PILGRIMAGE OF NOTABLES.

The object to be kept constantly in view is to impress upon the minds of the Governments, and all their representatives, and upon the somewhat apathetic and ill-enlightened public, the fact that there are in the world at this time many men and women who have attained such a leading position among their fellows as to be recognised everywhere as persons of international standing who are so much in earnest about progress towards international peace as to give up a whole month of their busy lives in order to promote the success of the cause they have at heart. It is necessary not only to show that there are some such in some nations. The effect of the demonstration would largely depend upon the evidence which it afforded that every nation contained among its leading spirits men and women willing to face inconvenience and ridicule and the chance of failure in order to advance a little further in the direction of settled peace. I am well aware that it is a risk to which they are invited. The Pilgrimage might be a brilliant and world-resounding success. It might be, on the other hand, a failure, exposing all its members to the scoffing comments of a world whose sense of humour is regarded as a justification for abandoning every heroic effort that might set a-going the mockery of fools. But the readiness of notable men and women in every country to face that music which the wise man compared to the crackling of thorns under a pot supplies equally the argument which is needed to impress the ordinary man. He knows only too well that he would not dare to expose himself to the chance of a sniggering sneer, not even to save his own soul. How much more would he flinch from it if he had anything of a reputation to imperil! The demonstrated readiness to risk this is the most universally recognised asset of the capital of the Pilgrimage.

### THE PETITION OF THE PILGRIMS.

The first step is to get the pilgrims together—nine men and three women, if possible, in every nation of the first rank among the Powers; three men and one woman from the smaller nations. Scandinavia, for instance, would send twelve—four each for Sweden, Norway and Denmark. Spain and Portugal might send twelve for the Iberian Peninsula—eight from Spain and four from Portugal. Six would be expected from Austria and six from Hungary. The number of persons of international repute in the Balkan States is limited, but one or two might be found to complete the company. In each country, beginning with the United States,



when the pilgrim company is got together by a process of natural selection aided by the discretion of the secretary, it would organise itself simply under its elected head, agree to conform to the general regulations, adopt the common programme which they wish to press upon the attention of the Governments, the peoples, and the Hague Conference—

- (1) An arrest of the increase of armaments.
- (2) The Governments to undertake the work of Peace Societies, and appropriate one pound for every £1000 spent for war to peace propaganda and international hospitality.
- (3) Refusal to call in seconds, or special mediators, who shall have thirty days in which to make peace before making war, to be punished by refusing war loans and by making their imports contraband of war.
- (4) Arbitration to be made obligatory on all questions of secondary importance which do not affect honour or vital interests.

#### A COMMON OBJECT.

Each group of pilgrims could, of course, vary this programme by a process of addition or subtraction as they thought fit, but there ought to be substantial unity in the whole international company in favour of the above four principles. To arrest the growth of armaments, to banish that nightmare of the world, the dread of a sudden outbreak of war, to make universal the almost automatic practice of international arbitration, and to recognise the duty of Governments to undertake the active education of their subjects in the principles of peace and arbitration and international fraternity as they now recognise their responsibility to educate them in the principles of reading, writing and arithmetic. These are the objects of the Pilgrimage, and no one out of harmony with their general trend would care to be a pilgrim.

#### THE PROGRAMME OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

The pilgrim company being organised and its programme duly approved, the first task would be to wait in deputation upon its own Government to solicit its support and backing at the Conference for the proposals which it has inscribed upon its banner. President Roosevelt, whose zeal in the cause of peace has received international recognition from the Nobel Committee, is an admirable Head of the Executive to whom to make the first appeal. From him and from Secretary Root we might fairly expect the most cordial of benedictions and the most strenuous backing. This of course. Because if the Pilgrimage from the New World to the Old to pray for peace and arbitration could not command the blessing and sympathetic send-off of the most conspicuous American in the whole world, it would not start at all. Assuming, however, that the President gave it his God-speed, the pilgrims would next wait upon the ambassador of the country which they were about to visit, pay him their respects, ex-

plain their mission, and request his good offices to secure them a friendly and sympathetic reception from his own Government. In this case Mr. Bryce can be confidently relied upon to do everything to facilitate their mission. There would then remain the national send-off from New York. The departure of so distinguished a company of Americans charged with so disinterested a mission for the welfare of mankind could not fail to make the demonstration at their sailing one of the most notable in transatlantic history. They would be but a dozen, but the leave-taking would afford an opportunity of demonstrating to the world that their mission had the endorsement of all that was noblest and best, strongest and wisest in every department of American life.

#### THE RECEPTION IN LONDON.

The moment the Americans decided to move, the secretaries of the other countries would at once put themselves in motion. I am glad to have secured for the post of English Secretary the services of Captain Shawe Taylor, whose skill in bringing together the various parties interested in the Irish land question marked him out as of all men the most expert in such a delicate work. The selection of the English group once completed, they would form the nucleus of a Reception Committee for welcoming their brother pilgrims from across the Atlantic. At the same time the selection of the groups of Scandinavian pilgrims would be set going in Sweden, Norway and Denmark. The Scandinavian pilgrims would wait upon their own Sovereigns and Governments, secure all available evidence of popular support and approval, and make their way to London to arrive in time to join in the welcome of the American pilgrims. The first demonstration of British welcome would be at Southampton or at Liverpool, when the municipal authorities would be proud to do the visitors honour. On arriving in London the first duty of the pilgrims would be to wait, each group upon its own ambassador, in order to report its arrival, explain its objects, enlist his support, and arrange for the presentation of the pilgrims to the King. For this, of course, arrangements would have to be made in advance. At the reception at Buckingham Palace all the pilgrims—British, American, and Scandinavian—would be present. Afterwards they would also wait collectively upon the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, from whom they could rely upon a reception as cordial as that accorded them by the President in America. There would have to be a great popular demonstration in the Albert Hall, which would be in the truest sense an expression of the national aspiration, irrespective of sect, party, or nationality. The Lord Mayor, true to his traditional hospitality, would probably entertain the pilgrims to dinner at the Mansion House. A reception at Sutherland House would seem to be in order. There would be no end of private hospitalities. The inter-Parliamentary



group could hardly refrain from giving expression to their sentiments. British trades unionists would organise a welcome for the representatives of American labour. Scientists and men of letters would be sought after by their own kind. When at last the pilgrims were ready to start, they would wait upon the French Ambassador, bespeaking his sympathy and good offices to secure their reception by the President and the Ministers of the French Republic.

#### THE NEXT STEP—PARIS.

Their departure from Victoria would be the signal for a great popular demonstration on their arrival at Dover, and the Mayor and Corporation would be glad to bid them God-speed. At Calais, and again at Amiens, the only stopping-place, the pilgrims of peace would receive a fraternal welcome. At the Gare du Nord the French group would be waiting to receive them and convey them to their quarters. Next morning the British group would wait upon Sir F. Bertie at the British Embassy to impress upon him that there were some people who actually cared for the Conference, who believed in it, and were even ready to inflict upon ambassadors the nuisance of receiving deputations in order to impress upon the sluggish diplomatic mind that something must be done. The Americans would find a more sympathetic host in Mr. Henry White. The Swedes, the Danes and the Norwegians would each repair to their own Minister. Then the same routine would be gone through. The combined French-British-American-Scandinavian group would be received by M. de Fallières and by his Ministers. Then there would be the popular fraternisation with the French masses, the banquet at the Hotel de Ville, receptions and conversaziones, etc., arranged by the Reception Committee, of which the French pilgrims would be the central nucleus. Then after a visit to the Italian ambassador announcing their departure for Rome, the pilgrims would start southwards.

#### FROM CAPITAL TO CAPITAL.

By this time the whole of Europe, even the sleepest-headed, cynical old diplomatist, would be aware that "people really seem to be interested in the Conference after all." And the Governments would begin to be aware that something would have to be done. Their communications to their diplomatic representatives abroad would show a quickened sense of the importance to the peace movement, and their direct instructions to their plenipotentiaries at the Hague would have a much sharper edge. There would be less of make-believe and more of reality all round.

It is not necessary to trace the course of the pilgrims from Rome to Venice, from Venice to Vienna, from Vienna to Buda Pesth, from Buda Pesth to Moscow, from Moscow to St. Petersburg, from St. Petersburg to Berlin, from Berlin to Brussels, and thence to the Hague, where the Petition of

the Pilgrimage would be formally presented to the President of the Conference by the deputation, which would in many respects be a far more remarkable international assemblage than the Conference itself.

#### AN INTERNATIONAL DECLARATION OF SUPPORT.

In every country, the moment the Pilgrimage is decided upon, the local secretaries will set about securing the signatures of all the influential and representative persons in their respective countries to a general declaration of adhesion to the principles of the Petition of the Pilgrims.

A circular might, for instance, be sent out in somewhat the following terms:—

"In the month of May an international pilgrimage, composed of leading international persons, will travel round Europe *en route*, to present to the Conference at the Hague the prayer of the peoples that the Conference will arrest further increase of armaments, strengthen the security against sudden outbreaks of war, extend the practice of international arbitration, and recommend the Governments to make an annual appropriation for promoting peace by propaganda and international hospitality.

"Feeling sure that you heartily sympathise with this effort to bring the combined pressure of the best elements of the public opinion of the world to bear upon the Conference at the Hague, I return you the enclosed signed authorisation to append my name to the memorial which the pilgrims are to present to the Hague Conference.

"Among those who are taking personal part in the Pilgrimage are (here follow the names). And the appeal which we are making to you is made with the approval of the leaders of both the political parties in the State."

The circular could be sent in Great Britain to all peers of the realm, all members of Parliament, members of the Privy Council, newspaper editors, Lord-Lieutenants, chairmen of County Councils, Mayors, chairmen of Chambers of Commerce, members of the Royal Society, university professors, ministers of religion, headmasters of schools, trades union leaders, and any other persons of influence.

In the United States it would go to all Governors of States and College Presidents. In France to all members of the various academies, and so forth.

#### THE DETERMINING FACTOR.

By this means the subject could be brought directly home to the leaders of the nation. Their response would render it impossible for anyone to pretend that the pilgrims had not the nations behind them. The expense of such an appeal to the intelligent classes would be limited to the cost of clerical work and of postage. Without the Pilgrimage it would be difficult to elicit a widespread response. But with the Pilgrimage as an outward visible sign, to be seen and heard and read of by all men, the case would be different.

W. T. STEAD.



## ESPERANTO.

During the past month, the "Esperanta Klubo, Melbourne," has met each Friday evening as usual at the Café Australasian. The average attendance of members has been thirty. At each meeting new members were elected, and others nominated.

Several lecturettes have also been given on subjects of general interest to members of the Club.

Great preparations are being made for the third Congress which is to meet at Cambridge, in August. The tickets, which cost 10s. each, will admit to all official meetings, and will permit the holder to take part in many of the excursions with little added cost, and also obtain a great reduction on railway tickets to Cambridge. There is to be a book published, which will contain a definite programme of the different fêtes and excursions, history and guide-book of Cambridge, and information re railways, English customs, money values, etc.

In May of last year, the London Chamber of Commerce held an examination for senior commercial certificates; about 100 candidates presented themselves.

The following Esperanto specimen is part of this examination:—

1. Translate into English:—

(a) Kiel oni scias, Kalifornio apartenas al la lokoj tre richaj kiel per mineraloj, tiel ankaŭ per produktajhoj de la regno kreskajha. La kreskajhoj tie ofte distingas sin per tiaj grandegaj mezuroj, ke ni, europanoj, tute ne povus ghin kredi. Tuj che la eniro en la montojn, en la loko Kalaveraso, sur la alteco de 1400 merroj super la nivelo de la maro, trovighas angulo de arbaro, en kiu kolektighas tuta familio da grandeguloj el la speco de la tiel nomataj "mamontaj arroj." Grizaj, maljunaj, ornamitaj per nudaj branchoj nur sur la pintoj, ili staras jam ne la unuan milijaron kaj estas chirkaŭkreskitaj de densa musko. Flamaĵ floroj nestigas en la fendoj de iliaj radikoj kaj sur la sulkita shelo. La fresa muska suprajho de la tero estas tre mola sub ili. Iliaj fohetoj estas tre malgrandaj, kaj ilia korpo—la ligno—estas malmola, de rugeta koloro, sed tre rapide nigriĝhas de la tempo. La plej granda el la Kalaverasa familio de tiuj chi arboj, sub la nomo "Maljuna arbo," jam pli ne ekzistas. Antau 40 au 60 jaroj la europaj enmigrintoj—kolonianoj ekvolis faligi tiun chi arbon.

(b) Krom la transira komunikigho, kiu iras tra Berlino, se la afero ne tushas Holandon au Svedo-Norvegujon, devas ja antaue jam esti pakitaj la kursoj, kiuj iras el Bremeno. Chefa diskrucighejo per la norda, orienta kaj suda Germanujo estas Hannovero. La transoceana poshto venas el Bremeno Hannoveron, kaj tie chi en la daŭro de kelkaj minutoj, dum la krucigho de la vagonaroj, la grandegaj sakoĵ kun la amerikaj poshtajhoj devas esti disdividitaj en la poshtajn vagonojn de la fervojoj, por ke tuj poste, en la tempo de la plua veturado, oni povu specigi ilin lau la diversaj stacioj. La specigantaj oficistoj devas scii preskau pri chiu loko en Germanujo, kie ghi sin trovas kaj al kiu poshta kurso gi apartenas. Sako post sako el la amerikaj postajhoj estas malformata, la enhavo estas sutata en korbojn kaj nun dividata en la diversajn fakojn.

In the next issue of the "Review" we shall publish a short story written in Esperanto by Mr. Percy R. Meggy, of Hobart. Mr. Meggy only lately took up the study of Esperanto, and is fast becoming a proficient Esperantist.

### TRANSLATION OF ESPERANTO SPECIMEN IN "THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS" FOR APRIL.

By E.H., INVERCARGILL, N.Z.

#### "ONE OF THE USES OF ESPERANTO."

Quite apart from the fact that the language Esperanto is a means of international communication, its logical structure renders it also an important instrument for the better knowledge of our own language, and for spiritual improvement in our knowledge of our leading national authors. In order to obtain this benefit, let the student translate very thoughtfully and carefully some of the works of any first-class author. What a charming surprise awaits him! He will find, if the author has any profundity of thought, that hitherto he has read only superficially, and if he wishes to render into Esperanto not merely the words of the eminent author, but also his spiritual purport, he must consider carefully in order to discover the signification of each word, each expression, and each allusion of the writer. Sometimes he must search in dictionaries to find the proper sense of some everyday, customary word of *his own language* before he can translate this little word according to the true meaning of the author. And he wonders, and says to himself, "If I, born in this land, and accustomed to the language from my infancy, can discover so many novelties and different significations in my native tongue, what labour must exist for the foreigner desiring to master the language and appraise all its delicate shades?" We perceive that ordinarily we do not read in the full and true sense of the word, but only skim over the pages of the book, collecting here and there a morsel of honey from the thoughts of the author, and passing by many riches, possibly, with the half-formed intention of, at some more opportune moment, discovering the hidden things of the book. If anyone doubts this statement, let him turn to any excellent piece of literature of undoubted beauty, and admired by all; for example, essays by De Quincy, Ruskin, or the American author, Emerson, or the poems of Milton or Tennyson. If he is a man of merely ordinary scholarship, he will probably find that those words that charmed him in his youth, possibly by their beautiful rhythm and sweet sound, now, when he desires to render them into Esperanto, present a thousand difficulties; not because Esperanto is incapable of expressing their signification, but for the reason that, wishing to make the sense definite, he perceives that in the first place he must translate his own language into a definite meaning to himself before he can present it to another."

J.C. (N.Z.) writes:—"I am delighted with the March issue of "The Review of Reviews." The reading of it has been a treat. Much as there was of it, when I had got to the last page I wanted more."

Mr. Miles Verrall writes to ask us to correct a mistake in his article in the April issue on "State Banks v. State Bonds." Instead of "the public debt has increased to 22 millions since 1890," read "has increased by 22 millions." Mr. Verrall also replied to Mr. Meggy's letter, but we think the subject of Land Taxation has received enough notice for the time. Later on we may be able to renew it.



# CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.



All for Peace.

By Permission of the New York Life.]



Melbourne Punch.]

Alfred's Pyrotechnics.

At any rate, our Prime Minister, if he is doing nothing else in London, is providing a dazzling display of verbal fireworks.



Melbourne Punch.]

He Touches the Spot.

("The Australian Prime Minister is certainly a man to command attention."—London Press.)

ALFRED (the Teacher): "Here, Johnny Bull, I am determined to make a scholar of you. That's Australia: You've simply got to recognise its existence."





*Nebelspalter.*

Germany's Future is in the Air.  
Now that HE has again got a "patriotic" no fad will  
be too expensive for him.



*Ulk.]*

The Betrothal.

[Belgium.

VON BULOW (pronouncing the Benediction): "And forget  
not that which is written: The woman shall be subject to  
the man and obey him in all things."



*Westminster Gazette.]*

Our Napoleon at the War Office.  
A happy sketch by F.C.G.



*Neue Glänzlinter.]*

The New Duma.

[Vienna.

STOLYPIN: "I've murdered the Duma, and covered it up with mountains  
of corpses, and now, your majesty . . ."  
THE TSAR: "What shall we do? It's risen from the dead more powerful  
than ever."





Morning Leader.]

"Discovered."

"MUNICIPAL REFORM" PARTY: "Confound it, you've rung up before I'm ready."

[On Wednesday the secretary of the London Municipal Society wrote to repudiate the suggestion that it could be described as a political body. But on Friday Mr. Balfour said that in the L.C.C. election the Moderates "realised that the Primrose League found here a legitimate sphere for their self-denying activities."]



Westminster Gazette.]

The Unionist Party.

[But, in any case, we had to fight the question of a corn tax whether we liked it or no, for it was clear that if the electors would not have a corn tax they would not have the Unionist Party. They could not as a party clear themselves of whatever difficulty was involved in the suggestion of a food tax.—Mr. Austen Chamberlain, March 14.]

[It seems to me to stand upon precisely the same footing as raw material. Both are essential, and without them the people cannot live. You might as well raise revenue by putting an excise upon water.—Lord Salisbury, March 14.]



Simplicissimus.]

[Berlin.]

The Modern Joshua and the Promised Land.

And Dernburg went to spy out the Promised Land, which is called Africa; and he sent forth messengers, and they returned after forty days. And they had found a jam tin, and it was empty. Then said Dernburg, "The land is good that has been given unto us."



Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

M. Briand's Uncomfortable Situation.

FRANCE (loq.): "We've pulled him down, but if we could find him another place it mightn't be a bad thing."





Figaro.]

[Paris.

The French Income Tax.—The New Inquisition.

"If you don't tell us where your father hides his money, these gentlemen will take away your little wooden horse."

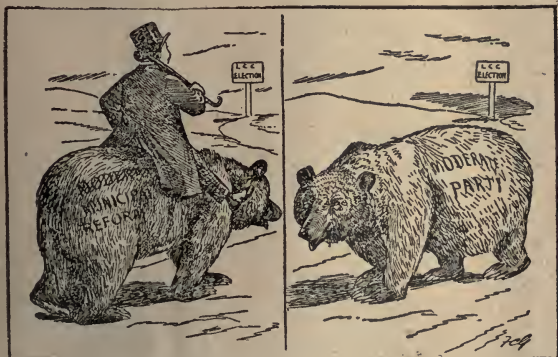


Westminster Gazette.]

A March Hare.

"Look here, Mr. Asquith, we've been discussing Old-Age Pensions at our Colney Hatch Debating Society, and we have come to the conclusion that the best way to secure them would be for you to raise a staggering great loan!"

["To take one instance of the fear that prevails, it may be pointed out that a loan for Old-Age Pensions would be a blow under which Consols would stagger."—Daily Mail.]



F.C.G., in the "Westminster."]

The Silly Ratepayer of London.

There was a silly Ratepayer,  
Who rode on a Moderate Bear.  
They returned from the ride Ratepayer inside,  
And a smile on the face of the Bear.



Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.

The Duma.

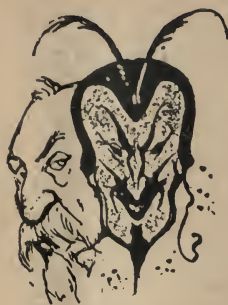
Will the New Duma, born again in trouble and sorrow, be strangled as before?



Tribune.]

"Talked Out." Friday, March 8th.





EMILE COMBES.



PRESIDENT FALLIERES.



HENRI BRISSON.



ARISTIDE BRIAND.

Some Masks and Faces.  
(From *Le Rire*, Paris.)



Daily Chronicle.]

Obstruction.



Tribune.]

After Effects.

DR. ASQUITH: "Down again! Ah! still suffering from the effects of the bad hit you got during the Boer war. Well, well, time and this will pull you round."



Outro.]

At a Russian Electoral Meeting.

[Moscow.

THE CHAIRMAN: "Pardon me, I have not even had time to begin the meeting."  
THE POLICE OFFICER: "Quite so, but your beard makes you look too much like a cadet."



The Liberator.]

[Madras.

A Queer Conception of the House of Lords.

This cartoon appeared in an Indian newspaper to illustrate the struggle between the Lords and Commons at Westminster.



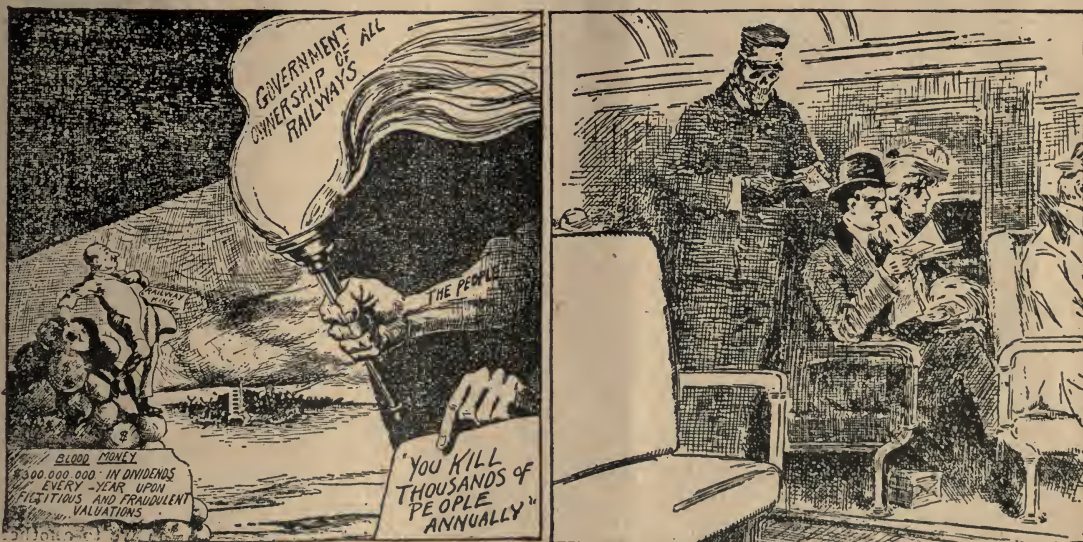


[Minneapolis Journal.]

Too Close a Shave to Suit Mr. Harriman

THE BARBER: "You're next!"

MR. HARRIMAN: "You needn't shave me quite so close nor so far as the gent you have just finished, if you please."



Nye in the Atlanta "Jeffersonian."]

[Macaulay in the "New York World."

In the Shadow.

THE CONDUCTOR.

IT'S COMING, WHETHER THEY LIKE IT OR NOT. [On the railroads of the United States there has been for a number of years a steady increase in the number of deaths and injuries to both employes and passengers. In 1904, 10,046 persons were killed on the railroads of the United States. One employe was killed to every 447 employed, and one passenger in every 2,267,000. The comparative figures for Great Britain are one employe in every 1,070, and one passenger in every 9,000,000. "Accidents," says the Yale Review, "have become a national vice."]



# LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

## SAVING THE CHILD :

### A PARISIAN EXAMPLE.

A writer—M. Paul Acker—in the first February number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gives a most interesting account of Mlle. Gahéry's efforts to reconstitute the family in a populous quarter of Paris where family life can hardly be said to exist.

### THE FAMILY UNION.

The chief objects of the Union Familiale which she has established are the amelioration of the condition of the family by inculcating in the children the spirit of initiative, foresight, and solidarity; the prevention rather than the cure of evils; the practice of absolute tolerance and disinterestedness, and a communal life, all of which, it is hoped, will favour a closer union of the various classes of society.

### PREPARATION FOR THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

Mlle. Gahéry has deemed it best to begin with the children, and not the parents. She has a day home, where the parents may leave their children while they themselves are out at work. The children are received from two and a-half years to six and a-half years of age, and are prepared on Froebel principles for the elementary school. Thus they are trained physically, intellectually, and morally. At the Union nothing is free. The parents pay ten centimes a day for each child.

### TRAINING IN MATERNAL DUTIES.

When a girl has reached the age of ten, she is given the care of four or five children. She dresses them, plays with them, and teaches them the Froebel exercises she has learnt. In addition to this elementary training for maternal duties, there is a school for housewifery and domestic economy. Another idea of Mlle. Gahéry's is the fresh air work (*L'Œuvre du Grand Air*). In the summer of 1900, Mlle. Gahéry betook herself with several girls of the Union to a chalet in Savoy. Here the girls learnt to buy in provisions and prepare them, and the refreshments were sold to excursionists, with the result that the sale of the food defrayed nearly all the expenses of the stay in the country. Every year this work is continued by the children of the Union, but it is Mlle. Gahéry's most cherished dream to possess in the neighbourhood of Paris a house with a model rural school and garden, where the young ladies of Paris may seek rest while the peasant girls resort to it for instruction.

In 1900 over 500 children passed through the hands of Mlle. Gahéry; in 1904 the number ex-

ceeded 800. More recently the work has been extended to the parents also, for Mlle. Gahéry realises that the co-operation of the parents is necessary to complete success.

## A MARRIAGE ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

### A LADY CRIPPLE OF FORTY-SEVEN WANTS A HUSBAND.

The variety of requests that assail editors is very great. But in my somewhat extended experience I have seldom received a more extraordinary demand than that which reached me last month from a lady residing in a south-western suburb that I should insert for her an advertisement for a husband. The unique character of the appeal justifies me in acceding to the request, which seems to be a genuine cry from the heart of a sore-stricken woman. If any reader should wish to communicate with the advertiser, letters addressed to 'Miss Z.' will be forwarded to the writer.

The lady writes: "Dare you publish the accompanying anywhere in your publications?" The answer is, "I dare and I do." Here is the lady's "advertisement":—

I want a husband! Why? First, because I am a poetical, vital nature that cannot *live* alone; second, because I am a cripple and need the care of strength; third, because I am absolutely penniless and dependent upon friends for every mouthful I eat; fourth, because I am just bereaved of my mother, my one bond in life, from whom I had not been separated longer than a few weeks at once during my forty-seven years of existence in this world—the most faithful, most tender mother ever given; fifth, because, for me, there is no source of inspiration which is light, fire, and food but love; sixth, because the world holds *nothing* for me without "love," but with love all things in the service of God and man.

I am advertising for a husband! Why? First, because there is in the world a man to whom I could be the fulness of life, and he to me life, love, and inspiration, without which there is nothing for me—*nothing* for one for whom nothing is prepared if the fulness of her mind is unused and unenriched by another. (The strange circumstances of my life and short-comings of my body have prevented ways, means, and outlets common to most.) Second, simply because I have no other way of finding him, or he me; third, because I believe it is as justifiable to advertise for a wife or a husband as it is for a house or a servant, when we have no other means of meeting whom we want; fourth, because I do not consider I *should* find life impossible, and all my depth and breadth of powers to give to another life most abundantly worse than wasted (driving me to madness in my peculiar circumstances), when advertisement may bring mutual happiness to two and usefulness for others; fifth, because since my mother left me last month, the *loneliness*, pain and heaviness of life become insupportable—I am desperate from mental starvation and physical suffering—while knowing full well I could give and receive the best that this world knows, and likewise become of use.



## HOW TO INTEREST CHILDREN IN READING.

### SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

How to interest children in reading is one of the problems continually confronting parents and teachers. Many useful and practical suggestions on this subject will be found in the March number of *Public Libraries*. Faith E. Smith, librarian of Sedalia, writes a paper upon Library Work for Children, in which she describes several successful experiments in attracting the children to the library and to the books. One of the most helpful is the story hour—a practical illustration of which is given in another paper. Miss Smith says: "If we cannot tell stories ourselves there are always people in the town who are really skilful story-tellers, and they are glad of the opportunity to give of themselves to children." She urges that the impression made by the story should be followed up immediately by having the book ready for the children.

### PICTURES AND EXHIBITIONS.

Another method is the picture bulletin, an inexpensive method of awakening the children's interest:—

Most libraries are deluged with duplicate magazines, that can be best used for picture work. The Boston public library mounts the collection of pictures for a bulletin on a large sheet of blotting paper, only pasting down the corners of the pictures. The pictures or lists can be readily removed and the sheets used again as desired. We have sometimes mounted ours on the backs of magazine posters. Watch current events for subjects for picture bulletins—circuses, state fairs and country exhibits, political elections, anniversaries, birthdays, etc.

Exhibits of various kinds may be arranged, and the children themselves asked to co-operate. She says:—

One year we asked the teachers to have the children make valentines to be exhibited at the library for a week previous to St. Valentine's Day. There was great interest among the children, and they worked hard to make as artistic productions as possible. Because so large a number contributed to it it was very generally known, and the room was full of children and grown people every day after school for a week.

### A MEMORY COMPETITION.

She describes a novel method of making the children familiar with the books in a library, and at the same time stimulating their interest:—

Illustrations from familiar children's books were clipped from publishers' catalogues and from worn-out copies of the books themselves; these were pasted on sheets of paper without name of book or picture, but each with a number. A record was made of the names of the books from which these were taken and the corresponding number given to it. These mounted pictures were hung about the children's room, and the children were invited to come and try to tell from their memory (if they had had the book) from what book the picture was taken. They then were to fill out on papers furnished to them the author, title and call number of the books.

### NEWSPAPER CO-OPERATION.

In some places in America, she says, the newspapers have gladly helped in the efforts to encourage

the love of good reading. She makes a suggestion which might be adopted with advantage in this country:—

Newspapers are usually glad to print any library news and any list of books. Perhaps one newspaper in your town will do what newspapers are now doing in some cities. They print the lists of books or whatever the library may send in, save the type and make separate copies, which are given to the library and distributed by it to its patrons.

There are hints here that well deserve the careful attention of all who are interested in the revival of reading.

## SIR WILLIAM HENRY HOLLAND, M.P.

In the *Magazine of Commerce* Sir Alfred Kinnear occupies "Who's Who in the World of Commerce" by his tribute of praise to the abilities of Sir William Henry Holland, M.P. for Rotherham. "One of our aristocrats of commerce," he calls him, born and reared in Cottonopolis. No man stands higher in the consideration of the House of Commons as an authority on questions of British trade and industry. He "Revives all that is best of the partly exploded Manchester school"—that is, he is a Free Trader. At the same time he is a great colonial expansionist, fully alive to the value of our overseas territories.

In two respects Sir William Holland deserves, says the writer, particularly well of his countrymen. To his initiation manufacturers owe the lowering of the duty on alcohol, which enters as largely into textile manufactures as refined soda into the composition of most medicines, and to the importance of the cheapness of which Germany has long been keenly alive. Germany, in fact, admits free all alcohol for manufacturing purposes. Secondly, Sir William Holland, realising the possibilities of our neglected inland waterways, initiated the Commission on Railway and Canal Traffic which is now sitting.

In a minor respect some may also think he does much service to the House of Commons, and indirectly to the nation at large, for he "helps happily to retard the course of the vanishing reputation of Parliament for good manners, and as the best-dressed assembly in Europe."

Sir William Holland declares himself unhesitatingly in favour of the Channel Tunnel. He does not believe it would imperil the national safety. France might, he thinks, as logically oppose it on that score. Nor does he believe it would diminish the great volume of our water-borne exports and imports. It is the speedy transit it would afford that is so necessary. When we really have the Channel Tunnel, he remarked to Sir Alfred Kinnear, we shall wonder how ever we did without it so long.

## GERMANY'S OBSOLETE NAVY.

BY ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

Those persons to whom the German Navy is a terrifying nightmare would do well for their own peace of mind and that of their neighbours to read Mr. Archibald S. Hurd's article in *Cassier's Magazine* for March on The Real Facts about the German Navy.

## BUILT TO FIT THE KIEL CANAL.

The present German fleet, he points out, has been rendered practically obsolete by the naval policy of Great Britain, the United States and Japan in constructing colossal battleships armed with 12-inch guns. Germany is suffering to-day from the failure of her naval authorities to foresee the coming of the big battleship armed with heavy guns. She is handicapped in following the new policy by the shallowness of the Kiel Canal and the North Sea. Mr. Hurd says:—

The German fleet has been built to fit the Kiel Canal and the docks at the naval ports. The Kiel Canal is shallow and its locks small, the docks lack depth, length, and breadth, and even in several of the harbours the depth of water is such that a large scheme of dredging must be undertaken before they can give hospitality to any ships corresponding in size and fighting power to those now being added to the other fleets. The German Admiralty, when they drew up the naval programme of 1900, signally failed in prophetic vision, and the result is that the German Navy consists exclusively of comparatively small ships mounting small guns and able to steam at only low speed. The latest type of battle-ship now being built in Germany is the "Deutschland" and her four sisters. She displaces 13,000 tons, has a speed of only 18 knots, and carries nothing bigger than four 11-inch guns.

## NOT A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

The construction of the latest British and American ships, he says, has dealt a blow at the German Navy from which it can recover only at immense expenditure. Germany cannot imitate the naval policy of her rivals until she has laid out many millions in deepening the Kiel Canal, in enlarging her docks, and in dredging her harbours. She must commence over again to build her fleet if she would possess an instrument of war in any way comparable unit for unit with the British and American navies. The naval authorities at Berlin have decided to make the best of what to them is a bad business. They have determined that all the battleships to be laid down in future years shall be of 18,000 tons displacement; they will cease building small protected cruisers, on which large sums have been expended; they will construct annually an additional armoured cruiser of 15,000 tons of the heaviest gun power, and an extra torpedo-boat division. But even then—

by 1912 Germany will possess only eighteen battle-ships of the new 18,000-ton class, and the battle-ships of the smaller sizes of which the fleet now entirely consists will be absolutely obsolete. The prospect for the German Empire is not cheerful.

## TEN YEARS' WASTED EFFORT.

Germany, Mr. Hurd declares, is now beginning her work afresh, after ten years of strenuous but wasted effort:—

She stands to-day in relative strength to Great Britain little in advance of the position she occupied in 1897, and before she can utilise these projected ships of huge power she has to push on with costly dock extension work and dredging operations, and must face the necessity either of creating a base on the North Sea or widening and deepening the Kiel Canal. Not even German energy, however, can get over the disadvantage due to the shallowness of parts of the North Sea which renders it, in the opinion of naval officers, unsuited to ships of the largest size, unless the draught is kept down at the expense of great increase of beam, which in itself is a serious trouble in navigating narrow waters and in docking.

## THE WORLD'S ONLY MILITARY NAVY.

To the efficiency of the German Navy, as far as its *personnel* is concerned, Mr. Hurd pays a warm tribute:—

The word "efficiency" is written all over the German Navy, and this is a consideration of which account must be taken in assessing its fighting value. There is probably no navy in the world in which a higher standard of efficiency has been reached by officers and men. It is the world's only military navy; its officers are soldiers and its men are soldiers, and its discipline is the discipline of the German Army. It is a new creation, and it suffers from none of the traditions which are apt to clog the wheels of progress in older forces.

## THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE RACE.

Dr. R. Brudenell Carter, writing in *Cornhill* for April, examines from a medical point of view the problem of Eugenics and Descent.

While cordially approving of Mr. Francis Galton's enquiries concerning the conditions of parentage which may tend towards the improvement of future generations by selection in marriage, Dr. Carter doubts whether our knowledge of the influence and consequences of heredity is sufficient to make the diffusion of such a science as eugenics possible. Everyone, he says, has always admitted the influence of ancestry; but when he goes on to explain that every person is descended from over three million ancestors in seven hundred years, or twenty-one generations, it is evident it would be no easy matter to trace the origin of any special characteristic.

He admits, however, that descent from cultivated ancestors is an essential step towards the attainment of a still higher cultivation, provided the possibilities of the intellect are never allowed to remain dormant. Standing still is impossible, and sustained effort alone will prevent intellectual decadence under the influence of luxury. In conclusion, Dr. Carter remains of opinion that it is still impossible to predict the results of any marriage or to select a husband or a wife that any desired result may be produced.



## MEDICAL INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS.

### EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS IN NEW YORK.

In the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* Dr. John J. Cronin describes the beneficent result of the medical examination of school children in New York. In 1897 the Department of Health appointed a corps of medical school inspectors. In 1901 a corps of nurses was added to the corps of inspectors. Until inspection actually began, no one had expected the astonishing percentage of sick and defective children that was revealed during the first few months after the system had gone into effect:—

Of 99,240 children examined in the schools of the borough of Manhattan from March 27, 1905, to September 29, 1906, 65,741—or about 65 per cent.—needed some form of medical treatment. Of those 99,240 children about 30 per cent. (30,958) required correction of defects of sight, in most cases by eyeglasses. A still larger percentage (39,778) needed attention to their teeth. There were 38,273 children with swollen glands in the neck, indicating some present or past trouble in the throat, nose, ear, or some abnormal constitutional condition. Enlarged tonsils, with their baneful effects, including liability to tonsillitis and diphtheria, were found in 18,131 children. About 10 per cent. of all the children examined (9850) were found to have adenoid growths in their throats—a condition which predisposes to affections of the ears, the nose, and the lungs, and which interferes most seriously with the child's general health and mental development. Heart disease was found in 1659 children; disease of the lungs in 1039, and deformities of the body or limbs in 2347. Of the children thus far examined, 2476 have been found mentally deficient.

### EYES OF THE HALF BLIND.

Pains were taken to supply the glasses needed for defective eyesight, and about 8000 children are now wearing glasses as a result of the examination. The teachers are enthusiastic for the improvement thus effected in the work of the pupils:—

While the examination of vision at the dispensaries of the city is free, there is always a charge (and in some cases a sum out of the reach of the poor) for the eyeglasses prescribed. There is, therefore, an urgent need for funds to be provided by the city to supply school children with eyeglasses. School books and other school supplies are now provided free of charge by the city, and eyeglasses for those that require them are just as essential as books.

The same plea has been enforced in London, but the London County Council has taken counsel's opinion to the effect that there is no statutory power to pay for glasses out of the rates. In the meantime private charity is the only resource open. In New York one little girl came to school with the triumphant report, "I have got glasses; I had my tonsils cut, and my ringworms cured." The most striking improvement has been noted in children who have had adenoid growths or large tonsils removed. Not merely has the physical condition of the children been bettered, but their mental alertness and power to learn has greatly advanced. Ninety-five per cent. of "backward children" and of mentally deficient children have physical defects which can be remedied. Eighty-seven per cent. of those attending the special truant school were found to have physical defects, in most cases of a remediable character.

### SIXTY PER CENT. DEFECTIVE.

It is argued that the source of truancy lies chiefly in defects which prevent children from pursuing their studies. The writer thus sums up:—

We may say that we have shown beyond peradventure that physical defects exist in about 60 per cent. of all school children in New York; that in most cases these defects are remediable by proper treatment, and that the early discovery of these defects is the prime factor in the maintenance of the health of the school children and in enabling them to pursue their studies.

We have shown, furthermore, that backward, mentally deficient and truant children can be vastly improved by the early recognition of physical infirmities which underlie their mental or moral defects, and that by appropriate treatment, if applied early enough, we can save these children from illiteracy, from drudgery in factories at small wages, or from an almost inevitable criminal career.

From all accounts the physical condition of children in London schools is not much less appalling, and happily not less remediable.

## ARE THERE TWO UNIVERSES?

To put the universe in the plural is an old trick of the astronomers, though it grates sadly on the ear of the grammarian and the philosopher. In the *Fortnightly Review* Professor H. H. Turner discusses "Man's Place in the Universes." He refers again to Dr. A. R. Wallace's suggestion that man occupied a unique and central position in the universe. He maintains that it is an essential part of Dr. Wallace's argument that the universe of the stars is of finite dimensions, and that our solar system is situated near its centre. If the first supposition is true, the second supposition cannot be true for long, Professor Turner urges; since the solar system is moving among the stars, and at its present rate would traverse Dr. Wallace's finite universe of stars from end to end in a time equal to the life of our earth. He proceeds:—

What alters the case completely is the recent discovery that the universe of stars is not single, but multiple in character; we are surrounded by not one universe, but *at least two*, and we cannot be permanently at the centre of both, for they are in relative motion.

The honour of the discovery of a second universe of stars belongs to Professor J. C. Kapteyn, of Groningen, who devoted his address at the Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis in 1904 to this topic, pointing out how the existence of more than one stellar universe was indicated, without, however, giving details for distinguishing one from another. Following up the suggestion, Mr. A. S. Eddington, recently appointed Chief Assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, has found it possible to demonstrate the existence of at least two universes, and to estimate their relative numerical strength and relative motion one through the other.

Professor Turner concludes:—

Dr. Wallace has claimed the universe for Man by tethering him to the centre of it. As though in protest, the universe has disclosed itself to us as two. We cannot be fettered to both; shall we not be content to believe that we have the freedom of both?



## HOW TO GIVE EFFICIENTLY.

### HINTS TO WILL-MAKERS.

To give away money so as to help and not to injure its recipients is not so easy a matter as some people think, says Mr. William H. Allen, Agent of the New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, where, under the title of "Efficiency in Making Bequests," he discusses this serious problem.

### CHARITY TO BRING RESULTS.

Pauperism, whether in a man, a church, or a college, he writes, consists in begging when one does not intend or is unable to use aid for the purpose advertised, or when one does not give back service proportioned to receipts. But he maintains that efficient giving is compatible with the motives, selfish or otherwise, which most frequently prompt public bequests. Efficient giving from a selfish motive may indeed give more happiness, and do less harm than inefficient giving from an altruistic motive. Whether the giving is efficient or not depends on what is done with the gift rather than upon the motive of the giver or the worthiness of the recipient.

In short, the writer treats the question from the point of view of the business man who considers only that endowment to be worth while which is a well-managed investment paying not less than the current rate of interest and even declaring occasionally a special dividend. The business man desires to know the extent to which the charity recognises the partnership of its contributors and the public; whether it studies and learns from its own experience; whether it modifies its policy to fit changing needs; what the work is which it does and whether it is really needed; and what is its relative efficiency compared with other charities doing the same work. Prospective will-makers should demand statements of facts.

### A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

In default of reports the writer offers a few suggestions to the makers of wills:—

When the giver is indifferent, let him make his bequest to the public treasury.

When he does care, let him see to it that his gift will relieve and not increase a burden.

No inelastic conditions should be inserted.

It should not be specified that the income of a legacy shall not be used for salaries or other expenses of management. To give specifically for salaries will often convert an inefficient into an efficient society.

Let unrestricted legacies be accompanied by a request for an annual accounting for the principal through the first ten to fifty years.

No society should be encouraged to prefer a surplus to service rendered.

The writer is strongly in favour of a society's

dependence upon the public for the major portion of its support, and he says endowed brains can be adapted to changing needs. In America the large giving of recent years has sought educational opportunities, as though agencies not called schools or colleges did not do educational work. As a matter of fact much work done by colleges and schools is charity and not educational.

### THE ENDOWMENT OF SOCIAL INFORMATION.

The times call for the endowment of truth, he concludes. Money spent in collecting information about tenement houses, in proving the need for official attention to the physical welfare of children, and in subsidising research for facts regarding the efficiency of present civilisation, will accomplish more, he thinks, than the endowment of children's hospitals, the erection of model dwellings, and training in citizenship.

## The Queen of Spain.

Another article on the Queen of Spain. Rachel Challice, writing from Madrid in *The Lady's Realm*, tells us that so Spanish has Queen Victoria Eugenie become that nothing pleases her better than to be considered as quite belonging to her adopted country. King Alfonso's sister, the Infanta Maria Teresa, married to Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, is a great companion of the young Queen's. King Alfonso has imitated King Edward and the Kaiser in paying visits to his nobles at their country seats. Queen Victoria Eugenie is not a great patroness of the Spanish national sport, to which, it seems, advanced Spanish opinion is opposed, though its hold on the masses is not yet weakened. The Spaniards seem to have feared that an English Queen would be too much devoted to games, and the young Queen has, therefore, been at some pains to show that such is not the case with her.

## A Floating Shipyard.

In *Chambers's Journal* for April there is a description of a Floating Shipyard which the United States Government has completed for use in the Philippine Islands. The craft will not only lift the heaviest warship out of the water, but it contains machinery for making repairs, and store-rooms for various parts of ships which it may be necessary to replace. The enormous power which this monster floating dry-dock exerts is due entirely to air and water, steam-power being used only to put these elements in a position to accomplish their task. Besides being able to lift a ship out of the water, the dock can lift itself—not all at one time, but the great pontoon of the centre can be held out of water for cleaning and repairs. When ready for service, with all its machinery aboard, the dock weighs 10,600 tons; and it measures 500 feet in length and 134 feet in width.



## THE WHITE MAN'S NOTICE TO QUIT.

### PLAIN SPEAKING FROM AN ASIATIC.

An intelligent Hindoo, who spent the year 1901 in London, and has been living since 1902 in the United States, contributes to *The Light of India* a remarkable article. It is seldom that we have an opportunity of reading such a frank criticism of the white man's civilisation from an Asiatic. It is interesting also as an illustration of the extent to which the victory of Japan has encouraged the coloured races to assert themselves against the domination of the white. Mr. Bab Bharati says:—

The attitude of Japan was the attitude of the whole of Asia at bay. The giant of Asiatic conscience, so long wrapped in trance-sleep, has moved a limb; has by moving a limb destroyed thousands of molesting Lilliputians. A moment more and the giant will awake and, filled with righteous wrath, potent with unnumbered ages of spiritual devotion, will clear out the white hosts of disturbance from his abode, which is a school of peace and harmony and soul-culture.

Already Japan has proved by practical demonstration to the power-drunk, conceit-blinded Europe that its superiority over Asia in bravery and intelligence is the hollowest pretension. She has already made England fearful of losing India; India, only the other day, the peerless land of power, valour, wealth and prosperity, now the poorest and the most miserable, all on account of the White Peril. Every one of the five phases of the White Peril—political, industrial, commercial, social and spiritual—can be seen in all its grim effects in India. Political death, industrial destruction, commercial stagnation, social degradation and spiritual demoralisation are the ear-marks of British pre-dominance in that unfortunate country. . . . It is robbing them of the jewel of their soul, the jewel which they alone, through all the ages, have preserved and enjoyed. That jewel is its faith that God is the only goal of all existence and that temporal power and prosperity are a mere nothing, compared with the priceless privilege of spiritual awakening.

In short, a race of people possessing the highest, noblest ideals of life, is being daily demoralised by the influence of crude and artificial morals and ideas, yecept civilisation. It is eating into the vitals of the parent source of all refinement and culture of the old as well as the new world.

The above need not irritate the votaries of Western civilisation. It is a true picture and a true estimate of the effects of Western civilisation on the East. It is not a bit overdrawn. A reply has become necessary. The Far East has replied with the sword. The soul of the East, out of the fulness of its heart, must reply in words of wisdom and loving protest.

What is this civilisation, anyway? I have lived in four of its chief centres for about five years. During this time I have studied this civilisation with the little light with which my Brahman birth has blessed me. And I must confess that I have been deeply pained by the facts that study has revealed to me. This vaunted civilisation has practically abolished the idea of a human soul, and whatever of it is believed in, by some, is its false shadow. It is daily degrading divine humanity into unashamed animality. It has raised selfishness to a religious creed, Mammon to the throne of God, adulteration to a science, falsehood to a fine art. It has turned holy matrimony into a farce, the marriage certificate into a waste paper, connubial blessings into a chance of lottery. It has banished all seriousness out of life and made it a mere plaything: Self-seeking its breath, self-will its law, self-conceit its essence, self-deception its philosophy.

It has created artificial wants for man and made him a slave of work to satisfy them; it has made him ever restless within and without, robbed him of leisure—the only friend of high thought. He knows no peace, hence knows not himself or his real object in life. It has made him a breathing, moving, hustling, fighting, spinning machine—ever working, never resting, never knowing even the refreshing rest of a sound sleep. It has made him a bag of live nerves, ever stretched to high tension. He has learned to call license liberty, breach of social laws and shirking of responsibilities independence, slavery of his own will freedom. It has deified sensuality, glorified materialism, beautified sin. It has split human societies into atoms, families into units, fighting against each other. It has sapped the foundation of home-life and, its trunk severed from its roots, its roof-tree threatens to fall, shaken by each passing breeze.

Its vulgar haste and love of sensation are invading even the realm of religion, which is being classed with fads and crazes. Its boasted scientific inventions have done more harm than good to humanity's best and permanent interests; they serve only the surface-life which alone its votaries live and know. It is hinting at love as a microbe, reducing romance to illicit love. It openly proposes the killing of chronic patients and all old people over sixty. Humility is hateful in its estimation, conceit and brute-force constitute its superior individuality. It has abolished reverence, depth of character, real genius, real poetry and real philosophy. It is establishing the crime of colour and poverty. Flattery is its juice of life, insincerity the substance of courtesy. Morality is mere sentiment, sentiment mere weakness, constancy and chastity antiquated foolishness. That which affords instant pleasure is of worth, that which involves waiting to be enjoyed is deemed worthless. Gross, material enjoyment, in short, is its Heaven of Happiness, its Ideal Salvation.

### Is the Belief in Immortality Dying Out?

That is the subject of a symposium in the *Homiletic Review* by several doctors of divinity. As may be expected from the theological calling of those appealed to, the answers are on the whole reassuring. Dr. W. N. Rice declares his own decided opinion that in the last two decades the drift of intellectual opinion has been toward belief in immortality. It no longer belongs to metaphysics, but is grounded on our sense of the worth of human nature. Professor J. H. Hyslop says that for the classes outside of those interested in psychic research the belief has lost ground immensely. Dr. E. J. Hamilton doubts whether one-tenth of one per cent. of the American people are without belief or care concerning the world to come. Dr. S. McComb says that the modern attitude is generally not one of dogmatic denial, but of wistful and painful doubt. Dr. J. H. Garrison thinks scepticism rarer to-day than ever before.

The pictorial element is strong in the *Windsor*. The first paper is Mr. Austin Chester's on the art of Mr. W. F. Yeames, R.A., with twenty-one reproductions of the artist's pictures. Mr. George Wade's "cities with ways of water" contains some pleasing photographs of urban canals in Italy, Holland, Germany, India, China and America.



### PLEA FOR ECONOMIC CHIVALRY.

Professor Alfred Marshall discusses in the *Economic Journal* "the social possibilities of economic chivalry." He declares that different schools of economic thought have shown a marked tendency to convergence as to fundamentals, both in method and doctrine, during the last thirty years. There has, he says, been a similar but less complete convergence as to social ideals and the ultimate aims of economic effort. There is a general agreement among thoughtful people, and especially among economists, that if Society could award the honour, position and influence at present obtained by a vast expenditure which contributes little towards social progress, and if it could at the same time maintain all that stimulus which the free enterprise of the strongest business men derive from present conditions, the resources thus set free would open out to the mass of the people new possibilities of a higher life. The amount of private expenditure to be regarded as socially wasteful from this point of view which might be diverted to social uses without causing any great distress to those from whom it was taken, may be put at one or two hundred millions sterling a year.

#### A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.

Cheap transport by land and sea, he says, combined with the opening up of a large part of the surface of the world during the last thirty years, has caused the purchasing power of wages in terms of goods to rise throughout the Western world at a rate which has no parallel in the past and may probably have none in the future. The law of diminishing return from land is almost inoperative in Britain just now. These facts give special opportunities for social reform to the present generation, and throw corresponding responsibilities on them. The Professor reckons that much more than a half, probably even three-quarters, of the total income of the nation is devoted to uses which make for happiness and the elevation of life. But in looking down on wealth we seem to be going on wrong lines. If the world is not proud of its wealth, it cannot respect itself. He urges that it is worth while to make a great effort to enlist wealth in the service of the true glory of the world.

#### BUSINESS SURELY NOT WORSE THAN WAR.

War is more cruel than competition, and yet it blossomed into the chivalry of war:—

I want to suggest that there is much latent chivalry in business life, and that there would be a great deal more of it if we sought it out and honoured it as men honoured the mediæval chivalry of war.

Chivalry in business includes public spirit, as chivalry in war includes unselfish loyalty to the cause of prince, or of country, or of crusade. But it includes also a delight in doing noble and difficult things because they are noble and difficult: as knightly chivalry called on a man to begin by making his own armour, and to use his armour for choice in those contests in which his skill and resource, his courage and endurance, would be put to the severest

tests. It includes a scorn for cheap victories, and a delight in succouring those who need a helping hand. It does not disdain the gains to be won on the way, but it has the fine pride of the warrior who esteems the spoils of a well-fought battle, or the prizes of a tournament, mainly for the sake of the achievements to which they testify, and only in the second degree for the value at which they are appraised in the money of the market.

The Professor goes on to maintain that the chief motive of the highest constructive work in industry is a chivalrous desire to master difficulties and obtain recognised leadership. It is proved success in leadership that forms the chief ambition of the business man.

#### A COMMERCIAL COURT OF HONOUR.

After uttering a warning against misdirected collectivism, the Professor urges the duty of distinguishing the getting of wealth that is chivalrous and noble from that which is not. His plea is:—

An endeavour should be made so to guide public opinion that it becomes an informal Court of Honour, that wealth, however large, should be no passport to social success if got by chicanery, by manufactured news, by fraudulent dealing, or by malignant destruction of rivals; and that business enterprise which is noble in its aims and in its methods, even if it does not bring with it a large fortune, may receive its due of public admiration and gratitude, as does that of the progressive student of science, or literature, or art.

The discriminating favour of the multitude at Athens and Florence gave the strongest stimulus to imaginative art. And if coming generations can search out and honour that which is truly creative and chivalric in modern business work, the world will grow rapidly in material wealth and in wealth of character. Noble efforts could be evoked; and even dull men would gradually cease to pay homage to wealth *per se* without inquiring how it had been acquired.

Gradually he hopes public opinion will come to despise a rich man who lives idly. Economic chivalry on the part of the individual working with a similar chivalry on the part of the community might soon provide the one or two hundred millions a year that appear to be available towards bringing the chief benefits which can be derived from our new command of nature within the reach of all.

This is a noble plea and nobly put.

#### "Never Seen the Fear of Death."

This is a remarkable testimony for a medical man to make, yet it is made by Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs, writing in *Fry's Magazine* on Health and Happiness, *à propos* of the death-roll due to earthquakes. He says:—

As for the fear of death, I must confess I have never seen it. I have heard men in health protest such fear, but once within the margin of the true shadow and all fear disappears. Something happens, either spiritually or physically, which may make the approach of death almost a satisfaction. It would seem paradoxical, perhaps, to say that death appears to become an inevitable incident of life which has in its central issues a kind of wondering curiosity. But in those cases in which the intellect remained clear, I have seen this mental attitude so strong that it has overmastered fear and annihilated all apprehension. Men, of course, find peace by various ways and means till they reach the edge of the shadow—once within it and the peace is there without the asking.



## THE OLD BLUE: WHAT BECOMES OF HIM.

The life-work of the men who row in the 'Varsity Boat Race is classified in a very interesting paper which Mr. Barnard C. Carter contributes to *C. B. Fry's*. He remarks that the river has given no Prime Minister to Britain, but has given a Prime Minister to France in the person of W. H. Wadlington, who was No. 6 for Cambridge in 1849. In fifty years of boat-races only some half-dozen members became exclusively politicians, most of whom came from Cambridge. Mr. R. McKenna, who has just succeeded Mr. Birrell as Minister of Education, is the only old Blue on record who has become a Cabinet Minister of Great Britain. He rowed for Cambridge in 1887. Lord Amptill, recently Acting Viceroy of India, rowed in the Oxford boat thrice.

### LAWYER OFTEN, MOSTLY PARSON!

Mr. Carter says the old Blue frequently turns out a fine lawyer, and observes that of all the learned professions the law includes the most athletic men. In fifty years of the Boat Race Mr. Carter counts 81 lawyers—31 Oxford, 50 Cambridge. But perhaps the most surprising fact disclosed by Mr. Carter is the proportion of the old Blues who adopt the Church as their profession. In the fifty years ending 1881, of the 243 that had rowed for Oxford no fewer than 108 became clergymen, and of the 242 Cambridge Blues 80 were afterwards clergymen; so that of 485 old oarsmen 188, or 38 per cent., became clergymen. So the facts may be summarised in the absorption of Blues—Church is first, law a distant second, and the rest nowhere. In the first Boat Race, in 1829, every man in the Oxford boat, with one doubtful exception, became a clergyman.

## THE CITY OF THE YELLOW DEVIL.

### GORKI'S IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK.

Gorki's experiences in America, we know, were not altogether pleasant. In the *Monthly Review* he writes a characteristic impressionist sketch of New York, which might easily be mistaken for an authentic description of the infernal regions. The City of the Yellow Devil Gold, he calls it, and its inhabitants seem to him to be blind instruments in the hands of the demon:—

From afar, the city seems a great maw with uneven black teeth. It exhales clouds of smoke, and appears like a giant suffering from obesity. On entering, you feel that you have chanced into a belly of stone and iron, into a stomach which has engulfed millions, and which crunches and digests them. And yearly awaits more and more.

### A WILD BEAST OF A CITY.

Even in approaching New York he was conscious of the hurry and bustle of life. "Work was—everywhere. Everything was engulfed in its hurricane. Everything groaned, howled, groaned and served the will of some secret power hostile to man and to

nature." The sky-scrapers seemed to him great gaols in which dwarfed people lived dull lives:—

I beheld such a monstrous prodigious city for the first time; never before had mankind seemed to be so insignificant, so enslaved, so subjugated by life. At the same time, nowhere have I met men so tragically self-satisfied as they are in this avid and foul stomach of a glutton, who has fallen into idiocy through greediness, and devours brain and nerve with the fierce roar of a wild beast.

### THOUSANDS OF ROARING NOISES.

The all-pervading noise evidently made a deep impression on his mind, or more probably on his nerves:—

Everywhere—over head, under foot, on a level—lives and roars sinister iron, triumphing in its victory. Evoked into life by the power of gold, inspired thereby, it envelops man in its close meshes, stuns him, drains blood and marrow, devours muscles and nerves, grows and expands, spreading its chains ever wider, reposing on silent stone. Locomotives and cars crawl like great worms; motor horns screech like fat ducks, electric wires wail grimly. The suffocating atmosphere is permeated as a sponge with moisture, with thousands of roaring noises. Packed in this dirty city, grimed with the smoke of factories, man is imprisoned as in a gaol between high walls covered with soot. He shudders apprehensively, exales foul odours in one's face; he has been poisoned, is suffering and moaning.

The overhead railway is an abomination with its fierce howling, screeching and roaring, and the shaking of walls and windows which it causes. Any living being who reflects and dreams, he says, would raze and destroy this horror, and "cause the bold insolent yelling of iron to cease," but the inhabitants of the City of the Yellow Devil "endure everything that kills the man within them and turns them into beasts."

### NO TIME TO THINK.

Gorki visited the East Side, the slum area of New York, and found "the trenches of the streets teeming with children and destitution":—

I have seen much beggardon: its green, bloodless, bone-stretched face I am acquainted with. Its eyes dim with hunger, and burning with avidity, cunning and revengeful, or slavishly submissive, and always inhuman, everywhere have I seen—yet the horrors of destitution in East Side are blacker than anything known to me.

Here is his description of the end of the day in this city of work:—

People had finished the day's work, and not reflecting why it had been done, whether it was incumbent upon them, quickly ran off to sleep. The pavements were inundated by black streams of human beings, all heads were uniformly covered by round hats, and all brains, as was obvious from the eyes, had already fallen asleep. Work was ended, there was nothing further to think about. All thought for the master alone; of themselves there was no time to think: if there was work, there would be bread and the chief pleasures of life; nothing beyond that was necessary to man in the City of the Yellow Devil.

Verily, a picture of Satan's invisible world displayed, recalling John Burns's lurid description of Chicago as "hell with the lid off."

## SEVEN REPRESENTATIVES OF BRITAIN OVERSEA.

In the *World's Work* appears a sympathetic article on the Colonial Conference and the seven Colonial Premiers who are attending it. Excellent portraits are given of them all.

The writer thinks that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's long-held position as Premier of Canada has probably influenced the political outlook, and contributed to the change of feeling which has made the *entente cordiale* possible. It has certainly influenced French opinion as regards England. Though courtly enough to suggest century-old nobility, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's father was a humble land surveyor. He is a Catholic, but a very tolerant man, French of the French. Yet his "sunny ways," as his opponents used to call his courtly manners, are "the glint of the sun on the iceberg." It does not melt the iceberg. Several times important men in his cabinet have tried to defy him. They or he had to go; and he is still there. "The real man," the writer concludes, "behind the smiling serene mask is hard to find, probably it never will be found."

The Hon. Alfred Deakin, to whom the writer mercifully does not refer as "silver-tongued." Without the courtliness of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Deakin is yet a man of wide reading and considerable cultivation. Modest and retiring, he has not made many stories circulate about him. He is reputed to "read everything," and even to "get through ten novels a week!" He married the daughter of a well-known spiritualist, and it is rumoured that he has leanings to the occult. He has declined a knighthood, declined a privy councilorship, and declined the degree of D.C.L., Oxon.

Sir Joseph Ward "is the only one of the seven Premiers who may be truly said to have risen from the ranks." An Australian by birth, he had to begin earning his living at fourteen, and has certainly come to the front by his own ability. He entered the Post and Telegraph Department, of which, years afterwards, he became head. Postal matters have never ceased to occupy his attention. Sir Joseph Ward is just fifty years of age, and a very young-looking man for his years.

Dr. Jameson is exceedingly well known, and yet not known at all. The writer in the *World's Work* merely recounts the well-known facts of his life. Botha, five years ago our "arch enemy," is now one of the pillars of the Empire. He took as great a fancy to Lord Kitchener, it is said, as Lord Kitchener did to him; and we are reminded how every British officer who came into personal contact with him spoke in the highest terms of his courtesy and kindness. The Hon. F. R. Moor, the Premier of Natal, is a Natalian by birth, and fifty-three years of age. He began life as a diamond-digger, but his taste is for agricultural pursuits, in greater attention to which he thinks the real development of

Natal must be sought. He now farms, breeds ostriches, and governs his native colony. He is, and always has been, strongly in favour of a conciliatory attitude towards the Dutch.

Sir Robert Bond, in his fiftieth year (most of the Premiers are about the age which Balzac considered in some ways a man's grand climacteric—fifty-two), is the representative of Newfoundland, our oldest colony. He is of West of England stock, and combative, as the typical West of Englander is supposed to be. He, like Dr. Jameson, is a bachelor.

### "Go and Wash in Jordan."

In the *Royal Magazine* the Rev. John B. Devins describes a sight that makes the deepest impression on all who see it—the bathing in the Jordan at Easter by the innumerable pilgrims, most of them Russians, who crowd to Palestine at that season. These thousands of pilgrims are well looked after by the Imperial Orthodox Society of Palestine, which has built a number of hospices for them near Jerusalem. They pay thirty-six roubles (under £4) in Odessa before they leave. Guides accompany them into the interior of Palestine. Before setting out from Jerusalem they rain kisses and tears on the "Stone of Unction," a marble slab on which Christ's body was said to have been laid by Joseph. On this slab they lay rolls of white cloth, cutting off pieces exactly its length; and it is these pieces which they dip in Jordan and preserve for burial shrouds. During the week after Easter these pilgrims form an almost unbroken stream between Jerusalem and Jericho; often they fall by the way from excess of weariness. Arrived at the river disdained of Naaman, they are led into the Jordan by the guide, "precisely as Jesus was," he says. Apparently the river is rather muddy about here, and when one reflects that the pilgrims' dip in it may be almost the only bath they have had for a very long time, the sanitary state of the Jordan may be better imagined than described. The writer, it must be confessed, makes very little of a scene that is without doubt exceedingly striking. In the pilgrims' religious zeal modesty is entirely forgotten, and the spectacle beggars all description. Any resultant purification must be purely spiritual. Before leaving, pots and kettles, often brought from Russia, are filled with Jordan water by the pilgrims, blessed by priests, and carried home as "holy water."

"Do Golf and Hockey Clash?" is a question raised in *Fry's Magazine* by Eleanor E. Helme. She says there appears to be no reason why golf and hockey should not mutually benefit each other, though it is a fallacy to imagine that a successful hockey player is certain to make even a passable golfer.



## A CARICATURE OF WOMANHOOD.

BY A MOST ILLOGICAL WOMAN.

In the *Rapid Review*, Rita indulges in what she calls some "plain speaking on the woman question." It is a tirade against some wholly imaginary "new sex," an awsome bogey which she has conjured apparently for the express purpose and intense pleasure of hooting at it. One sees what she means in a way, yet her complaint against so-called "suffragettes," and against a certain section of women whose zeal for independence has sometimes led them to err in attaching too little importance to the domestic side of life, is so much overlaid with violent hysterical exaggerations and assertions distorted out of all semblance to the sober truth, that it is a deplorable illustration of those very "faults in women" of which Rita complains in her unmeasured abuse of the "new sex." No representative of this "new sex" could possibly argue more illogically or judge less dispassionately than Rita herself. It may be true that certain fine types of women are disappearing, or tending to disappear. For the sake of argument, let us grant that this is so, and that it is to be regretted. But if the type Rita represents be also disappearing, then let us speed the parting guest.

### SICK OF BEING SUPPRESSED.

Woman, says Rita, is tired of being worshipped and put on a pedestal. Man has called her tender; she strives to prove that she is not tender. Man has called her soft; she resents the adjective; delicate, and she turns away in scorn. He has idealised her motherhood; and she declares she does not mean to be a mother. All this only shows how little man has known woman. Then Rita pulls off the wrappings from the "contrapshun" she has "sot up" (like Brer Rabbit "sot up" the Tar-baby), and shows us a queer sort of figure underneath, which she calls a member of the "new sex," a caricature of womanhood which few of us, if any, will recognise. This "contrapshun"

is not nervous. She is not delicate. She is not afraid of crowds—when she is a prominent feature in their cause of assembling! She does not shun notoriety; she loves it. She does not shudder at obscenity. Nothing of the sort.

She is (man has her own word for it) become "sick of being suppressed":—

Sick of control, however wise; of privacy and dignity and honour. Sick of man's generosity and chivalry now it no longer fits in with her ambitions.

### WHAT IS THE "NEW SEX"?

Let me hasten to explain what the "new sex" is like. Nobody has ever seen it, or is ever likely to do so. It must be a frightful and fearsome object. "It" must be the correct way in which to refer to this "new sex," though Rita still calls it "she." The woman of the new sex is of coarser fibre than the feminine woman; she has neither nerves, emotions, softness, nor delicacy of mind or body; she

does not love children, and does not ever want to have any of her own. She prefers obscenity and notoriety. Good looks she despises; fashions she derides. "Liberty" to her is "as the first taste of blood to a tiger." Her face, now that Rita has torn the mask off it, is "not attractive." Truly it is not:—

It is a face with no beauty and no charm. A face of greed and cruelty and ambition. The face of one to whom dignity, grace, gentleness, and love make no appeal beside the lust of power—power to rule; power to annihilate; power to overthrow, and rebuild on her own foundation of vanity and unreason.

One-half her time she is coercing the weak-minded of her own sex (the new sex presumably, who, we understand, are so very strong-minded), and the other half she is bullying magistrates and policemen.

### MAN BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Poor man at present stands between the Scylla of a sex whom he has idealised and the Charybdis of this "new sex," obscene and notoriety-hunting. If Rita typifies the former, and the latter be one-fourth as terrible a harriidan as she describes, the best thing man can do is to put a bullet through his head. Either he has to endure a mass of illogicalities and monstrous distortions of facts, which augur ill for the peace of his home, or he has to endure something "as unfeminine as himself," which will neither look after his house nor bring up his children. Dear, dear, to think that in 1907 we can still find anyone writing such rubbish as this!

## Dickens's Publishers.

In the interesting series of articles by J. P. C., on the Makers of Books, appearing in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the April instalment tells the story of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers of Dickens and Carlyle and of the *Fortnightly Review*.

It is said that Dickens still remains the most popular—that is to say, the best-selling author. However that may be, certain it is the fortunes of Messrs. Chapman and Hall have ever been closely identified with the fortunes of the novelist. In 1870 they bought up the copyrights of the only two books by Dickens published by Bradbury and Evans, so that for many years they have been the sole publishers of Dickens's works. It was Frederic Chapman, nephew of Edward Chapman, who secured the copyrights of Carlyle's works, and it was when he was head of the firm that the *Fortnightly Review* was founded in 1865. Among the illustrations of the article may be mentioned a reproduction of a curious portrait of Carlyle in the late forties, in stiff dandified dress, by Richard Dighton, recently acquired for the Carlyle House at Chelsea. There is also a portrait of Miss Georgina Hogarth, sister-in-law of Dickens, now published for the first time.

## MARK TWAIN AS GUEST OF THE KAISER.

Continuing his autobiography in the *North American Review*, Mark Twain describes his dinner with the Kaiser. He tells how his daughter Jean, who had become more and more impressed with the men bearing lofty titles whom her father had met on the Continent, was moved by the Imperial card commanding her father to dine with the Emperor, to cry, "Why, papa, if it keeps going on like this, pretty soon there won't be anybody left for you to get acquainted with but God." Mark Twain adds: "It was not complimentary to think I was not acquainted in that quarter, but she was young, and the young jump to conclusions without reflection." Of the dinner itself he tells us: "The Emperor did most of the talking, and he talked well and in faultless English. In both of these conspicuousnesses I was gratified to recognise a resemblance to myself. My English, like his, is nearly faultless; like him, I talk well; and when I have guests at dinner I prefer to do all the talking myself. It is the best way, and the pleasantest. Also the most profitable for the others." He remarks with evident satisfaction, "His Majesty said my best and most valuable book was 'Old Times on the Mississippi.'" He was delighted to find the same criticism offered within a few hours, quite independently, by the *portier* at the house where he was staying. Only recently an American gentleman returned from the Kaiser with two messages, one to the President, the other to Mark Twain. The latter asked Mr. Clemens if he remembered the dinner sixteen years ago, "and asked him why he didn't do any talking." Mark Twain rejoined, "How could I talk when he was talking?"

It reminds me of the man who was reproached by a friend, who said—

"I think it a shame that you have not spoken to your wife for fifteen years. How do you explain it? How do you justify it?"

That poor man said—

"I didn't want to interrupt her."

### HOW THE KAISER TALKED.

Of the conversation at the Imperial table Mark Twain gives us the following sketch:—

At the dinner his Majesty chatted briskly and entertainingly along in easy and flowing English, and now and then he interrupted himself to address a remark to me, or to some other individual of the guests. When the reply had been delivered, he resumed his talk. I noticed that the table etiquette tallied with that which was the law of my house at home when we had guests: that is to say, the guests answered when the host favoured them with a remark, and then quieted down and behaved themselves until they got another chance. If I had been in the Emperor's chair and he in mine, I should have felt infinitely more comfortable and at home, and should have done a world of talking, and done it well; but I was guest now, and consequently I felt less at home.

In one way there was a difference between his table and mine—for instance, atmosphere; the guests stood in awe of him, and naturally they conferred that feeling upon me. For, after all, I am only human, although I regret it. When

a guest answered a question he did it with deferential voice and manner; he did not put any emotion into it, and he did not spin it out, but got it out of his system as quickly as he could, and then looked relieved. The Emperor was used to this atmosphere, and it did not chill his blood; maybe it was an inspiration to him, for he was alert, brilliant and full of animation.

Besides this interview with the Kaiser, Mark Twain contributes a good deal of admirable fooling in his best style.

## KISSING THE BOOK.

County Court and Folk-Lore seem incongruous subjects; but Judge Parry, who has an article on the Folk-Lore of the County Court in the April *Cornhill*, says he is overwhelmed by the flood of folk-lore of evidence alone.

### THE SCOTCH OATH.

He says the Scotch form of taking the oath with uplifted hand is incomparably older than the English ceremony of kissing the Book. To him the Scotch method of the judge administering the oath himself, standing with hand uplifted, is as impressive as a religious ceremony, and moreover he observes it is appropriate in the Scotch old-world system of law, with numerous judges and not too much work. In a busy English Court, he is sure, it would render the life of the judge unendurable.

### A SALIVA CUSTOM.

The "kissing" idea, says Judge Parry, though very modern, is very obscure. He thinks it is merely a custom dating from the eighteenth century. He writes:—

The "kissing" act seems akin indeed to what the "fancy" call, somewhat unpleasantly, a saliva custom, which in modern Western life exists in very few forms, though many of the lower classes still "spit" on a coin for luck. The subject is a very large one, but the fundamental idea of all customs relating to saliva seems to have been a desire for union with divinity, and if the Book were always kissed in our Courts with that aspiration, the custom might well be retained.

Our ceremony of taking the oath, however, is a Pagan one:—

Our very verb "to swear" takes us back to the pre-Christian days when man's strength and his sword were masters, and peace and goodwill had not come to conquer the earth. To swear was to vow to Heaven upon a sword. When we offer the Book to a witness to swear upon, we really tender him, not a Christian thought, but the old Pagan oath which, splendid as it was, is no longer of force.

### COURTS OF RECONCILIATION.

But, adds Judge Parry, it would be well if in Court we obeyed the command, "Swear not at all." A Court on the lines of the teaching of the Book ought not to be quite impossible after nineteen hundred years. In place of a judge we want a peacemaker or official reconciler, and the courts of litigation need to be replaced by courts of reconciliation.



## HISTORY IN PAGEANT.

### A PROCESSION OF KINGS AND QUEENS.

At the end of June an interesting Pageant of Kings and Queens is to take place at Oxford, and in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for April Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, a recognised authority in matters relating to the history of dress, describes briefly the moving pictures which are to march past. The various scenes have been dramatised by a number of well-known writers.

### THE SOUL IN CLOTHES.

Clothes and colour, says Mr. Calthrop, are as vitally important as adjuncts to history as an inky cloak is to Hamlet. He illustrates his article with a series of clothes-sketches of the Sovereigns of England, which prove how important an aid to identification are the outer garments of royalty. There is no one who cannot realise the soul in clothes, and at Oxford it is clothes which are to raise to life the dry bones of history. A sense of colour, he continues, adds a refinement to life, and a spark of light may save us against many moments of depression. A few of the scenes are here enumerated by Mr. Calthrop to give some idea of the scheme. Appropriately the pageant opens in 727 with Saint Frideswide and Prince Algar of Leicester, who wished to marry her. The Saint prayed for help and Algar is struck blind. The Prince then repents and builds a convent to the Saint. Round this convent Oxford grew. Then we have the Coronation of Harold. As the pageant continues we see Henry II. arrive in state. Next we have the romance of Henry, fair Rosamund, and Eleanor. In 1238 comes a procession of the University, with the arrival of the Pope's Legate. In these scenes there is the glitter of armour and the dress is rich in the colours of tapestry.

### ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

After an interval a new era of clothes begins. A burst of music proclaims the arrival of Henry VIII. with Katherine of Aragon. This is followed by the degradation of Archbishop Cranmer, a scene in which the exact ceremony is to be depicted—how he was vested in his habits as Archbishop, and how each of these is taken off, his hair clipped and fingers scraped, and how a yeoman's gown and a townsman's greasy cap are put on him and he is led away by soldiers.

### THE GRAND FINALE.

The next scene to enter is the funeral procession of Amy Robsart, and following it the procession of Queen Elizabeth into Oxford. Later scenes represent the arrival of James I. and his Queen, Charles I. and James II., the whole winding up with an eighteenth century fair, with some fifteen hundred performers in Georgian dresses, booths and stalls, criers, minstrels, mummers, country dances, etc. Christ Church meadows, with the river, will be the stage and background, and the sun, let us hope, will smile on the festival.

## DIET FOR BRAIN-WORKERS.

Dr. Maurice de Fleury draws up, in the first March number of *La Revue*, an "intellectual dietary," which he commends to the attention of brain-workers if they would preserve their health.

### CAUSES OF NEURASTHENIA.

He claims to have had a large experience in the treatment of nervous and arthritic patients, and he has come to the conclusion that it is not so much overwork as errors in diet which may be regarded as the true cause of nearly all cases of neurasthenia. Often he has noticed how patients, intellectual workers, fatigued and literally intoxicated by a diet too rich in azote and phosphorus, have had their faculties restored by a simple vegetarian or milk diet.

Intellectual workers, he says, not only lead a sedentary life and take no muscular exercise, but they frequently eat too much meat and drink too much wine and tea and coffee, and bring on the train of troubles common to neuro-arthritic patients—nervous exhaustion, general lassitude, digestive disorders, insomnia, and such other symptoms as tired memory, inability to exercise the will and the mental faculties, inability to work, indecision, melancholy, etc.

### DRY MEALS.

To prevent neurasthenia Dr. de Fleury prescribes for intellectual workers a diet similar to that which he prescribes for persons suffering from neurasthenia. For breakfast he suggests café-au-lait, with biscuits and butter. For lunch he recommends biscuits or bread, with a lightly boiled egg, three to four ounces of beef, mutton, veal or chicken, roasted, and eaten without sauce, or, in place of meat, light fish, such as sole, turbot, green vegetables, and some milk dish. In the evening soup, macaroni or such vegetables as lentils, potatoes, etc., green vegetables, cooked fruit, and biscuits and butter may be taken.

### WHEN TO DRINK.

On the whole he prefers "dry meals," though he does not altogether forbid a glass of Bordeaux or other wine containing only a small amount of alcohol, at the end of a meal. Still, he counsels sedentary workers to abandon wine and all fermented drinks and alcohol in any form. His patients drink between meals several glasses of light mineral water. In the afternoon, he says, a cup of weak tea may be taken without serious consequences.

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The rapid progress of the South African cricketers is traced in *Fry's* by P. F. Warner. He declares that every possible effort will be made to defeat England. Nevertheless he thinks Englishmen may remain fairly confident.

## RECENT WONDERS IN PLANT-GROWING.

### ELECTRO-CULTURE.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. G. Clarke Nuttall describes some recent developments in plant-growing. He deals first with the application of electricity. He tells how Professor Lemstrom, of Helsingfors, experimented by passing a current of electricity through growing plants:—

During the years 1902-1903 he had experimental fields in England near Newcastle in connection with the Durham College of Science, in Germany near Breslau, and in Sweden at Alvidaberg, where he grew many plants under electrical treatment. The results were very remarkable. Thus strawberries in electrified fields showed an increase of 50 per cent. to 128 per cent. over those grown in normal fields. Corn showed an increase of 35 per cent. to 40 per cent.; potatoes 20 per cent., beets 26 per cent., and so on.

The Professor believes that under this treatment we could safely reckon on an average increase of 45 per cent. over the normal for all crops grown on land of ordinary fertility, for electricity is of no use on poor land, and that it will pay. He was led to these experiments by noticing the exceptional fertility of the soil in the Polar regions during years when the Aurora played more vividly and the air was largely charged with the electric fluid. In France, by setting up a geomagnetifère—practically a lightning conductor—in the centre of a field, and connecting it with a network of wires running through the soil of the field, an increase of 50 per cent. was secured in a potato crop, the electricity having been drawn from the atmosphere.

Under the electric light at night, added to sunlight by day, plants have been proved to thrive better and develop earlier. Lettuces, radishes, beets, spinach, all improve. Cauliflowers decline to do so. Violets, daisies, and other flowers bloomed more freely and better. The life of the flower is sooner spent, but there is a greater brilliancy of colour.

### RADIOCULTURE.

M. Camille Flammarion put seedlings of the sensitive plant into four different houses—(1) an ordinary conservatory; (2) a blue house; (3) an ordinary greenhouse; (4) a red house. After a few months' waiting, he found the little plants in the blue house practically just as he put them in. They had seemingly fallen asleep, and remained unchanged. In the green glasshouse they had grown more than the ordinary glasshouse, but they were weedy and poor. In the red house the seedlings had become positive giants, and well-nourished and well-developed ones too, fifteen times as big as their sleeping fellows in the blue house, and four times as big as the normal plants. In the red light the plants had become hyper-sensitive. It was found that blue light retards the processes of decay as well as those of development—as valuable an asset in practical gardening as premature development.

### CULTURE BY MICROBES.

The fact that leguminous crops such as peas, beans and so forth, instead of impoverishing the

soil in which they grow, absolutely tend to enrich it, led Professor Hellriegel to find the explanation. The little nodules which besprinkle the roots of peas, beans, and so forth are colonies of bacteria, which absorb raw nitrogen from the air and work it up into various complex compounds necessary for plant life. Where these bacteria are not present, the soil is impoverished. Dr. Nobbe, of Saxony, has prepared a bacterial powder called Nitragin, which can be used for soil inoculation or for seed inoculation. The seeds, wrapped up in Nitragin, which have been tested in the Canadian experimental farm, and have produced in every case much finer crops than those that were not inoculated.

### ANÆSTHETICS!

Perhaps the most extraordinary development is that of forcing plants by the use of anæsthetics. It was the discovery of Dr. Johannsen, of Copenhagen, at the beginning of this century. The plants are put in a box into which ether is evaporated. The heavy vapour descends and envelops the plants. After forty-eight hours the plants are taken out and placed in a cool-house. The buds and flowers at once begin to sprout far more rapidly than those plants that have not been treated with anæsthetic. Chloroform can also be used. Dr. Johannsen suggests that we here come on the question of repose in plants. None of these wonderful developments have yet reached serious commercial success.

### A Smuggling Community.

In the *Correspondant* of March 10th P. Drillon has an article on the Suppression of Fraud, the fraud alluded to being that practised on the French frontiers to avoid the heavy import duties levied on many articles of merchandise. The persons who practise these frauds, we are told, form a veritable army, all wonderfully organised, and the most ingenious means are resorted to in order to deceive the Customs officials. One of the cleverest was a doctor attached to the Custom House, who, under the pretext of visiting patients, crossed the Belgian frontier daily, and for years brought back in his tilbury bags of coffee and other goods before he was suspected. Even dogs are pressed into the service, and are trained to carry home to their masters articles concealed in belts. In 1904, 1841 dogs were charged with fraud in the *arrondissement* of Lille alone. Most of them were killed, while their owners remained unknown. The latest mode is the baby fraud, several pounds of coffee having been found sewn up in the garments of a baby in its mother's arms. A whole community lives by these frauds, and the easy and illicit gains naturally favour idleness and immorality. Worst of all, the smuggling is carried on for a master smuggler, who gets most of the profits without running any of the risks.



## A PAINTER OF THE CHRIST.

THE ART OF FRITZ VON UHDE.

All who are interested in the modern treatment of religious subjects in art will know something of the work of Fritz von Uhde, who depicts Biblical subjects amid present day surroundings as the Dutch old masters substituted portraits of their contemporaries for the saints of the Bible and the Early Church in their devotional pictures. In this way, the artist probably hopes to drive home the Gospel lessons more forcibly and more touchingly.

The March number of *Velhagen* publishes a short article on Fritz von Uhde, partly in the form of an interview with the artist, who lives and works at Munich. A previous biographical notice appeared in "The Review of Reviews" for July, 1893.

### THE CHRIST OF TO-DAY.

His Christ pictures, says Fritz von Uhde, are scarcely to be regarded as specially religious painting. His "Suffer little children" was the result of a strong desire to give something more than a mere transcript from Nature. He had once seen how some children approached a pastor, and he utilised the incident in the picture. In life, he says, it is more frequently the case that things are forced upon one than that one can force things. How he came to paint Christian subjects was a slow and gradual process, but finally the material and the form took possession of him. He has used the person of Christ apart from dogmatic religion. The historical Christ does not interest him so much; what he wants to do is rather to give the Christ of to-day, the Christ who might appear to us any time.

### THE SPIRITUALISATION OF LIGHT.

All his pictures he calls problems in painting. For the spiritualisation of light he found the person of Christ eminently suitable—in fact Christ became to him a problem of light. In the great altar-piece which he painted for a church at Zwickau, he took for his theme Matt. iv. 16, and he sought to represent Christ as the bringer of light into the dark world. In his other pictures of Christ, the light problem was always the predominant idea, the object represented coming afterwards, and not unnaturally he came to regard Christ as the incarnation of light. Perhaps it was a mistake, he says, to paint so many Christs, but the future will decide whether he did wrong to restore Christ to art again, even when He is conceived only as the incarnation of Light. Perhaps Rembrandt without his religious pictures might have been the same Rembrandt, but von Uhde doubts it.

### THE GREATEST OF ALL PAINTERS.

Possibly a religious art without Christ might be greater and of higher value; perhaps if he had gone deeper into the light problem it might have been possible to do without the figure of the Saviour, von Uhde concludes. But to-day that is scarcely pos-

sible technically, and therefore he has made the Master his subject, the bearer of his art. Rembrandt spiritualised with light everything which he touched. To-day everyone is endeavouring to do the same, starting from the white and not from the dark side, but no one has yet attained to Velasquez. According to von Uhde, Rubens and Velasquez painted much better than Rembrandt, but Rembrandt was the greatest of all painters, because he was the most human. He had something which went beyond painting—he had true geniality, and he was perhaps the only painter who really could paint Christ.

## TAKING SCIENTIFIC RECORDS IN THE HIGH ATMOSPHERE.

BY THE PRINCE OF MONACO.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for March opens with an article, by the Prince of Monaco, on "Meteorological Researches in the High Atmosphere." Though very interesting, the paper is rather too technical to be briefly summarised for general readers. The Prince of Monaco sent kites to a height of over 14,750 feet between Portugal and the Canaries. These kites, or rather series of kites, attached to a line, carried the recording instruments. The greatest height that can be reached with kites is from 19,500 to 23,000 feet. Recovering them is easier than despatching them. A kite operation at 9800 to 13,000 feet lasts almost all day; and to enable the kites to pass through zones of light wind or calm, the ship from which the kite is operated must sometimes go full steam ahead. After a season with kites, the Prince resolved to use *ballons-sonde* for meteorological researches in the high atmosphere above the ocean. In the high atmosphere above the land they answered well. They could be used, however, only in very clear weather. Two very light india-rubba balloons were sent up, connected together—one, the less inflated, carrying the registering instrument. Not only can track be kept of the height of the balloons, but the strength and direction of aerial currents at different altitudes can be known. Eighteen experiments were made with balloons in the Atlantic up to close on 46,000 feet. A way has now been found of recovering the balloon and of stopping its ascent when desired. Sometimes captive balloons are used to moderate heights.

Pilot-balloons were also launched, which rose to prodigious heights (82,000 feet at least), and disappeared for ever. They merely furnish information as to the direction of very high aerial currents. Pilot-balloons proved, for instance, that in the the Arctic region (near the 80th parallel), at about 743,600 feet, there are winds of 132 miles an hour—that is, faster than anything on the earth.

### HOUSEKEEPING BY ELECTRICITY.

H. W. Hillman describes in *Good Housekeeping* "the electric day" which habitually proceeds in his household. The maid is awakened by the milkman, and finding it time to get up she turns on the switch at the head of the bed which puts into operation the electric cereal cooker (*Anglicè*, porridge-pan?) in the kitchen, which is also a combination water boiler. By the time she is dressed and ready to go to the kitchen the water for the coffee is boiling. In the electric coffee percolator it becomes delicious coffee. In seven or eight minutes the coffee is ready for the table. The cereal and coffee being arranged, the switch for the frying-pan is turned on, and in one minute bacon and eggs are frying. "Ironing day" has been abolished. It requires but a few hours to finish ironing with the electric flat-iron. The maid turns on the flat-iron switch, and in three or four minutes starts to iron. To cook the boiled dinner a large four-quart electric kettle is employed, which, together with the potato-steamer and other utensils, gives the electric outfit the appearance of a full-fledged cooking equipment commonly used with coal and gas ranges. For a roast dinner the oven is turned on, being regulated by a three-heat switch. In fifteen minutes the device is ready for work. A fourteen-pound turkey has been admirably cooked in this electric oven. For breakfast the aluminium gridiron and electric broiler may be used instead of the electric frying-pan. After lunch callers are received in the music-room, which is then heated by luminous radiators. The electric dining-room table is fitted with electric wiring receptacles and switches suitable for operating two or three devices, such as coffee percolators, chafing dishes or water boilers for serving tea. The sewing-room has an electric motor attached to the machine, and a small nickel-plated flat-iron ready at a moment's notice for use. All the wardrobes are supplied with electric light, with switches outside the door. There is also an electric shaving-mug. The writer says that the cost will no doubt be greater than if coal or gas were used, but that is more than compensated for by cleanliness and ease of manipulation. There are also electric cigar-lighters, heating pads, percolators, curling-irons, shaving-mugs, baby milk-warmers, etc. Electric kettles vary in price from 24s. to £3 15s. The cost of an electric oven will vary from £10 upwards. The writer adds that there is not the slightest danger to be apprehended from the use of electricity.

### WHY EXEMPT BUILDINGS FROM LOCAL RATES?

The *Economic Journal* contains two papers on the rating of site values. Mr. Charles Trevelyan, M.P., reinforces Mr. Charles Booth's plea that the argument for freeing the houses of the people from taxation was at least as cogent as that for freeing the

food of the people from taxation. Mr. Edwin Cannan takes up the opposite position with a vigorous criticism of the proposed relief of buildings from local rates. He pronounces as nearly exploded "the old belief that something could be got for the occupier by preventing him from agreeing to pay the rates levied on the property he occupies." The proposal to shift the rates upon the site-owner will, he says, soon be seen to be absurd, and only likely to kill the system of letting on long leases for fixed sums, and to substitute leases for sums growing with the site value. If, he points out in a note, there be established a periodical valuation of site values, it will be the simplest thing in the world to let land not for a fixed sum, but for the site value as determined from time to time by the valuation list in force. In this way the landlord will obtain in increased rent what he has to pay in increased rates. The writer then raises the question why buildings should be exempted from local rates:—

If a building is erected, whoever uses it will receive along with it a vast number of important services which are necessary for his health and comfort, and for the proper carrying on of his business. As it is inconvenient or impossible to measure these out to him as gas is measured, he is asked to pay a contribution based on the proportion which the annual value of the premises he occupies bears to the whole annual value of all the premises in the district. What can be more reasonable or more economical?

Payment according to service rendered is in ordinary cases the most economical. Under the new scheme the occupier would not pay directly a penny more if he put up and occupied a sky-scraper than if he put up and occupied a one-story cottage, although the service rendered by local authorities to the sky-scraper are of course vastly greater than those rendered to the one-story cottage. He grants that there would be removed a discouragement to build, but this would be given at the cost of the site-owners. To the community as a whole houses would not be cheaper, because they would be built in a more expensive manner. "What is taken from site values is simply slopped away in increased cost." Mr. Cannan objects to the general principle of subsidising particular commodities, even houses, with a view to increasing the total means of the poor. "When the subsidy is confined to particular spots which are precisely those in which it is undesirable that houses should be retained if already there, I think the policy becomes evidently absurd."

The secret of Mrs. Josephine Butler's strength, Léopold Monod remarks in the course of an appreciative article in the *Revue Chrétienne*, lay in her invincible Christian optimism. She possessed the "science of prayer" which she recognised in Catherine of Siena. To Mrs. Butler prayer was not a mere monologue, but a communion of spirits. It was not sufficient to speak; it was necessary to listen and to hear.



## A GREAT HYMN-WRITER.

PAUL GERHARDT.

On March 12th Protestant Germany celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Paul Gerhardt, after Luther the most famous hymn-writer the Lutheran Church has yet produced. Articles on Gerhardt and his hymns appear in the March numbers of *Westermann* and the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

## A NATIONAL POET.

The Germans are justly proud of their national lyric poet, for many of Gerhardt's sacred lyrics have been greatly admired by other German poets. His evening hymn, "Now all the woods are sleeping," for instance, was a special favourite with Friedrich Hebbel and with Schiller. Hebbel has recalled the impression the hymn made on him, when as a boy he first read it aloud to his mother. When he came to the lines beginning, "Now the day is over," he was so struck by their beauty that he repeated them not fewer than ten times to his astonished mother. A favourite lyric with Wincklemann was Gerhardt's "I sing to Thee with heart and mouth," and Fontane in one of his books refers feelingly to the immortal hymn of trust, "Commit thy ways," which, owing to its great length, has been divided into two separate hymns, the second beginning, "Give to the winds thy fears."

## THE PERSONAL NOTE.

Otto Frommel, who writes in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, says that Gerhardt's mighty hymn, "If God be on my side," may be taken as the leading motive of all Gerhardt's hymns. A striking feature in the hymns is the individual personal note, as in, "I sing to Thee," "If God be on my side," etc., whereas in Luther we get rather the universal or chorus form, as in "A stronghold sure is our God," "Keep us by Thy word," etc. But Gerhardt's individualism, says the writer, is balanced by strong doses of Church objectivity. Gerhardt is a Churchman through and through, and it must be borne in mind that the *I* in his hymns frequently represents the Christian congregation. Though there is much life and movement in the hymns, there is apt to be felt a certain monotony also, owing to this individualism. Altogether, he forms an interesting contrast to Luther, being a born singer, while Luther was a born fighter. The man whom he most closely resembles is Johann Sebastian Bach, the great composer, born about ten years after Gerhardt's death.

## THE FOUNDER OF GERMAN LYRIC POETRY.

Writing in *Westermann*, Theodor Kappstein considers as the most characteristic note of Gerhardt his friendly exhortation to patient contentment in all the trials of life. Gerhardt was indeed a human poet, who gave expression to all the experiences of the true Christian. His poetry, the writer says, because it springs from the depths of the individual life of the soul, and affords the highest pleasure, is

the beginning of German lyric poetry, and, as Scherer says, what Gerhardt did in the religious sphere was completed by Goethe in the secular.

## THE HAUNTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

In the *North American Review* Mr. R. S. Tarr writes on the cause of earthquakes. He selects as the one great epoch-making book on the subject the recently published "Les Tremblements de Terre," by Count de Montessus de Ballore, major of artillery in the French army. The gist of this book the writer kindly condenses into the following paragraph:—

Up to the year 1903 he finds records of 159,784 earthquakes. The plotting of these on a map of the world brings out the striking fact, already known in a general way, that far the greater part of the earth is free from the frequent visitation of earthquakes, and practically immune from violent shocks. Of the nearly one hundred and sixty thousand recorded earthquakes, 94 per cent. have occurred in two narrow, well-defined bands forming great circles, and crossing each other at two points. Not all parts of the belts are equally liable to earthquakes, but in them occur almost all the world-shaking earthquakes.

One of these belts, in which has occurred fifty-three per cent. of all recorded shocks, is called by de Montessus the "Mediterranean," or "Alpine-Caucasus-Himalayan," belt. It swings roughly east and west about the earth, and includes the Mediterranean region, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, the Himalayas, the East Indies, Central America and the West Indies. Where the belt crosses the oceans, little is known about its condition.

The second belt, called by de Montessus the "Circum-Pacific," or "Andes-Japanese-Malayan," belt, almost encircles the Pacific Ocean. Passing along the Andes, it crosses the other belt in the Central-American region, thence extends up the western coast of North America, passes across to Asia along the Aleutian chain, thence down through Kamchatka, the Japanese Islands, and the Philippines, and, crossing the Mediterranean belt in the East Indies, extends on to New Zealand. Forty-one per cent. of all recorded shocks occur in this belt.

All the rest of the world, that is, a surface scores of times greater than the combined area of these two belts, is the seat of only six per cent. of all recorded shocks.

These generalisations contain some comfort for the ordinary man, for most of the well-settled parts of the white world are outside the danger zone. At the same time, the observation of earthquakes suggests principles for the selection of town sites and for the construction of houses in the zones of danger.

A new monthly publication, the *Storyteller*, has just been started by Messrs. Cassell. As its name implies, it is an all-story magazine, but there is no serial, so that each number is complete in itself. The first (April) number opens with a story by Mr. Hall Caine, and there are others by M. Maurice Leblanc, Mr. C. Ranger-Gull, Miss Mary E. Mann, Miss Marjorie Bowen, and many more well-known writers. The price is fourpence halfpenny.

## WHAT A SUFFRAGIST LEARNED IN GAOL.

Miss Florence Bright, who was arrested with fifty-six other women in February and served out fourteen days' imprisonment in Holloway Gaol, writes in the *Fortnightly* on the true inwardness of the Woman's Movement. She dwells on the "wondrous change" that has come over the question. She says:—

The question of Woman's Franchise has now passed successfully through the evolutionary stages of ridicule and indifference into the domain of "serious politics."

The change is undeniable. How has it been brought about?

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, I, who have worked for this cause from my girlhood, and well know the ground that has been prepared in the past, most emphatically assert that this hopeful, this "live" condition of the Woman's Movement, is solely and entirely due to the self-devotion of the militant suffragists.

Little more than twelve months ago, a small advance guard of poor women, some carrying wind-torn and rain-soaked flags, many with babies in their arms, formed up in procession outside St. James's Park Station, and marched to the Caxton Hall. They were led by a Lancashire cotton weaver, a frail girl with a big soul, who had come with only £2 in her pocket to rouse London.

She has done it.

When the history of this political era comes to be written, I think a place will be assigned to this heroic girl, Miss Annie Kenney, her no less heroic colleague, Miss Pankhurst, and the band of tender-souled women who have been the leaders in this most curious revolution.

### THE MARTYR SPIRIT.

She bears witness to the new spirit amongst the women. She says:—

No one who has not actively worked with them can have the faintest conception of the extraordinary spirit of self-sacrifice animating these militant Suffragists. Amongst them distinctions of class or creed have no significance; all the petty trivialities which have hitherto bulked so largely in the lives of women disappear as if by magic. But one single thought animates the whole band. Who can give the most? Who can do the most, according to her abilities, for the beloved cause? This is the martyr spirit.

This it is which gives women of delicate frame and tender natures the strength to go to prison and—stay there. The fortitude to endure the indescribable indignity of arrest in the public streets, the journey in the prison van, the indefinable discomfort, and—to a refined mind—the horror of life in a prison cell.

### "EXEMPLIFICATION OF THE TEACHING OF CHRIST."

She speaks of her experience in prison as "a most terrible ordeal." She recounts this incident:—

A young girl, an ordinary prisoner, had been convicted of drunkenness—her first offence. Yet she was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment. We were free to move about in the police cells and had access to her. I myself saw one of our prisoners with her arm around the neck of this poor girl, who was sobbing bitterly in her fright and desolation, murmuring gentle words of comfort and consolation.

I never saw a truer exemplification of the teaching of Christ.

### "AN ABIDING SENSE OF HAPPINESS."

She tells how on their arrival at the prison they were confined in batches of five and six in tiny reception cells, affording space, light and air for one,

or at most two, prisoners. The sudden influx of such a large number of prisoners had found Holloway unprepared. She goes on:—

Hungry and weary—scarcely one had slept the night before from the excitement of the arrest and anticipations of the penalty to follow—for nine hours did we sit in that terrible atmosphere on the floor; there was nothing else on which to sit. Yet, absolute strangers though we were to one another—a mixed crowd of women of different classes and creeds—a spirit of extraordinary friendliness and unselfishness permeated the very atmosphere of that sordid cell, and glorified it with an abiding sense of happiness.

Faith, Hope and Charity were present with us—not in name, but in deed.

It was a great revelation to her, she says—not the first case in which the darkness of the prison cell has opened the eyes of the heart. The impression left on her mind was that "this Woman's Movement is going to alter the whole relation of women to one another." It is going to graft on the nature of woman a spirit of true comradeship. "Woman will become broadminded."

### WOMEN ENDURE IMPERIALLY.

Over against clever writers like Mrs. Lynn Linton and Mrs. Humphry Ward she stands the two great towers of strength, Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Israel Zangwill. She grants that man is made of sterner stuff than woman, yet:—

If women, though they cannot, it is true, go into battle and fight, provide the country with sons—a duty which I myself heard a man who had proved himself no coward declare to be an act of physical endurance greater than is usually demanded of the soldier upon the battlefield (and let us remember there is no Victoria Cross for woman!)—can it seriously be urged that woman does not take her share, equally with man, of the responsibility of the Empire?

I think not.

### "WOMAN'S LAST WORD."

She is prepared, however, to let man think imperially. "He will do it so much better than I." She is quite prepared to relinquish to him for many years at least the Foreign and Colonial policy of a great country like ours. This rather "gives the show away." For if women cannot judge on Foreign and Colonial policy, their plea for a vote is seriously weakened. She closes with a characteristic woman's utterance:—

Woman with a vote will remain—as regards her relations to man—as she was before. Dependent on his love; relying on his judgment in those things which from the make-up of his mind he is better fitted to discern.

But there are things which only a woman's heart can set right.

This, then, is the true inwardness of the Woman's Movement—the unquenchable maternal instinct; the Mother Heart brooding over her young.

The Adult School Guest House at Scalby, near Scarborough, which the late J. W. Rowntree gave at a very low rent to the Committee of the Yorkshire Adult Schools as a holiday resort for men and women, is pleasantly described, in the *Quiver* by Miss Edwin Gilbert.



## A HAUNTED PALACE IN ITALY.

In the *Annals of Psychical Science* appears one of the most extraordinary accounts of an Italian haunted palace that I have ever read—the more extraordinary because of the quiet, veracious style of the narrative. The writer, Mrs. Helen Maclean, says that on a winter evening, at the end of the last decade, Prince Nicolas Bagratiou, a Russian, entering her drawing-room one evening, remarked, "Why, this room is full of spirits." The room was on the second floor of a fourteenth century Palazzo in the Via dei Bardi, Florence. Mrs. Maclean admitted that the room was, indeed, "full of spirits," adding that whenever she wanted to practise after eleven at night, she was invariably driven away. Then they put their hands on the table to see what would happen.

### THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF FLORENCE.

The first reply was from a woman whose name Mrs. Maclean could not at first recall. This spirit, being asked about the other spirits that infested the house, replied:—

"If you want to know about the murder I will call the Cardinal." The table became still; then it began to move again, but in a totally different manner, twice tracing the sign of the Cross, and rapped out:

"I am Niccolò Ridolfi dei Tolomei. My church name was Formosus. I was twice Archbishop of Florence."

"That is nonsense," said Prince Nicolas. "Nobody was ever twice Archbishop here."

"You do not believe me," replied the Cardinal. "Go to the Archbishop's Palace and see for yourself. The Archbishop is rough and stupid, and will not show you the archives: you must see the servant. And now I will go away."

All fell out exactly as foretold, and the truth of every statement was verified.

The Cardinal told us that a murder had been committed in the palace in 1472; the murderer's name he refused to give, but the victim was one Luigi Baldi, his page and the lover of his wife; and the body was buried where the murder took place, in what is now the hall. The fact of the murder came to the Cardinal's knowledge under the seal of confession long after.

"Four people," he continued, "are still unhappy; myself, the murderer, the wife, and the victim, whose bones are lying in an unconsecrated place."

The victim's body was still lying under the stones of the hall, but as the owner of the palace refused to have the tiled floor removed, proper burial could not take place; a service on the spot, however, it was said, would do as well, and relieve the four restless spirits from the obligation they were still under of having to re-enact the murder scene every evening between eleven o'clock and midnight. The Cardinal, it seems, could not rest because the murdered youth was a son of the Church.

### WITNESSING A LONG-PAST MURDER.

Would it be possible, it was asked, to see the mur-

der one evening? The spirits agreed that they would do their best. On the day before the evening agreed upon the Prince was tracked everywhere by the figure of a Franciscan monk with a hooked nose, and one hand covering the lower part of his face. No one else was able to see the figure. He arrived at Mrs. Maclean's looking white and ill and feeling extraordinarily sleepy. When hands were placed on the table a message came that the Cardinal could not come. "Why not?" was the astonished question.

"He has drawn substance from the Russian," was the reply. "To-night the Russian must sleep, and you must see the murder through him. It was the Cardinal who was with him to-day, as he wished to make him familiar with his appearance. He procured the Franciscan robe from a lay-brother who had died at Ognissanti. But he failed to get sufficient substance for the lower part of his face, and that is why he kept it always covered."

In his sleep the Prince sat facing the corner in which Luigi Baldi had been murdered. When the hour of the crime drew nigh, Mrs. Maclean records that

He groaned and sobbed, and I saw the tears rolling down his face as though in agony. At last in one bound he reached the corner; stooped down, still sobbing, and seemed to be lifting something heavy, looking meanwhile at his right arm.

When he awoke he exclaimed: "Take me away. I have seen the most awful thing I ever witnessed in my life!" In fact, he had seen the murder exactly as it doubtless took place. Among those present was the Cardinal, whom he recognised as the person who had followed him about all day in the streets, and who laid his hand on his arm with a grip he felt long after he had regained consciousness. The door through which the wife of the murderer and lover of the murdered man passed was one they knew nothing of. They found, however, that it had existed, but had been walled up. When all was over, several new spirits came, among them one who said: "I am Ilarione the murderer. I have come to thank you; I am now forgiven and am happy." Various historical details given by the Cardinal were verified, and found absolutely correct.

### CARMEN SYLVA.

The Queen of Roumania is the subject of a very sympathetic sketch by B. de Luca in the *Nuova Antologia* (March 16th), containing many interesting details concerning her youth. It was the premature death of her father, and also one of her baby brothers, that caused the Princess of Weid to have her little Elizabeth brought up wholly in the country amid beautiful scenery, and encouraged in all country pursuits. This gave her a knowledge of peasant life at first hand that few sovereigns possess, while her keen love of art and of literature

was only intensified by her passion for nature and for beauty wherever it was to be found. As a child, we are told, Elizabeth was obstinate; as a woman she possesses an indomitable will. Her girlish dream was to be a school-teacher; she worked hard at her lessons, and acquired a thorough mastery of Latin, French, Italian, English and Swedish. Amid all the absorbing interests of her life it is music that stirs her deepest emotions, and her own musical gifts are of a very high order. The following passage by Dr. Gubernatis describes the effect of music upon her:—

"I observed the extent to which music electrifies and masters her; her face changes from one moment to another; she passes from sadness to rapture; she becomes excited, beats time with her foot, and is carried quite out of herself. Lulled in the wave of harmony that encompasses her, she welcomes in her soul all the emotions that music can arouse; for her, the public disappears, the enchantment holds her spell-bound, and when all is over it is as though she awoke from a dream."

The Queen has, of course, much to say concerning the affection of the Roumanians for their beautiful and talented Queen, and of her own intense appreciation of everything belonging to her adopted country. Roumanian folk-lore and Roumanian scenery have both inspired her strong lyric gift, but it was grief at the death of her only little daughter that caused her first to seek an outlet for her emotions in song. A long description is given of the lovely castle of Pelesch, near the mountain village of Sinaia, the most remarkable feature of which is the stained glass of historical and allegorical subjects selected by the King and Queen. Here Carmen Sylva spends her happiest days, here she studies and composes, and escapes from the hated formalities of Court life. "Contradiction is the life of conversation," she wrote among a series of published Thoughts; "hence the extreme dullness of Courts."

The Queen's favourite authors are said to be Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Byron, Schopenhauer, De Musset, Ibsen, and the Roumanian poet Alexandri, and the composers of whom she never wearies are Wagner, Liszt, Grieg, Bach, and Beethoven.

### HARNESSING THE SUN.

The Phaethon of modern science, not content with harnessing Niagara, is bent on deriving "e'en from the chariots of the sun" the power needed for terrestrial industry. In the *Strand* Mr. A. R. Dolling discusses "Problems Science has almost Solved." He quotes the late Professor Langley, who said that from every square yard of earth exposed perpendicularly to the sun's rays there could be derived more

than one-horse power. So in less than the area of London, the noontide heat of a moderately sunny day is enough to drive all the steam engines in the world. He quotes Mr. Tesla, who said:—

"I hope some day, with an apparatus I have invented, so to harness the rays of the sun that that body will operate every machine in our factories, propel every train and carriage in our streets, and do all the cooking in our homes, as well as furnish all the light that man may need by night as well as by day. It will, in short, replace all wood and coal as a producer of motive-power and heat and electric-lighting." His idea is simple enough, consisting, as it does, of concentrating the heat of the sun on a focal point by a series of mirrors, and magnifying glasses, and the great heat so produced is directed upon a glass cylinder filled with water. This latter is chemically prepared, so that it rapidly evaporates into steam. The steam is made to operate a steam engine, which, in turn, generates electricity. This electricity is received by storage batteries, and a vast and cheap supply is generated for all purposes. With thousands of these sun-stations dotted about here and there, the whole industrial problem would seem to be solved for mankind.

The solar effective temperature is reckoned by Sir William Siemens at no less than 3000 degrees Centigrade.

Two Norwegian chemists are said to have discovered a process of extracting nitric acid from the atmosphere so as to provide the requisite nitrates for intensifying agriculture. Electro-culture, or the application of electricity to stimulate the growth of vines and other trees, is looked forward to as the coming agriculture. Electrical printing without ink, thanks to the extraordinary sensitiveness of wood-pulp, is announced as imminent. Fuel made of earth and sawdust is expected to supersede coal at half the price.

### HOW TO STUDY THE PIANO.

HINTS BY MR. PADEREWSKI.

To the *Strand Magazine* for April Mr. Paderewski contributes his views on the best way to Study the Piano.

#### INDISPENSABLE FACTORS.

Naturally, the first requisite to make an artistic performer is a natural musical gift, but to it must be added energy and an inclination for hard work. All important is the choice of a thorough teacher, whose directions the student should follow absolutely.

In studying the piano, as in studying anything else, the thought must be applied directly to the work. A future professional is advised to devote four hours daily to practice, an amateur two. The chief thing is always to take up the study as a serious matter, and not as mere pastime. Technical equipment, it is stated, includes everything—not dex-



terity alone, but touch, tone, rhythm, precision, and correct pedalling. Some pianists fail because they lack one or more of these factors.

#### TECHNIQUE, TOUCH, PEDALLING.

At least one hour daily should be devoted to the acquirement of finger dexterity. The student is recommended to begin with five-finger exercises and scales, playing them very slowly, legato, with deep touch, and paying the greatest attention to the passing of the thumb under the hand or of the hand over the thumb. Directions are given for the position of the hand.

Thick fingers are understood to acquire the best touch. Those with thin fingers have to work hard to obtain a good touch. The ability to produce a legato requires not only careful fingering, but a judicious use of the pedal. In playing quick scales Mr. Paderewski counsels the use of the pedal on the unimportant central portion to give brilliance and colour. Relaxation—that is to say, a thoroughly natural ease of attitude—should be fixed before even the study of technique is begun.

### THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE AT PITTSBURG.

All the world and his wife will be at Pittsburg this month to witness the inauguration of the Carnegie Institute in its completed shape. It has existed for years. But it is only now finished. Mr. Carnegie has spent two million pounds sterling in realising his ideal of an Institute in the city where he made his wealth. In the April number of the *American Review of Reviews* Mr. Frank Fowler describes the Arts Department of the Institute:—

“It aims to make Pittsburg a centre of scholarship, as it has been of manufactures, and to spread its name as far as science is known and honoured. The Carnegie Museum is already a strong force in Pittsburg, but it aims to be more. It aims to be an educational power equal to the library and second only to the public schools.”

The museum proper, under the direction of W. J. Holland, LL.D., is splendidly equipped along the lines of the natural sciences, and its activities touch such fields of museum work as ethnology, archaeology, and the useful arts, under which head it is accumulating collections of the textile and fictive arts, wood carving, etc.

The Institute building, which was of good dimensions ten years ago, now re-opens with a holding capacity enormously increased. With its extended sweep in the natural sciences it is now forging ahead as an art museum, and likely, with its financial resources and administrative talent, to take its place as one of the most important in the country.

This is perhaps due to the fact that it has precedents to warn, and the light which intervening years have yielded to the knowledge of museum administration and installation, and also that it is fortunate in its director, John W. Beatty.

Under his wise directorship and through the munificence of the founder, the Art Institute has grown from a small collection of pictures to two splendid halls of painting, a vast rotunda devoted to architectural casts, and a gallery or hall of sculpture, supplied with reproductions of the world's great masterpieces of plastic art, including a complete collection of the Neapolitan bronzes.

An interesting feature of the architectural hall is the re-

production, full size, of the porch of the Church of St Giles in the Provençal town of that name. This is a beautiful example of Romanesque, full of treasures of detail, wonderfully preserved, in the minutest particular, through this perfect reproduction. Thus transported from the French town, one has but to step from Forbes-street, Pittsburg, to be in the presence of one of the finest specimens of that distinguished order of architecture.

The hall of sculpture is arranged with great judgment, and is impressive in dimensions and lighting.

Mr. Fowler especially commends the choice of pictures. He objects to anecdotal pictures. “The true province of painting is to awaken the emotions by which we respond to the charm and beauty, the grandeur, sublimity, character and individual interest of ‘things seen,’ visually observed, as they are affected by varying conditions of light, grouping and composition.” Among the pictures in the collection which may be singled out for special notice are Whistler's portrait of Sarasate, Abbey's “Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester,” Edmond Aman-Jean's “Mirror in the Vase,” Tryon's “May,” and Twachtman's “Greenwich Hills.” “This a true example of what the right uses of pigment may do for the emancipation of the spirit, the uplifting of the mind through art.”

### Where We Get Our Cotton From.

The *Economic Journal* contains a paper on cotton supplies by Professor S. J. Chapman and J. McFarlane. The writers remark on the great change in the sources of our cotton supply which has taken place in a hundred years. Then the bulk of our cotton was obtained from our own colonies. In 1786 to 1790 the British West Indies contributed 75 per cent. of the cotton received by Great Britain, the United States and India less than 1 per cent., and Egypt none at all. During the period 1901 to 1904 the average quantities of raw cotton imported annually into the United Kingdom were as follows:—

	Million lbs.
United States . . . . .	1424
Brazil . . . . .	31.5
Peru . . . . .	8.6
Chile (including the Pacific coast of Patagonia) . .	2.2
Venezuela and Republic of Colombia . . . . .	0.5
British West Indies and British Guiana . . . . .	0.6
Turkey (European and Asiatic) . . . . .	1.1
Egypt . . . . .	314.4
East Indies . . . . .	61.9
Australasia . . . . .	0.041
All other countries . . . . .	3.8
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>1849</b>
<b>Re-exported . . . . .</b>	<b>260</b>

From this it will be seen that the United States contribute seven-ninths and Egypt one-sixth of our whole supply. The writer goes on to describe the progress of the British cotton-growing association. Results have hitherto been most favourable in the West Indies.

### MARK TWAIN'S ORIGINALS.

The inimitable autobiography of Mark Twain continues its somewhat desultory course through the pages of the *North American Review*. In the number for March 1st the writer goes back to the first of all. He states he was born in the wee village of Florida, in Monroe county. "The village contained a hundred people, and I increased the population by one per cent. It is more than the best man in history ever did for any other town. I did it for Florida, and it shows that I could have done it for any place—even London, I suppose." Mark Twain goes on to tell of certain fabulous memories of early infancy. Then he abruptly remarks:—

I am grown old, and my memory is not as active as it used to be. When I was younger I could remember anything, whether it had happened or not; but my faculties are decaying now, and soon I shall be so I cannot remember any but the things that happened. It is sad to go to pieces like this, but we all have to do it.

#### HUCK FINN'S FARM.

He next recalls the delightful times he had on his uncle's farm four miles away, with the farmer's eight children and fifteen or twenty negroes. Mark adds, "His farm has come very handy to me in literature once or twice. In 'Huck Finn' and in 'Tom Sawyer, Detective,' I moved it down to Arkansas." Then follows a very beautiful description of the farm, its occupants, and its delightful rural feasts. He speaks of the limpid brook as a divine place for wading, and it had swimming pools "which were forbidden to us, and therefore much frequented by us. For we were little Christian children, and had early been taught the value of forbidden fruit." Uncle Dan'l, a middle-aged slave, served him well these many, many years. The writer adds, "I have staged him in books under his own name as 'Jim,' and carted him all around—to Hannibal, down the Mississippi on a raft, and even across the Desert of Sahara in a balloon—and he has endured it all with the patience and friendliness and loyalty which were his birthright." It was on this farm that Mark Twain got his strong liking for the black race.

#### HIS MOTHER.

He had then no aversion to slavery, but he will never forget how his mother interposed to defend from his complaints a little negro boy who had been sold away from his mother, never to see her again. Of his mother, Mark Twain says:—

She never used large words, but she had a natural gift for making small ones do effective work. She lived to reach the neighbourhood of ninety years, and was capable with her tongue to the last—especially when a meanness or an injustice roused her spirit. She has come handy to me several times in my books, where she figures as Tom Sawyer's "Aunt Polly." I fitted her out with a dialect, and tried to think up other improvements for her, but did not find any. I used Sandy once, also; it was in "Tom Sawyer"; I tried to get him to whitewash the fence, but it did not work. I do not remember what name I called him by in the book.

It is from his mother that he has got his turn of tongue, apparently, for having been told that he was a sickly, precarious, tiresome and uncertain child, and lived mainly on allopathic medicines during the first seven years of his life, he asked his mother about this, in her eighty-eighth year, and said:—

"I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I wouldn't live?"

After a reflective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—

"No—afraid you would."

The writer tells how he used to put snakes into his Aunt Patsy's work-baskets, and startled her with presents of bats which he found in a great cave three miles away:—

"Injun Joe" the half-breed got lost in there once, and would have starved to death if the bats had run short. But there was no chance of that; there were myriads of them. He told me all his story. In the book called "Tom Sawyer" I starved him entirely to death in the cave, but that was in the interest of art; it never happened.

#### EARLY MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

He has many odd stories to tell of the doctors of his boyhood. The family doctor got twenty-five dollars a year for the whole family, and furnished the medicines—"good measure, too. Only the largest persons could hold a whole dose. Castor-oil was the principal beverage." . . . "When teeth became touched with decay or were otherwise ailing, the doctor knew of but one thing to do—he fetched his tongs and dragged them out. If the jaw remained, it was not his fault." He says of his family physician, "He saved my life several times. Still, he was a good man and meant well. Let it go."

### MADAME CURIE:

#### THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WOMAN SCIENTIST.

Lily Butler, in the *Girl's Realm*, tells the life-story of Madame Curie, whom she calls "the most distinguished woman scientist." She is the only woman ever allowed to lecture publicly in the Sorbonne, and the only woman LL.D. of Edinburgh. Madame Curie's chief characteristics seem to be a love of privacy and retirement, and a shrinking from publicity and advertisement in every form. The material for this article has been collected not from her direct, but from her friend and next-door neighbour, Madame Perrin. Monsieur Curie was once or twice prevailed upon to receive a reporter; but Madame Curie is obdurate. Interviews have been published with her, but they are all "fakes." Radium, it seems, has sometimes been called "le métal conjugal"—for obvious reasons; but, according to this writer, it was Madame Curie who first discovered the properties of uranium, and drew her husband's attention to them.

#### EARLY LIFE.

Madame Curie, *née* Marie Sklodowski, is a Pole by birth, the daughter of a Professor at the College of



Warsaw, a man of some scientific attainment. She was born in 1867. She lost her mother when very young, and her father made her so much his companion that she was in the laboratory when other little girls are in the nursery, and instead of toys and dolls she had scientific instruments. When old enough, she became governess in a Russian family, but was not fond of teaching. Moreover, being a Pole it may be guessed that she was not fond of Russia, especially as she was a strong politician. Somehow, exactly how is not clearly stated, she came to Paris, where she did nothing but study science, the one thing for which she seems to have cared above everything else. She was then exceedingly poor, and lived in a garret so bare and cold that in winter the milk left at her door turned at once to ice. She existed on a few pence a day, economising in every way so as to buy books. She met Professor Curie in Professor Lippmann's laboratory; she was not, as has been said, his pupil. However, she would not at first marry him, but when she did it was entirely for the happiness of both, and during the eleven years of their married life they were never for a day parted.

Their early married life was a struggle. They lived first at Sceaux, and finally settled at 8 Boulevard Kellermann, a most out-of-the-way part of Paris, where Madame Curie still lives, with her two little girls, a Polish cousin who looks after them, and her husband's father, old Dr. Curie, now over eighty. When Madame Curie was told of her husband's pitiful end, she did not weep nor utter a cry, simply saying over and over again, in a hard, dry voice, "Pierre is dead!"

#### SLOW RECOGNITION.

France, apparently, was the last of the great countries to recognise the Curies. Shortly after they were invited to England in 1903, where they met with a triumphal reception, Sweden bestowed the Nobel prize on them; and then France seemed to realise their importance. The Legion of Honour was offered to Monsieur Curie, and declined, as he cared nothing for such things. They had then to submit to some lionising, which seems to have been veritable torture to Madame Curie. The late Shah of Persia attended one of the Curies' lectures in Paris, and expressed a wish to see some radium. Reluctantly, but of necessity, the Curies darkened the room in order to show the wonderful brilliance of the metal; but the Shah was so much startled by the electric light being switched off that he jumped up, and in so doing upset the radium case. The Curies naturally were also much upset. The Shah then offered several costly presents, which were courteously refused, but Monsieur Curie said that, if his Majesty pleased, he could give something towards the expenses of the laboratory; but the Shah, now distinctly "huffy," only gave £8.

#### AS LECTURER.

For a time, at any rate, wit, wealth and fashion in Paris went to hear Madame Curie lecture, waiting patiently for the small, black-robed figure, of exceeding simplicity of appearance, to appear, punctual to the minute. She is described as "a small, insignificant-looking woman; her complexion, her hair, her eyes all seem of a neutral tint. Her voice is low, but clear and distinct, and can be heard all over the huge hall; she has a very slight foreign accent, but she expresses herself in the purest and best French."

#### IS THE LABOUR PARTY IRRELIGIOUS?

##### NO. BY A LABOUR LEADER.

Is the Labour Party hostile to religion? No, replies Mr. Frederick Rogers, in an interview reported by Mr. Stephen Charters in the April number of the *Treasury*. Mr. Rogers was the first chairman of the Labour Representation Committee, and is now secretary of the National Committee of Organised Labour for Old Age Pensions, and so does not speak without full knowledge. "You ask me," he said to his interviewer, "if labour is materialistic":—

I reply that there is a leaven of materialism chiefly in the Social Democratic Federation, but the Independent Labour Party, led by Mr. Keir Hardie, is a body of earnest men, more imaginative than the others, with more enthusiasm for altruistic ideas; many of whom are deeply religious in their attitude, and all, I think, would strongly resent the charge of being irreligious in their purposes and designs.

Thirty-five years ago most of the leaders of labour were avowed atheists. To-day, Mr. Rogers declares, I hardly know a single atheist among them. Mr. Rogers, who is an earnest Churchman, is confident that

the Church is the one religious organisation which, in the long run, can greatly influence the Labour movement. Everything will depend upon the extent to which the clergy and the laity realise the obligation of the principles which the Church assuredly inculcates. And much will depend on the enthusiasm with which they express their ideas. The Church lacks enthusiasm, but it must have it if it would succeed. "Thank God for the House of Lords."

Mr. Rogers rejoices at the failure of the Education Bill to become law, and even looks with an approving eye upon the House of Lords for the part they played in that matter:—

I have been about the country a good deal, and I am certain that, as regards this matter at all events, the Lords have by no means made themselves unpopular. Of course, professional politicians say they have, but that is their way. As a matter of fact, I know that there is a general feeling of relief to have got this wretched Bill comfortably out of the way, and I sometimes think it is perceived that the very security of religious liberty has come to depend upon the House of Lords. And I may add this significant remark, that the overthrow of the Education Bill has revealed, in the case of many trade unionists, what I had not known before concerning them, that they were keen Churchmen, and, as such, ardent defenders of the principle of religious freedom.



### What War With the U.S.A. Would Mean.

Baron Kaneko, writing in the *North American Review* on the partnership in Pacific trade between Japan and the United States, tells an anecdote which he heard in London a few years ago which possesses independent interest:—

At the time of a certain burning question between Great Britain and the United States, Lord Granville, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Motley, the American Minister, sat together in the office of the former. The air was full of rumours of war.

"Mr. Motley," said Lord Granville, "there is no use of our discussing this matter diplomatically. I ask you for a simple answer to one question: 'Shall it be war or peace?'"

There practically was an ultimatum delivered to Mr. Motley. He sat at ease for a few moments; then replied: "If your Lordship thinks that war is the only form of settlement of this question, I have only one suggestion to make."

"And that is?"

"That you burn Liverpool by your order, and our Government will burn the city of New York."

This reply at once brought a smile to the face of Lord Granville.

"Mr. Motley," he said, "I see your point. We will not talk any further of war."

For at that moment Liverpool warehouses were full of American raw material, whereas in New York there was a great stock of British manufactured goods. Such intimate relations of international commerce formed the best guarantee of peace. The burning question was arranged in a friendly way.

### SHAKESPEARE'S BRUTAL PUBLIC.

Professor Brander Matthews contributes to the *North American Review* a most suggestive paper on the truth about the Elizabethan playwrights. He glorifies the outburst of national energy which made the Elizabethan age for ever famous, but he deplores the indiscriminate praise which has been lavished upon Elizabethans in general and the dramatists in particular. The Professor does not hesitate to charge the Elizabethan poets with lack of play-making skill. The drama was then the fashion, as the novel was in the last century; and many men of eminent poetic gifts, but by no means born playwrights, took to writing plays. Though fashionable, the drama was not highly esteemed. The writing of plays was looked down upon by men of letters, much as journalism is looked down upon to-day. There was a consequent lowering of the standard. The Elizabethan drama had neither the severe simplicity of the ancients nor the neat dexterity of the moderns. After thus accounting for many of the defects of the plays of that period, the Professor proceeds:—

The chief cause is ever to be sought in the necessity of pleasing a special public, probably far more brutal in its longings than any other to which a great dramatist has had to appeal. The Athenians, for whom Sophocles built his massive and austere tragedies, and the Parisians, for whom Molière painted the humorous portrait of our common humanity—these were quite other than the mob be-

fore whom Shakespeare had to set his studies from life, a mob stout of stomach for sheer horrors and shrinking from no atrocity. It is the Elizabethan public which is mainly responsible for the fact that the Elizabethan drama, glorious as it is with splendid episodes, taken separately, has only a few masterpieces.

The writer proceeds to describe the bulk of those who attended the theatre in Shakespeare's time. He says:—

The most of those who stood in the yard below were unable to write or to read. Among them were discharged soldiers home from the wars, sailors from the ships of Frobisher and Drake, runaway apprentices, and all the riffraff and rabble of a seaport town which happens also to be the capital of an expanding nation. They were violent in their likings, with a constant longing for horse-play and ribaldry, and with a persistent hankering after scenes of lust and gore. They were used to cock-fighting and bear-baiting and bull-baiting; and these brutal sports were shown sometimes within the very building where on other occasions there were performances of those raw tragedies-of-blood, the sole plays on the stage which could stir the nerves of such a public. These supporters of the stage were used to battle, murder and sudden death, not only in the theatre, but in daily life. If the best of Shakespeare is for eternity, the worst of him was frankly for the groundlings who were his contemporaries, and whose interest he had to arouse and to retain as best he could.

Excepting Shakespeare, Mr. Matthews says in closing, the Elizabethan dramatists, though great as poets, were great as playwrights only occasionally, and almost, as it were, by accident.

### THE SCIENCE OF HAPPINESS.

In the March number of *La Revue M. Jean Finot*, the author of "The Philosophy of Longevity," discourses on the science of happiness. In the first instalments he asks, Is Happiness Possible? and defines happiness as the final aim, the supreme crowning point of all man's efforts. The right to live, the right to wages, the right of the old and the sick to State aid, will end by adding the right to happiness. All who seek and obtain happiness contribute to the prosperity and the moral development of the community; they are the flower and the hope of their country. Happiness is in ourselves, and our suffering, our despair, our unhappiness is due to our own thoughts. External circumstances may influence man, but man can influence circumstances. He often creates them and he always modifies them. The divine fairy which accompanies mankind is the will, and the liberation and the expansion of the will will be the prelude to the reign of happiness.

The formation of the moral personality is said to be the aim of pedagogy; the formation of the happy personality will undoubtedly be the aim of the pedagogy of the future. The science of happiness is essentially a moral science.



## THE REGENERATION OF REFUSE

### IN PARIS AND LONDON.

An article in the *World's Work* describes the way in which Paris and London deal with their refuse, and enumerates some of the many products, formerly considered absolute waste, which are now turned to excellent account. Many illustrations accompany the paper.

#### REFUSE COLLECTING IN PARIS.

Every day, in Paris and suburbs, about 10,000 men, women and children go round the city picking out of the dust-bins or *poubelles* anything they can see which they think of the slightest value. It was Monsieur Poubelle, Prefect of the State, who in 1883 insisted on every house having its own dust-bin; hence the name for a dust-bin. The value of these dust-bin gleanings comes to £400,000, or even more, annually. There are degrees and grades even among Paris rag-gatherers. First of all comes the *placier*, who, by arrangement with the *concierges*, has sole right at certain houses to glean from the *poubelle*. After him come the *coureurs*, who take his leavings; after them comes the dust-cart, on which is the *tombereautier* (dustman), a degree lower still. The *tombereautier*, however, is a municipal servant, which the others are not. The rag-pickers (*ramasseurs*) mostly live beyond the fortifications, and come into Paris the best way they can, in the very early hours of the morning. In the summer they have their worst time, as so many families are away, while April is their best season, as that is the time for what Scotch folk call "flittings."

#### RAGPICKERS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

Each day's accumulations, sorted and classed, are sold to a master rag-picker, unless the rag-pickers belong to one of the Paris Rag-pickers' Co-operative Societies. One of the co-operators attends at the society's headquarters, and receives the refuse gathered for the day. Profits vary, but a member of one of these societies receives more than the unfortunate exploited by middlemen. One cwt. of crumpled paper brings 5d.; one cwt. of pins, provided anyone had the patience to collect them, would bring £3. Other refuse brings from 5d. to 1s. 8d. per cwt. Rag-picking is not as a rule a very lucrative profession; but there seems to be one exception to this—Monsieur Verdier-Dufour, the Rag-king, whose turnover is four or five million francs a year. Hundreds of women, trained rag-pickers, sort the rags for him—a most exhaustive sorting and classifying; and what he cannot use may truly be said to be not worth using.

#### LONDON REFUSE.

In London refuse is not so frugally gathered up as in Paris, but it is perhaps more expeditiously disposed of. Barging refuse out to sea is a good method of disposing of rubbish, though usually prohibitively expensive. The modern refuse-destruc-

tor, which will now take most kinds of refuse, is rapidly becoming a profitable investment. In it the refuse is burned away to a hard "clinker," 25 to 33 per cent. by weight of the original refuse, which is crushed and screened and then used for a variety of purposes, such as mortar, or (when mixed with coarse broken clinker) concrete. Another refuse product of great use is the fine flue dust, for which a proper dust-catcher must be installed. It is used for plastering, and is an excellent "base" for disinfecting powder. Both "flue" and "clinker" have other uses as well. Refuse is also often pulverised, by machinery powerful enough to crush up crockery ware, school slates, tins, glass, and even old shoes, which are all macerated together into a rich, black "mould."

#### OTHER USELESS THINGS MADE USEFUL.

The cyanide process has enabled the tailings of gold mines to be made to yield still more gold; and now even slag, long considered quite useless, is turned into paving-stones, mortar for building purposes (when mixed with slaked lime), artificial stone, and other things constantly in demand. As for coal slag, some Lyons builders found out how to mix it with slaked lime and turn it into concrete, for which it is excellent, being also fireproof. Coal tar, once so troublesome a waste product, supplies an incredible number of things, from antipyrin to saccharin, and finally aniline dyes. "Any old iron" can now be used. Even slaughter-house refuse is not wasted. The blood is put through several processes, and turned into a fertiliser, or re-appears in the form of cakes, which are sent to sugar refineries to help clarify the sweet liquor (one thinks of Samson's riddle). Dried blood mixed with potash and phosphoric acid is a complete fertiliser. Finally, the incalculably valuable radium is extracted from pitch blende, formerly regarded as worthless rubbish.

## A GREAT EUROPEAN TRUST.

### A CONFEDERATION OF CIVILISED STATES.

In the second March number of the *Mercur de France* Gaston Danville, who professes to take his idea from the trusts and cartels, proposes the creation of a great new Trust, namely, a Confederation of Civilised States. A United States of Europe, as we know, is no new idea, but the writer approaches the question from the peace and disarmament point of view.

#### FEDERAL ARMAMENTS.

He conceives the possibility of establishing a permanent International Assembly, in which each nation represented would preserve its autonomy and yet accept the decisions of the Assembly or Federal Parliament. For the settlement of disputes there would have to be a High International Court of Justice, a Council of the States charged with the duty of interpreting the laws of the Federal Parliament, but

the Executive would remain as at present in the hands of the different Governments of the Confederation. The most important point in the scheme is that each nation would supply a contingent to the army and to the fleet of the Confederation to replace the present national armies and fleets.

#### AN INTERNATIONAL BUDGET.

We are asked to go a step further and imagine the Federal Parliament sitting, say, at Versailles, and the Council of States at the Hague. What would be the immediate result? The writer answers they would be similar to those following the formation of trusts—an amelioration of the financial condition of each member of the trust, while the spectre of deficits would cease to haunt the countries of the Confederation. The maintenance of a federal army and fleet would cost less than the battalions and squadrons proper to each State, and there would be a common action which would make the interests of the members of the Confederation respected everywhere. The economies effected would provide an international budget to be disposed of by the Federal Parliament for the improvement of the various services.

From the moral point of view the obsession of war would cease to lie heavy on civilised nations. The adoption of a federal flag, federal uniforms, etc., would contribute to the unification of the States, whereas the present state of things tends to cause divisions.

### AGAINST COLLECTIVISM.

BY PROFESSOR MARSHALL.

In a paper contributed to the *Economic Journal*, and noticed elsewhere, Professor Marshall advocates economic chivalry in a spirit and with an eloquence that reminds one of Ruskin. But beyond lifting up a noble ideal, the practical effect of the article is to disparage certain recent developments of collectivism. He urges that honour should be given to the highest constructive business faculty, as the need for it is increased by the growth of the bureaucratic rule which is hostile to it.

#### THE DANGERS OF BUREAUCRACY.

A chemist if working at his own risk can put forth his energies at his own freedom; but if he is the servant of a bureaucracy he cannot be certain of his freedom. This check appears in great industrial concerns carried on by Government or by the so-called Trusts. "Experience shows ever more and more that the technical economy to be attained by piling Pelion on Ossa in the agglomeration of vast businesses is nearly always less than was expected, and that the difficulty of the human element ever increases with increasing size." He declares that economists generally desire increased intensity of State activities for social amelioration that are not fully within the range of private effort, but they are opposed to that vast extension of State activities

which is desired by collectivists. He goes on to say:—

I am convinced that so soon as collectivist control has spread so far as to considerably narrow the field left for free enterprise, the pressure of bureaucratic methods would impair not only the springs of material wealth, but also many of those higher qualities of human nature, the strengthening of which should be the chief aim of social endeavour.

#### MAPPING OUT PROSPECTIVE CITY-GROWTH.

He gives a new meaning to *Laissez faire*, which he adopts as his watchword, and translates: "Let everyone work with all his might; and, most of all, let the Government arouse itself to do that work which is vital, and which none but Government can do efficiently":—

For instance, public authorities are just beginning to awake to the urgency of their duties with regard to mapping out in advance the ground plans on which cities should expand—a task more vital to the health and happiness of coming generations than any others which can be accomplished by authority with little trouble, while private effort is powerless for it.

He also asks the Government to stop passing Bills the true meaning of which is avowedly uncertain, and must be declared by courts of law. Let public authorities also, he says, provide building laws and by-laws effective for all social purposes, yet elastic enough to be used discriminately. He then gives some illustrations of the anti-social instances likely to result from Governmental enterprise in matters where the private hand is competent for action and the hand of authority is needed to preserve purity.

#### DEADENING EFFECT OF GOVERNMENTAL TRADING.

As regards the milk supply, for example, he says, let the Government arouse itself to do energetically its proper work of educating British farmers up to the Danish standard, and of enforcing sanitary regulations. Municipal milk depôts have a function that is purely educational, and ought soon to make way for enlightened free co-operation under public supervision. But Governmental intrusion into businesses which require ceaseless invention and fertility of resource is a danger to social progress:—

It is notorious that, though departments of central and municipal government employ many thousands of highly-paid servants in engineering and other progressive industries, very few inventions of any importance are made by them: and of those few nearly all are the work of men, like Sir W. H. Preece, who had been thoroughly trained in free enterprise before they entered Government service. Government creates scarcely anything. If Governmental control had supplanted that of private enterprise a hundred years ago, there is good reason to suppose that our methods of manufacture now would be about as effective as they were fifty years ago, instead of being perhaps four or even six times as efficient as they were then. And in that case, if the population of the country had grown to forty-three million, it is probable that the total real income of the country would be about half what it is now; and that, if divided out equally among all families, it would yield less than the average healthy bricklayer or carpenter now earns.



## MUNICIPAL TRADING AND INVENTIVENESS.

He grants that a public engineering venture can often make a brave show:—

A Government could print a good edition of Shakespeare's works, but it could not get them written. When municipalities boast of their electric lighting and power works, they remind me of the man who boasted of "the genius of my Hamlet" when he had but printed a new edition of it. The carcase of municipal electric works belongs to the officials; the genius belongs to free enterprise.

## JEALOUSY STRONGER THAN CHIVALRY.

He insists that social disaster would probably result from the full development of the collectivist programme unless the nature of man has first been saturated with economic chivalry. At present he thinks it has been proved conclusively that in the common man jealousy is a more potent force than chivalry. Utopian experiments have almost invariably failed, excepting a few in which ardent devotion to some particular religious creed, positive or negative, completely dominated men's lives and thoughts. If we can educate economic chivalry the country will flourish, he says, under private enterprise. The great venture of collectivists should not be made until human nature has at least been formally based in chivalry. "Those who believe that all the commerce of the world will ere long be carried through the air should make a few aeroplanes carry heavy cargoes against the wind before they invite us to blow up our railway bridges."

## RUSSIAN STUDENTS.

Prince Kropotkin in the *Windsor* sketches Russian students in *coulour de rose*. In refreshing contrast to police reports, he declares that "nowhere is the university and nowhere are the students held in such high esteem as in Russia." The professor is there not merely a teacher; he must be an enthusiast and a philosopher. The student is not one merely who seeks to qualify for a successful career, but a worshipper of science and art, a seeker of truth. Such, he says, is the tradition. The great bulk of the Russian students spring from the lower nobility and the upper middle class. The first few months of the student's career are spent in an atmosphere of enchantment and intellectual enthusiasm. There are, he says, plenty of scholarships in the Russian universities, which, however, are kept for the neediest ones. The student generally supplements his very scanty store by serving as tutor. The students' restaurant serves food at ridiculously low prices. For the student the theatre is not a mere place of amusement; it is a sanctuary in which the highest art of inspiring the masses is cultivated. He is a great controversialist, and discusses everything in countless circles in informal conversation. The Russian student is a great reader, and for him the philosophical works of Spencer, Guyau, Darwin, Haeckel, Wallace, and Buckle are publish-

ed at astoundingly low prices. There is no hostility between town and gown; quite the contrary. Students live in their own homes or in the homes of their friends. The whole article is couched in the spirit of Wordsworth's "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive; but to be young was very heaven."

## A YOUNG CUCKOO AT WORK.

Mystery has always surrounded the young cuckoo. How did it manage to secure the nest of its foster parents to itself? Did the mother cuckoo lay the egg in the nest, or did she carry it there in her beak? What everyone knows is that the interloping cuckoo is duly hatched out by the confiding foster parents, and that shortly afterwards the legitimate offspring are found dead outside the nest. The generally accepted belief usually is that the mother cuckoo comes along and clears the nest of all but her own chicklet, or else that the little cuckoo, being of a much larger breed, squeezes out the other birds by rapidly filling the whole nest itself. That so unnatural a mother as the cuckoo should be on hand just when needed to clear the nest of the rightful occupants seems, on the face of it, incredible. Not by any means the least service rendered by the camera to the naturalist is to solve this much-debated and knotty question. How this was done is described by Mr. G. P. Millen in the *Photographic Monthly*. The difficulty of obtaining photographs of the young cuckoo actually ejecting the other eggs and birds was naturally great, and infinite patience was required, combined with expert knowledge. Mr. John Craig, one of the most experienced naturalists in Scotland, was the first to maintain that the little cuckoo, not a day old, actually ejected all the eggs by its unaided efforts. He was not believed, but at last he has assisted Mr. Millen to prove it beyond a doubt. The photographs which the latter took, and which illustrate this article, are splendidly clear and certainly absolutely unique. They prove that when the young cuckoo comes out of the shell he takes the other inmates of the nest one by one on his back, makes his way up the side, and throws out his burden. Mr. Millen gives the following account of how he secured the photographs:—

First, you must find a bird's nest containing a cuckoo's egg, then find out how long they have been hatching (which Mr. Craig did by breaking one of the eggs). Then find another nest near the same place and similar sized birds, also about the same time toward hatching; this is generally easier than finding the nest with the cuckoo's egg. Then you require to watch the nests closely, visiting them at least once every day, and if you care to do so you can take a plate of the nest and eggs any time. One morning you will find the nest occupied only by the young cuckoo, the rest of the inmates lying round. Never mind; get out your camera, and get the nest with the young cuckoo in it sharp on the screen. Meantime, send your companion off to one of the other nests to fetch (wrapped up in a piece of cotton-wool you have brought for the purpose) one of the other bird's eggs, warm from the nest. Drop

this into the nest beside the young cuckoo (which, by the way, is blind). He will begin to get very uneasy, and work about the nest, using his bare wings as if they were arms and hands. Feeling the egg, he will slowly work himself under it and get it into the hollow which is in his back for the purpose. He then slowly works his way up the side of the nest (backwards), his two sturdy legs firmly gripping the sides of the nest and his head pressing the bottom of the nest, forming a tripod. The wings are spread out to keep the burden from falling back into the nest. It is a desperate struggle, but bit by bit the cuckoo rises in the nest until he feels himself at the top, then up goes his head, and the burden falls off his back outside the nest. Meantime you should have been busy exposing as many plates as you could manage in the time. As there is movement going on all the time, the exposure requires to be very short; but there are moments when the cuckoo seems to be still, as if he were taking breath. There is no time to waste, as sometimes the bird will take the egg up and have it out in about ten seconds; at other times he may take as long as thirty seconds.

Not unnaturally, the cuckoo is quite exhausted after such herculean efforts. It is a strange fact that until about four days old a young cuckoo will throw out either eggs or young birds. After that he will eject no more eggs, but will put out young birds until about nine days old. After this he can see and will eject nothing more.

In March the first number of the *Nationalist*, a threepenny non-political magazine for Wales, was published at Cardiff. The April number contains articles on General Sir Thomas Picton and David Williams, the latter the founder of the Royal Literary Fund.

### Butterfly Breeding.

In the *Boy's Own Paper* is a description of a "butterfly farm," so to speak, at Bexley, North Kent. Mr. L. W. Newman, the owner of the farm, chose this original occupation in preference to the common-place one of book-keeping. His garden is full of cages, while the trees and shrubs are often more or less enveloped with fine gauze bags, wherein are thousands of caterpillars. If not thus covered up, the birds would have every one. It is easy to believe that "it is no mean work" attending to the feeding of 70,000 or 80,000 caterpillars, especially as they are most voracious insects. The secret of successful butterfly-breeding is to know what kind of food to give each kind of caterpillar. One sort, for instance, thrive only on wild and garden carrot; another only on willow herb and evening primrose; a third, a very rare kind, on nettles. The prices of insects of course vary much. A male "purple emperor" costs 4s.; a female 5s. Ova, larvæ, and pupæ are also sold. Schoolboys are enthusiastic collectors of caterpillars, which they like to breed themselves. Clergymen, schoolmasters, and doctors whose hobby is entomology, usually buy pupæ; while museums order the butterflies in all stages, even the eggs. A butterfly farmer must naturally spend most of his time at home attending to his insects; but Mr. Newman nevertheless often bicycles about Kent and adjacent counties in search of new specimens. In summer he and his assistants often work eighteen hours a day, but in winter there is a comparatively slack season.

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## A NEW SERIAL

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Begins in Our Next (July) Number.

## "Carette of Sark,"

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By JOHN OXENHAM.

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This thrilling story will delight readers of "The Review of Reviews." "In the Days of the Comet," which is concluded in this issue, has been highly appreciated and we have every reason to believe that our readers' satisfaction will justify the new selection which has been made.

Be sure you order the July number from your newsagent in order that you may secure a copy of that issue.



# THE REVIEWS REVIEWED

## THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The social revolution—for by no lesser name can it be called—which promises to result from the arrival of the doctor in the public school, is hinted at by Dr. J. J. Cronin in a paper noticed separately elsewhere.

## WAGE-WAR BETWEEN WHITE AND YELLOW.

Mr. Harris Weinstock discusses the question whether industrial Japan is likely to menace the American wage-earner. He answers that the white wage-earner has nothing to fear from Japanese or other Oriental competition. As compared with American skilled workmen, it has been estimated that the ratio of Japanese efficiency in labour is about four to one. China is a more formidable competitor than Japan. But, Mr. Weinstock points out, the more that modern industry can be encouraged in the East, the more will the purchasing power and the wants increase and the standards of the Asiatic rise. The more that

have taken a leaf out of the books of so many famous cathedrals that one cannot but wonder what the finished result will be. The article is rather technical for anyone not versed in architectural details.

## FRENCH SOCIETY: AN AMERICAN VIEW.

Mr. Barrett Wendell, the first American lecturer at a French university, continues his Impressions of Contemporary France, dealing in this paper, rather a lengthy one, chiefly with French social usages and the French *bourgeoisie*. I quote what he has to say of the moral tone of French society:—

The more you see of French people as they live among themselves, in whatever station, the less your attention is called to such irregular, if interesting, social phenomena as foreign gossip had led you to expect. On the contrary, the more you see of the French, the more deeply you are impressed not only with the general regularity of their lives, but with the surprising fact that this general regularity seems to have a very strong hold on their affections. It can



[Spokesman Review.]

## An Interview with the Nations.

[Spokane.]

Will there be war between the United States and Japan?

these grow, the more are the possibilities at hand for the consumption of the white man's increasing surplus of industrial products. This is a timely reassurance.

Mr. W. S. Rossiter describes the immigration law of 1907, with its more rigid restrictions. The revolution in Chicago's judicial system is described by Stanley Waterloo. The old and corrupt system of elected constable and party-managed magistrate has given place to a new and independent body of judges. There are three papers urging the need of greater protection of human life on American railroads. They chiefly urge the adoption of precautions which have been long established on European railroads. Mr. A. Chapman describes the making of a forest ranger.

## SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

*Scribner's Magazine* opens with a coloured illustration of what the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, of New York, still under construction, will be like when it is finished. Judging from this and the other illustrations, it should certainly be a very stately and dignified edifice. Its length is to be 520 feet, almost exactly that of Canterbury Cathedral; and its style is predominantly early Gothic; while its area will be such as to entitle it to fourth place in point of size among the world's cathedrals. It seems to

hardly be long, indeed, before you begin to wonder whether anyone can get near to the heart of them without sympathetic understanding of the intensity with which they cherish their domestic relations. This must be evident, I think, to anyone who has the privilege of seeing much of their family life.

This, of course, is very well known, but will bear repeating.

## THE "OPEN DOOR" IN MANCHURIA.

Mr. Thomas Millard, writing on this subject, says that the "open door" in Manchuria seems to him the "crux" (horrible expression!) of the Far Eastern question. According to him it is the hollowest of hollow shams, to which combined pressure from the Powers should put an end. It may even, in time, he suggests, lead to the dismemberment of China. America, of course, has lost half her Manchurian trade since the Manchurian door was, so to speak, "held open."

In the April issue of the *Cornhill Magazine* there is an interesting article, by Mr. Frederick Boyle, on the Hybridisation of Orchids. The writer describes it as a fascinating pursuit, and says that more than a hundred and fifty new hybrids have been registered this year.



## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The April number opens with a metrical eulogy by Mr. Noyes of Swinburne on his seventieth birthday. He is claimed as "the last of that immortal race whose music like a robe of living light re-clothes each new-born age." Five articles have claimed separate mention.

## GERMANY A FRIEDENSREICH.

Pan-Germanism as a national aspiration is kindly dealt with by Chedo Mijatovich. But the bogey that has been conjured out of this harmless tendency is duly laid. The writer maintains that Pan-German ideals could not be realised without endangering the safety of the German Empire and without compromising the peace of the world. He says:—

The "World's Peace," and not the "World Empire," is the worthy device—indeed, now the only possible device—of true statesmen marching in step with the most progressive ideas of our time. I believe the leaders of the German *Real-Politik* to be such statesmen. It is impossible for them to work, openly or secretly, at the realisation of the Pan-Germanic programme.

Mr. J. L. L. Bashford, writing on the German naval estimates for 1907, declares that, stated impartially and from practical points of view, German naval policy cannot be called aggressive. The German naval programme is much more likely to be delayed than accelerated.

## HOME RULE AND SEA POWER.

"Pollex" invokes the naval rivalry of the Powers in order to discredit devolution and Home Rule. He says:—

With the whole machinery of administration in Nationalist hands, Ireland might easily be organised for separation in a naval crisis of the future swifter than the Imperial power could intervene, and it is far more certain than appeared in 1886 that Home Rule under the future conditions of international policy and sea-power would be a cumulative peril.

## DELENDA EST AUSTRIA!

Mr. Alfred Stead discusses the situation in the Near East. He announces "a new fact of supreme importance," which is nothing less than the end of the Austrian Empire. The Austrian Empire is, we are informed, passing away even before its Emperor. This result is a consequence of the advance of democracy. In Austria-Hungary, including Bosnia and Herzegovina, there is a total Slav population of 22,600,000, as against 20,250,000 Germans and Magyars. Equal electoral representation must therefore mean Slav predominance in the Parliaments and Slav policy in the Ministries, and "this would mean the disappearance of the Austrian Empire—the slave of Germany—which we have known." Severance from Austria would mean for the Magyars annihilation at the hands of the Slav and Roumanian elements. The quickening of these imprisoned destructive forces is due, according to the writer, to three principal causes—the rise of the Balkan States, notably Serbia; "the insane suicidal policy of Hungary"; and the development of Italy.

## OTHER ARTICLES.

The chronicle on foreign affairs somewhat rudely insists that the Prime Minister should leave foreign policy to Sir Edward Grey, and not meddle as he did in saying "Vive la Duma," or in proposing disarmament. The writer argues that C.-B. is weakening the *entente cordiale*. Mr. Geoffrey Drage writes on the Colonial Conference, and pleads for "one practical result"—namely, the organisation of information, or an Imperial Intelligence Department. Mr. B. C. Baskerville, discussing the land famine in Russia, thinks that there should be no great difficulty in the way of M. Stolypin's project succeeding,

so far as the amount of land available is concerned. The sale of private estates is likely to increase, and large numbers of peasants will probably settle in Siberia and Central Asia. But not fifty nor a hundred acres of land will save the peasants from starvation if they are not taught to till it, and in this task Government and Liberals should act together. There are two literary articles—one by H. C. Minchin on Henry Fielding; the other by J. A. R. Marriott on Mr. Herbert Paul's *Modern England*. An extraordinarily readable paper is contributed by Major Arthur Griffiths on London Clubs, past and present.

## THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

The *Nuova Antologia* publishes a well-thought-out article by A. Franklin-Martin—presumably an Englishman—on England's probable policy in regard to a possible reduction of armaments. The writer states that exaggerated hopes have been raised in Italy by "C.-B.'s" declarations, first by what he said at the Interparliamentary Conference last July, and again by his recent article in the *Nation*. He further points out how cordial English relations are just now with all the European Powers, save only Germany, and how even in regard to Germany the situation has enormously improved, so that the moment would be highly propitious for a reduction in military expenditure. Nevertheless the author asserts that the policy of the Liberal Party is "neither disarmament, nor even a reduction of armaments, but merely a limitation, a standing-still in expenditure," and he proceeds to summarise very clearly what is actually being done to strengthen our army and navy. Mr. Franklin-Martin insists on the practical impossibility of ever discussing the reduction of armaments at the Hague Conference, and urges the wisdom of limiting discussion to the most effectual means of strengthening the Arbitration Court, and thus rendering the chances of war as remote as may be.

*Emporium* is full as ever of artistic material. An article, by Vittorio Pica, on Italy as seen by foreign engravers, is illustrated by exquisite reproductions of works by Whistler, Brangwyn, R. Goff, Edgar Chatrine, and others. A number of views in Morocco, an article on early Venetian miniature-painting, and the conclusion of the series on Roumanian art, ancient and modern, complete a very attractive number.

Dante students will be interested in a lengthy discussion, in the *Rassegna Nazionale* (March 1st) on "The Brevity of Dante's Style," by P. Bellezza, who has the courage to combat various widely-accepted opinions concerning the great poet. S. Monti attempts to assign to G. Carducci his due place in Italian literature mid-way between those allotted to him respectively by his adulators and detractors. Continuing a series on "Symptoms of Religious Unrest," N. C. discusses Fr. Tyrrell's "Much-abused Letter" and his expulsion from the Society of Jesus in a sense wholly favourable to Fr. Tyrrell. G. Goria writes sympathetically on women's suffrage, but warns the women of Italy that they have no chance of getting the vote for a very long time to come, and gives them the sensible advice to set about organising themselves meanwhile.

A copy has just reached us of *Leonardo*, a magazine of intellectual thought published in Florence. It appears to occupy a very critical attitude towards most movements of the day, but entertains a great admiration for Ruskin. The articles are good and varied, and include the translation of a lecture by Professor William James on "Human Energy," while others deal with Socialism, "Pragmatism," and the moral teaching of the Chinese philosopher Chuang-Tse.



## THE SPANISH REVIEWS.

In the two current fortnightly issues of *Nuestro Tiempo* there are three articles which give proof of some social progress in Spain. One concerns the youthful offender, and advocates a more rational method of dealing with him. Reformatories are recommended and other propositions are made, which mean that Spain is invited to walk in the path already traversed by England and the more progressive countries. The next one treats of the duties of sick persons. They must consent to isolation when suffering from diseases that may be communicated to their fellows, they should not marry if they are stricken with tuberculosis and similar maladies, and they must, generally speaking, throw off their selfish considerations and permit themselves to be dealt with in such ways as the safety of their fellow-creatures renders necessary. The third contribution, "Freedom Taught by Free Teaching," urges more liberty; more freedom in religious and other instruction, more liberty all round. Those three subjects are not new in this country, but in Spain it is otherwise. The progressive tendency is becoming more manifest.

In *España Moderna* there is a contribution by Sr. Alix on the commercial policy of Spain. The writer traces the history of Free Trade, and arrives at the conclusion that it will not be suitable for Spain. Sr. Alix shows how little he knows about his subject when he says that even Great Britain is changing her mind about Free Trade.

*Revista Contemporanea* opens with an essay on political rights in the South American Republics, in which much information is given concerning the various Constitutions. We are told that they all respect the foreigner to a marked degree; this is interesting, for in certain other countries it often happens that the "foreigner" gets anything but justice.

The critical condition of the theatre in Spain is, according to another writer in the same review, due to what must be regarded as corrupt practices. Mediocre authors get their pieces accepted by "influence," to which word many meanings may be attributed, and the *claque* has to work for all it is worth. Deceptive advertisements are issued, free tickets are given to fill the theatre, and every effort is made to cajole the public into paying for admission and in persuading the disappointed audience that it does not know its own mind and ought to be greatly pleased with the fare provided for its delectation. As a result of these tricks to make money without giving value for it, the theatre in Spain is languishing alarmingly.

## THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The most striking article in the *Monthly Review* is Gorki's denunciation of New York as the City of the Yellow Devil. This will be found noticed elsewhere.

## THE RUSKIN COPYRIGHT.

Mr. George A. B. Dewar protests against the reprinting of the earlier and now non-copyright editions of Ruskin's books. He enumerates the changes and corrections made by Mr. Ruskin in later editions, sets forth the many virtues of Mr. George Allen as a publisher of Ruskin's works, and declares that we owe it as a solemn debt to our great writers and thinkers to present their works in the authentic form on which they insisted when living. He appears to favour a continuance of a George Allen monopoly in Ruskin's books. But surely if this outcry against

the publication of editions that do not contain the final revisions of the author is sincere and is only inspired by concern for the author's fame, there is a very simple solution ready to hand. Let the holder of the copyright in the fragmentary revisions forego their rights to prohibit the publication of later and partially copyright editions. They cannot prevent the publication of Ruskin now that the term of copyright has expired, but their prohibition still stands in the way of the wider dissemination of what they regard as the only true and authentic version.

## THE COLONIES AND NAVAL DEFENCE.

Mr. E. B. Osborn has a very sympathetic article on the Colonial Premiers. He regards the Premier more from the standpoint of their attitude to naval defence and preferential tariffs than from the purely personal point of view. He is especially concerned to show with how many the desire for some sort of preferential tariff arrangement is very strong. Both New Zealand and Australia, he thinks, understand British sea power and what it means for them. Canada, however, does not.

## THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The issue of March 1st is notable for Mark Twain's autobiography first and foremost, and also for Mr. Tarr's summary description of earthquakes, both of which articles have been noticed elsewhere.

Mr. Goldwin Smith details the perils of the Republic. He enumerates the deluge of alien immigration, formidable industrial disturbance, militant unionism, millionairism, the decay of religious beliefs and hopes, the growing spirit of violence and contempt of law, the war spirit with flag-worship, the negro difficulty, the degeneration of the Senate, encroachment of the power of the President; worst of all, "the division of the nation into two organised factions waging for power and place a perpetual war of intrigue, vituperation and corruption." He concludes by remarking that the Republic has a large reserve of patriotism and wisdom.

Mr. F. J. Stimpson protests against the encroachment of the President's prerogative on the people's liberty, and hopes that the United States may continue to be a Government of law and not of men.

Mr. L. S. Rowe discusses the trade relations of the United States and South America, and urges that there should be a readjustment of tariff relations so as to secure for America the trade that Europe has too largely claimed.

The number for March 15th is distinguished by Mark Twain's account of his dinner with the Kaiser and Professor Brander Matthews' description of the dramatic public in the days of Queen Elizabeth—both noticed elsewhere. Mr. Benjamin Taylor warns Americans against regarding Glasgow as an unimpeachable instance of municipal trading. He paints the other side, and dwells especially on the dead failure of the municipal telephone. Lieut.-Col. Bulard describes the Cuban negro, his superstitions and his immorality. In contrast with the Southern States the negroes in Cuba have all trades, careers, and professions open to them. There is in Cuba an equality between the races sought for in vain under the Stars and Stripes. Baron Kaneko argues that Japan and the United States are not rivals, but partners, in the development of Pacific trade. Japan supplies what the United States cannot, and *vice versa*. Japan supplies raw silk, tea, and artistic goods. The United States supply raw cotton, tobacco, flour, paper, petroleum, and industrial plants.



## THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

The *Nouvelle Revue* of March 15 contains an article by Deputy F. Dubief on the new French Minister of Labour. The writer, who notes that New Zealand, the United States, England, and Belgium have preceded France in realising, under some form or other, the logical and necessary consequence of State intervention in the labour world, pleads that the various services connected with the condition of labour which are now dispersed among several other Ministers, should be added to the functions of the new Minister. After all, it is not so much a matter of creating a new force as it is a question of reuniting and concentrating the forces at present scattered in different offices.

## THE REVUE DE PARIS.

The first March number of the *Revue de Paris* revives the question of the teaching of patriotism in the schools in France, and George Duruy defends the study of the wars in which France has been engaged as an important element in the teaching of French history. He laments the present movement for the mission of French military exploits, which he thinks has been organised by the Peace Party on the ground that the study of war develops in young minds a taste for violence, respect for brute force. The history of France as it is now taught in primary schools tends, he says, to substitute for the love of country the vague cult of humanity. No one hates war more than he does, and no one approves more than he does the action of the "pacifists," in proclaiming that war is detestable, but he remains of opinion that history and patriotism cannot be taught without due study of the military glory of France in the past.

## THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* opens with an article on Royal Poets, by Mr. Robert Bell. Their rank, truth to tell, is more remarkable than their poetical talents. A great number of our Sovereigns have written—not poems, but "pomes." Meek little Edward VI. even ventured to compose "a most elegant comedy, the title of which was 'The Whore of Babylon'!" Queen Elizabeth's poetry, judging by the specimens quoted, is far from deserving Puttenham's extravagant eulogy of it, though it is also far from being doggerel. Mary Stuart probably excelled her in poetical talent, as she did in beauty. James I. filled his vacant hours with poetical exercises, some at least of which were exceedingly bad. The three first Georges "hated boetry," and it is not known that the fourth loved it. At any rate, of late our Sovereigns have had too much to do minding their realm to indulge in verse; and it is safe to say that unless they can in future do better than their predecessors on their throne, they will gain rather than lose in popularity by their abstinence.

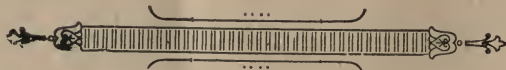
Very charming illustrations accompany the article on "Old English Halls." Among those selected are Moreton Hall, in Cheshire, a country abounding in these old buildings; Haddon Hall, of Dorothy Vernon fame in Derbyshire, which since the Conquest has been in the hands of only three families; Smithells, in Lancashire; and Cobham Hall, five miles west of Rochester, partly Tudor, partly Inigo Jones. It is a pleasant walk from Rochester, or may be reached from Gravesend *via* Shorne. On Friday both the house and the famous picture-gallery may be visited for one shilling. Queen Elizabeth once spent some time in this hall, and Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, after their marriage at Canterbury, slept here on their rose-strewn way to London.

## THE LONE HAND.

The *Bulletin's* new venture, *The Lone Hand*, promised for so long, is at last an accomplished fact. It is certainly of a character and on a scale not before attempted in Australia, but considering the way in which it was boomed, the first number is rather disappointing. The note of disappointment and apology runs through the managerial and editorial notes upon it, the latter's comment being "still" (in spite of mentioned defects and promises of improvement) "claiming to be well worth the shilling it costs the public," etc. For all that, however, it is value for the money, and no doubt will succeed. There is room for distinctively Australian literature, and *The Lone Hand* will help to develop it.

Mr. Lyle, the Secretary of the Victorian Lands Settlement Division of the Immigration League of Australia, has published a pamphlet relating to the needs of Victoria. He appropriately calls it "The Peril of Melbourne." He deals with the question of Victoria's totally inadequate population and gives some striking figures. It is one of the best symposiums of facts and figures relating to Victoria that we have seen for a long time. He points out that although there are 56½ million acres in Victoria, only 34½ millions are occupied, and of the latter only 4½ millions are under cultivation, and that although Victoria and Great Britain are about the same size, Great Britain produces more than twice as many sheep as Victoria, nearly three times as much wheat, sixteen times as much oats, more than fifty times as much barley, nearly thirty times as much potatoes, five times as many horses, four times as many cattle, and nine times as many pigs.

This is but an instance of the comparisons which Mr. Lyle makes, and the pamphlet forms such a splendid statement of the case for the Immigration League that the price of one penny which is charged for it is altogether inadequate. The pamphlet ought to be read by everyone who has Australia's good at heart. Copies can be obtained by sending 1½d. to this office.





## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

### THE AGE OF THE AIRSHIP\* : FACTS AND FANTASIES.

#### I.—FACTS.

"The aeroplane," said to me the German Foreign Minister as we sat talking in the Foreign Office of Berlin, "is the great unknown X of the future, of which we never lose sight for a moment." "The aeroplane," said Baron D. Aehrenthal, Minister, President of Austria-Hungary, "may revolutionise everything. Fleets, fortresses, frontiers—all the existing armaments of the world may be rendered obsolete by its coming. If you wish for peace, persuade every parliament to grant a subvention every year for the improvement of the aeroplane." "The problem of aerial navigation," said M. Franz Kossuth, Minister of Commerce of Hungary, "was solved when it was discovered how to generate great power by an engine of light weight. There are some details to be perfected, but the future of the aeroplane is assured." "Why should I spend £2,000,000," asked the King of Italy, "in building a huge ironclad which may be wrecked by aeroplanes before it leaves harbour?"

M. Santos Dumont had preceded me at Rome, and it was confidently declared by engineering experts that the air will be as full of aeroplanes in four or five years as the streets are to-day full of motor-cars. M. Philippe, President of the Italian Aeronautical Society, whom I met in the antechamber of Queen Margherita, spoke with the most absolute confidence of the coming conquest of the air. At the Hague Conference it will be proposed to forbid the use of air-ships as engines of war. A Bill was introduced into the Dutch Parliament this year forbidding air-ships to fly over Dutch territory and providing legal penalties for any aerial navigator who did not obey a summons to descend. Everywhere and always on my tour round Europe I heard of the coming conquest of the air. At long last the unfeathered biped is about to contest the empire of the air with the feathered tribes which have hitherto monopolised it.

The sporting offer of a London daily newspaper of a large money prize for the first air-ship that flies from London to Manchester has brought many competitors into the field. The American Government is reported to have bought the jealously-guarded secret of the Wright Brothers' air-ship, which is said to have sailed thirty-five miles in circles with and

against the wind. Sir Hiram Maxim has not been heard much of these last months, but he is confident of ultimate success.

Already the new science is creating a literature and an industry. "Ballooning and Aeronautics" is the title of a shilling monthly illustrated record, the first number of which was issued in January by Guide and Co., 45 Grafton-street, Tottenham Court-road. Its advertisements are even more significant than its literary contents. The Aero Club announces an exhibition of Model Flying Machines at the Royal Agricultural Hall from 6th to 13th April. The Aero Club Institute advertises for members at 10s. 6d. per annum. Various tailors advertise ballooning costumes. Aeronauts and balloon manufacturers advertise their places of business, promise to arrange balloon ascents for private parties, and announce that a special selection of aneroids, barographs, statuscopes, compasses, etc., are kept in stock. One firm announces that it built an air-ship which lifted seven tons. Another firm advertises "Caloret," which heats food without fire, and enables you to have your meals heated at a moment's notice. There are advertisements of all manner of strange instruments—meteorographs, hygrometers, anemometers, evaporimeters, actinometers, pluviometers, anemo-cinematographs. The following periodicals devoted to the pursuit are already in existence:—

*L'Aerophile* (14th year), 1 franc per month. 84 Faubourg St. Honore, Paris.

*L'Aero-Revue*, 75 c. per month. 4, Quai Pêcherie, Lyon.

*L'Aerostation* (quarterly), 2 francs per annum. 14 Rue de Goncourt, Paris.

*L'Aeronautique* (10th year), 2 francs 50 c. per annum. 55 Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, Paris.

*Bulletin de l'Aero-Club* (Swiss), 5 francs per annum (six numbers). Imprimerie Haller, Berne.

*Conquête de l'Air*, fortnightly.

*Revue de l'Aviation*, fortnightly.

*Illustrierte Aeronautische Mittheilungen* (German, French, and English); monthly (10th year), 13s. 7d. per annum. David Nutt, 57-59 Long Acre.

*Wiener Luftschiffer Zeitung*, monthly, 12 kronen per annum. 1 St. Annahof, Vienna.

This list is incomplete, but so far as it goes it affords a hint as to the attention now being bestowed upon the subject.

These are facts. Now for the fantasy. It is supplied by a German romancer, Rudolf Martin by name, who, after scaring Europe by a ruthless exposure of Russian finance, has this year amused himself by taking a still more adventurous flight into the realm of imagination. His book, "Berlin—Bag-

\* "Berlin—Bagdad. Das deutsche Weltreich im Zeitalter der Luftschiffahrt," 1910-1931 (The German Empire in the Age of Airships). By Rudolf Martin. Stuttgart and Leipzig. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, 1907.



THE BATTLE OF THE AIR.



dad," is a grotesque romance of the future, very absurd no doubt, but one which will help to whet curiosity as to the possibilities of the air-ship.

## II.—THE FANTASY OF RUDOLF MARTIN.

Here is an outline of this preposterous prophecy of things to come when men have achieved the conquest of the air.

### GERMANY'S FUTURE LIES IN THE AIR.

On January 1st, 1910, the German Generals and Admirals being assembled in Berlin to offer New Year's greetings to their Sovereign, the Kaiser made them a sonorous speech on the transcendent importance of air-ships to the world in general and to the German Empire in particular. The invention of the steerable motor air-ship, he declares, is only comparable in importance to the discovery of gunpowder. Every German army corps in the future, he announces, is to have an air sailors' brigade attached to it. The Imperial Chancellor had been ordered to demand the sum of £500,000 to hasten the building of the German air-fleet. There must be 30,000 swift flying-machines for the transport of 30,000 infantry. Krupp is to fit out 1000 flying-machines at once with artillery, and by means of the 400 transport air-ships (Zeppelins) already ordered it will be possible between the hours of twelve and three to transport from Germany 400,000 men into England. "Germany's future," concluded the Emperor, "lies in the air!" The history of the next twenty years is one long proof of his Majesty's sagacity and foresight.

### THE FIRST GREAT AIR-BATTLES.

The year 1913 found Russia still muddling along in much the same way as in 1907. Continual revolutionary dropping, however, had worn away even the Russian governmental stone; and just when the tension between the Parliament and the people was at breaking point the Japanese found a pretext for a quarrel with Russia that they had been seeking since 1905, and the second Russo-Japanese war was declared (October, 1912). In March, 1913, after a murderous battle in the desert of Gobi, the whole Russian army capitulated, the Japanese battle-air ships, transport air-trains, and war-motors being altogether too much for them. Zeppelin motor-air-ships drew the trains, and in reality decided the Japanese victory. This catastrophe made even the Russian worm to turn. "Down with Tsarism!" is the universal cry. The Tsar and his family prepare to fly; but had it not been for the kindness of the commander of the German torpedo flotilla, then at Cronstadt, who sent two battle-air-ships to the rescue, they would never have got away at all. The battle-air-ships "Pomerania" and "Westphalia," however, conveyed the Imperial family and all the Grand-Ducal families, with their suites, nearly 10,000 feet up into the air, and so to safety and oblivion.

### SUWAROW, THE NAPOLEON OF THE AIR.

Russia at once declared herself a Republic. Next day she was split into two Governments; a fortnight later into twenty, *plus* ten independent States. Civil war raged, the scaffolds ran red with blood, and half the population was reduced to the verge of starvation. Things might have gone on thus indefinitely had not a new Napoleon Bonaparte, one Michael Suwarow, arisen, and induced Sacharow, the most bloodthirsty of the Russian Tribunes, to provide Russia with a first-class air-fleet and put him in command of it. Suwarow-Napoleon decided to begin his career of conquest by reconquering Central Asia for Russia. In April, 1913, at twelve (midnight), therefore, he left with the Russian air-fleet for Bokhara. At 5 a.m. the Emir was awakened by the noise of the first bomb from Suwarow's battle-ship. In an hour the conquest of Bokhara was complete. With the Emir's wealth Suwarow in a year built an air-fleet of 40 battle-ships, 200 flying-machines, and 12 transport air-trains. The first use to which these were put was to reconquer the Caucasus. Suwarow was fully alive to the immense possibilities opened up by aerial navigation. He introduced aerial transport and wireless telephony into the smallest villages and remotest mountain valleys. As for himself, he positively lived in his air-ship. His flying-machine, heavier than air, was the fastest in the world; and his aluminium motor-air-ship, a Zeppelin, lighter than air, was a flying palace.

### 250 MILES AN HOUR.

Suwarow was President of the world-famous Aero-Auto Club in Baku, whose air-races attracted crowds from all parts of the world. These races, being generally in the direction of China, suggested to Suwarow the conquest of that Empire. In 1914 and 1915 aeronautics made amazing progress. By 1915 motor-air-ships had attained a speed of 187½ to 250 miles an hour. From Suwarow's air-ship station in Khokand, to Peking, was not quite 2200 miles—a nice little air-trip of ten hours. So it came about that the summer of 1915 saw Michael Suwarow with three battle-air-ships (one being a supplementary air-ship filled with benzoin and oil) and one Zeppelin air-train, hovering at 5000 feet above the golden roofs of Peking. Leaning on the gilded aluminium bulwarks of his stately air-ship, he planned his conquest of the age-old Chinese Empire.

### THE AIR-BATTLE-SHIP.

But this project had perforce to be postponed on account of the outbreak of the Russo-German war of 1916. In the six years since the Kaiser's stirring air-ship speech Germany had been steadily creating a superb aerial navy, till she was now the first aero-naval power in the world, France being the second.

The war with Russia came about in this wise. Germany's heart had long been wrung by the sorrows of the three Republics of Poland, Lithuania, and Ruthenia in their struggle with Russia. The



subject had come up more than once in the British Parliament also, and Mr. Geoffrey Drage, the Prime Minister, had promised to intervene, if possible. Meanwhile Russia, knowing things could not continue as they were, piled battle-air-ship on battle-air-ship. One great advantage of such ships over the old-fashioned type was their extreme cheapness, a first-class Zeppelin air-cruiser in 1915 only costing £15,000, and being capable of carrying 600 men. On the 19th April, 1916, therefore, diplomatic relations ceased between Germany and Russia.

#### AIR-SHIPS V. INFANTRY.

Suwarow at the outbreak of hostilities was in Warsaw. He at once ordered five battle-ships up aloft, at varying heights. Presently he sent up his air-fleet to cruise about and make reconnaissances at 29,500 feet, for which of course they had to carry proper air-oxidising plant. The look-out air-ships from time to time announced that various German air-fleets were to be seen scurrying about in different directions. These fleets rained down torpedoes and bombs on the Russian infantry, slaughtering masses of them; while the Russian field-guns were powerless to harm a single German air-vessel, more especially as the German officers kept their ships well above the Russian fire zone. Generally the German air-ships sailed at 6500 to 9000 feet above the ground, only descending to 4500 feet when they found themselves directly above a Russian regiment on the march. Then they took up positions at some distance apart along the line of march, and poured down fearful discharges of bombs and torpedoes on the luckless soldiers beneath, destroying whole companies at a time. Even if a stray shot did reach one of the Zeppelins of 100,000 cubic metres gas-burden and make a hole in three or four gas-balloons, what did that matter? There were 150 of these gas balloons, every one independent of all the others. Even a hole or two in the aluminium itself had no effect.

#### AIR-SHIPS' RAID ON BERLIN.

Meanwhile Suwarow was planning a bold enterprise. This was nothing more nor less than the bombardment of Berlin before sunrise the next morning. An air-fleet on the defensive, as he well knew, is "nonsense." Naval air-tactics are essentially offensive, and will ever remain so. Therefore, leaving young Kuropatkin in charge at Warsaw, Suwarow ordered all lights in or near the city to be put out at ten o'clock, and in the thick darkness twenty battle-air-ships went up every two minutes, besides three transport air-trains full of ammunition and benzoin. They went *via* St. Petersburg, so as to mislead any German air-fleets which might catch sight of them. The admiral's flag-ship (or what corresponded to it) was the "Tiflis," an aluminium battle-air-ship of the latest pattern. Suwarow's sitting-room was nearly as large as the admiral's cabin on an old-fashioned sea battle-ship. Every window was defended by cannon,

and the whole place bristled with torpedoes. All the air-ships communicated with one another by wireless telegraphy, which was absolutely necessary in order to dodge the enemy's air-cruisers. The giants of Suwarow's fleet were 9843 feet long and 120,000 cubic metre gas-burden. The battle-front of the fleet was nearly four miles long, although there were only twenty air-ships.

#### THE AIR BATTLE ABOVE BERLIN.

Presently the sun rose. The "Tiflis," with Suwarow on the bridge, finally reviewed the air-fleet before beginning the attack on Berlin. There was no time to be lost, for far away the German air-fleet of one hundred and twenty-five air-ships was already sighted. Somehow or other they had got wind of Suwarow's movements. Just then a shrapnel shell nearly hit the "Tiflis." Other air-ships telegraphed that their aluminium hulls were pierced; but no harm was done. Then suddenly a torpedo from the "Caucasus" hit the aluminium hull of a gigantic German battle-air-ship. There was a fearful explosion, and the proud air-ship sank rapidly. Meanwhile the Russians hailed shots on the German ships. Four German air-ships tried to rise, but sank riddled with shots, and those of their crews who had not their fall-lifebelts on were smashed to pieces. In a few moments almost all the one hundred and twenty-five German air-ships were struck with torpedoes. They could not rise, but as many as were able fled in all directions, about five going towards Berlin. The Russians pursued them, firing all the time.

#### THE BOMBARDMENT OF BERLIN.

Then, at a sign from Suwarow, fifty of the Russian ships assembled for the bombardment of Berlin. With lightning speed they distributed themselves over the city, the "Tiflis" with Suwarow taking up its post at 6500 feet over the Imperial residence. Torpedoes and bombs rained down. Thousands soon lay dead or grievously wounded. The living meanwhile scuttled in every direction. The great Alexander Barracks was destroyed by torpedoes, and its inmates annihilated. The railway stations were reduced to heaps of ruins. Nearly all the military trains were cannonaded. In fact, nothing of Berlin would have been left at the end of half-an-hour had not two great columns of air-ships come rushing up. Up shot the Russian ships; but it was too late. A German shrapnel struck the "Tiflis," and she sank rapidly. Suwarow, however, jumped out, having his fall-lifebelt on. The little battle-ship "Tibet" threw him a rope, which, when he had nearly reached the earth, he managed to catch. A strong pull, and he was on board her. But she, too, was badly hit, and was sinking fast. The "Volga," a giant of the air, was telephoned to (wirelessly), and took him on board by a spring-bridge. Then, pop! she is away 16,500 feet up in the clouds, going at such a pace that none of the German ships can pos-



sibly come up with her. A few hours afterwards she has landed Suwarow in the Pamir Mountains, and before the sun has risen next morning over the Himalayas all the other air-ships of the line are safely at home in the Pamirs also.

#### THE GERMAN EMPIRE IN 1930.

Suwarow retires to his wonderful air-ship station in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Pamirs, and there plans future conquests, but for the present lies very low and says nothing. He has married a daughter of the Emir of Bokhara, and the two take many agreeable little jaunts together in a private air-ship-de-luxe. Communication with the outer world is kept up by wireless telegraphy and telephony; and air-ships come every day from Central Asia and India with all sorts of provisions. Suwarow is immensely busy. Not only is he perfecting air-ships, but his aerial fortifications are slowly overcoming the protection afforded in the past to British India by the Himalayan chain. He also has his eye constantly on China as well as on India.

The German Emperor, duly victorious, concludes the Peace of Warsaw (May 10th, 1916). A Pan-German Empire becomes daily more desirable; and shortly after the declaration of Peace the draft of an Austro-German Commonwealth is published. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Kieff soon beg for its protection. Two days after the signing of the treaty of Peace, the Kaiser had agreed in the name of this Commonwealth to take the Sultan, the whole Balkan Peninsula, and Greece under his protection. A huge Imperial Parliament—the Staatentag—displaces the former humble Reichstag. It is amazing with what wisdom this vast Empire is governed. The whole Commonwealth, from Hamburg to Bussorah on the Persian Gulf, is united in a vast Customs Union. Air-ships and flying-machines had long made mock of customs and tariffs by facilitating the smuggling in vast quantities of all manner of articles, both luxuries and necessities. Air cargo-ships could already carry up to a hundred tons. In remote districts of the Turkish Empire the Albanians and Bedouins had long been selling everything direct to tramp air-ships, which smuggled the goods into the different countries; so that the taking off of customs duties was rather a necessity than a virtue. Innumerable benefits flowed from the formation of the Austro-German Commonwealth upon all the lands included under its beneficent sway.

#### 4,000,000 AIR-SAILORS.

In 1930 the German Empire reached from Berlin to Bagdad, and beyond. In the fourteen years after the Peace of Warsaw civilisation in the German Empire had advanced more than in the preceding 1400 years. Nowhere were the changes more amazing than in Mesopotamia, where truly the desert was blossoming like the rose. Here, as elsewhere in this polyglot Empire, were to be found thousands of German teachers. It was quite easy to keep up the

vast supply of them, as they were only a few hours by air-ship from home, and as every year they and their families were conveyed home free by a stately air-liner for a two months' holiday. Tolerance was the guiding principle of the Commonwealth. German, though taught, did not stamp out the other languages. In December, 1930, the Commonwealth numbered 215,000,000 souls. There were three standing armies—land, marine, and air—of 17,000,000 men, the most important of which were the 4,000,000 trained air-sailors. Moreover, the young German idea was diligently educated in the importance of the air-ship, and almost every boy wanted to be in the air-sailors' division of his regiment. Suwarow since 1917 had been Tsar of Russia, which, in spite of losses, was still one of the greatest world-Powers. Finland had joined hands with Sweden. The Peace of Tomsk (1916) gave to Japan all Siberia east of the Yenesei, which kept that Power quiet. France meanwhile seemed to be looking on; Italy, lost in amazement; and the British lion either lashing his tail or inarticulate with rage.

#### CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN TEN HOURS.

Wireless telephony and aerial navigation have made the United States and the Pan-German Commonwealth much better acquainted with each other. Although the number of Hamburg-American liners is much greater than before, and they have not stood still in the matter of improvements, yet most travellers now cross the Atlantic by air-ship. There are, however, still a certain number of conservative, old fogies who prefer some other method of locomotion to flying along up aloft at 250 miles an hour. The time of an air-journey varies, but between Bremen and New York is generally from ten to twenty hours. The best liner takes five days. With increased speed liner collisions had become more frequent, and the rarity of these accidents on air-ships is a great argument in their favour. In 1930 the air-ships-de-luxe of the Hamburg-American line have reached 180,000 cubic-metre gas-burden, with 300 separate gas balloons and eight to twelve motors. They can carry more than 1000 passengers. The great aluminium air-ships can not only fly but also float, the reason for this being that they may be able to assist sea-vessels in distress, if need be. Moreover, should any air-ship itself be in distress, it can at once summon another to its aid by wireless telephony. With all its comfort, a first-class air-ship-de-luxe carrying 1000 passengers costs only £250,000—a fourth of the price of a fast liner. By air-ship, doing it in ten to twenty hours, the passage to America costs, first class, food and all included, only £10 per person.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

Moreover, air-ship voyages across the ocean are extraordinarily healthful. Most air-ships-de-luxe of the Hamburg-American line would, for 10 per cent. of the passage money extra, sail by the upper air (9843 to 16,400 feet). Some ships would even go



much higher, for very soon after the coming of steerable air-ships it had been discovered that a stay of from twelve to twenty hours at a height of 19,000 to 20,000 feet was a certain cure for tuberculosis. Those threatened with consumption are therefore sent to spend several days or weeks in an air-ship cruising about at between 16,000 and 18,000 feet above the ocean.

#### BERLIN TO BAGDAD BY AIR-SHIP.

Nothing gives a better notion of the wisdom and beneficence of German Imperial Government and the changes which have been brought about by the coming of the air-ship than a journey taken in 1930 on the air-ship-de-luxe, "Mecca," by a party of Germans, Americans, and Englishmen. She left Berlin at 10 a.m. for Bussorah, on the Persian Gulf, *via* Bagdad. She was one of the most elegant ships of the Hamburg-American line, so luxuriously fitted up that she could carry eighty passengers, so that travelling by her was, of course, remarkably dear, three times as dear as by ordinary air-ship. From Berlin to Bagdad by the "Mecca" cost £15; on an ordinary air-ship it cost £5 first-class and £2 10s. second-class. The distance of over 2000 miles was covered in eleven hours. By electric railway it could not be done in less than twenty-one hours, and cost £20.

#### NEWS BY WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

On board the "Mecca" half the travellers were Americans, and the rest mostly German officers, who, being with their families, had not gone by the troop-air-ship. Five or six times an hour the latest Berlin Stock Exchange news comes by wireless telephony. At luncheon-time by the same means the most interesting items are communicated from the Berlin and Viennese midday papers. The wireless telephone prints everything clear on paper in the air-ship, like the old-fashioned telegraph used to do. A rumour arrives that German women are to be allowed to sit in the Staatentag. They already have the vote, which, by the way, has been very bad for the Social Democrats. The German officers think the Chancellor can hardly be foolish enough to allow them in the Staatentag. Meanwhile the air-ship speeds on over the Black Sea. Down below there are whole groups of flying-machines, at about 3200 feet above the sea, going towards Constantinople. Being telephoned to, the fliers reply in English that they are having a jaunt to Egypt to the Crimea *via* Constantinople and back again. The "Mecca" descends to talk to them, and they prove to be Americans, many of the machines having only one young girl on board. An American on the "Mecca," one Mr. White, the Standard Oil Company director, relates how his two daughters travelling with him, aged eighteen and twenty, had together already driven a flying-machine from New York to San Francisco, and how every day they did little runs like that from the Crimea to Constantinople and back.

#### PICNICKING AT THE NORTH POLE.

His wife, he says, was the first woman to set foot on the North Pole, fifteen years ago. At that time the newspapers still recorded every visit to the North Pole. This, of course, was no longer possible, as in summer hundreds of persons, especially Americans, visited it every day in air-ships and flying-machines. Mr. White's daughters had had two picnics there already, and the last time had also visited the Magnetic Pole, the way to which the captain of the air-ship remembered, having been there once before, a fortunate circumstance, since the compass was useless, doing nothing but whirl round and round. In American sporting circles, according to the Miss Whites, it was only a visit to the South Pole which was now thought anything of, and then only because its great distance from New York made it rather inaccessible. Mrs. White had only been there once, and thought it a delightful place. The following year the members of the New York Sport Club meant to build a comfortable club-house at the North Pole, and to celebrate its opening they proposed great air-ship races between the North and the South Poles. The competitors were only to stop on the way ten times, at places agreed upon beforehand. It was becoming highly necessary to have a proper club-house and restaurant at the North Pole, because of the crowd of picnickers, who never swept or tidied up at all, so that the place was becoming nothing but a heap of empty champagne bottles.

#### THE PARADISE OF MESOPOTAMIA.

During the journey the Americans have time to gaze with admiration on the wonderfully fertile and verdant plains of Asia Minor, now one vast garden of cotton plantations and other crops. Irrigation works are everywhere. Mesopotamia, under German rule, has become a paradise. And Babylon is another! "Is not this great Babylon?" has now quite another meaning. The two provinces together have 12,000,000 inhabitants. As for the Sultan, instead of being an impecunious monarch, about whom everyone delighted to say rude things, he has become the richest sovereign in the world, enjoying the utmost consideration. The day after the arrival of the party in Bagdad they charter a number of excellent flying-machines (which, by all but nervous old ladies and gentlemen, are much preferred to staid gas-borne air-ships), and go off to see the beauty of the land. Bagdad, from a distance, positively bristles with public and private air-ship landing stages. Never before had even the Americans seen such a number and variety of air-vessels. Many of these lay from 3200 to about 12,000 feet above the town, for in summer many persons slept up aloft in their air-ships. Many others slipped over to the Taurus Mountains to sleep, or spend a few hours daily. In the height of summer the whole population lived in the high mountains.



**BERLIN IN 1930.**

Berlin, the capital of this great empire, has in 1930 a population of six millions. In Berlin in 1930 there were more air-vessels than in 1907 there were motor-cars. Flying-machines and air-ships are subjected to strict regulations. Drivers of them must pass an examination, and tens of thousands had done so. Within the city radius it is strictly forbidden to sail over the houses in flying-machines, and even air-ships must keep a proper distance. The air-police preserve order in the air, and are a terror to aerial evil-doers, whom they spy out from incredible distances. It is useless for the transgressor to dash up into higher regions; he will only find there more air-police ready to pounce upon him. In all directions there are roads free from houses, which are, of course, flying-ship tracks. Numbers of the Berlin citizens live in Thuringia and the Hartz Mountains, and spend Saturday to Monday on top of the Jungfrau.

Season-tickets by air-ships cost only a third of what the railway tickets had cost. Heligoland has become so favourite a Saturday-to-Monday and picnic resort that it is absolutely invisible for the air-ships, and you have to wait an hour to an hour and a-half before being able to land.

In Berlin it must be nearly pitch-dark because of the crowds of flying-machines, air-trains, commercial and other air-ships. Four colossal towers in the four directions of the compass stand outside Berlin. They are police and military observation posts, from which day and night photographs are constantly taken of the heavens, so that the approach of all air-ships to Berlin is at once known, for air-pirates have sometimes been rather a nuisance, even descending on villas in the dead of night and stealing the air-ships. In the German Commonwealth 10,000 air-ships were launched in 1930.

**HANGING-GARDENS.**

In 1907 Berlin still bristled with telegraph wires, and even the railway lines were cumbered up with them. In 1930 these have vanished. Every house has two poles for wireless telephony. Express letters and parcels go by express air-ships. The London morning papers arrive by the second post. On Sunday afternoon, instead of every railway and tram being packed to suffocation, the Berliners go comfortably about in their air-ships. They take great delight also in their four hanging-gardens, on pontoons built of steel and aluminium, suspended from 3000 to 6000 feet above the city. Each garden has a motor-track, cycle-tracks, tennis-courts, and little look-out towers. In winter they are turned into skating-rinks, and are even used for ski-ing. In the suburbs curious tower-like excrescences may be observed on the roofs of the villas. These are the dwelling-places of the flying-machines. Bank managers, artists, and deputies can fly straight from their own roofs into the country. In the grounds of many

villas may be found, instead of stables, a lofty erection in which to house the aluminium air-ship. All the hospitals also have specially fitted-up air-ships.

**A GERMAN ULTIMATUM.**

Holland and Antwerp, feeling rather lonely, have asked to be gathered to the all-embracing arms of Germania. Switzerland, up to the present outside the German Empire, is important, because the Alps form the only possible aerial jumping-off place for Morocco. Great deliberations take place accordingly at Berlin, the result of which is that France is offered the remains of Belgium, and England the Congo, in return for which they are to declare their approval of the incorporation of Holland, her colonies, and Flemish Belgium, and also of Switzerland as an independent State like Turkey, in the German Commonwealth. Morocco and Persia are to be taken over and administered by Germany for the benefit of the world. The British Ambassador, however, cannot agree to the German Chancellor's proposals, especially as regards Switzerland and Persia. Thereupon the German Ambassador replies that if Germany cannot do what she has made up her mind to do with Great Britain's approval, she will do it without. Mobilisation of the German air-fleet will begin at once. The German air-navy is superior to the British and French combined. The Kaiser's transport air-ships can land 2,000,000 soldiers in England within three hours. They can keep their air-ships for the upper air strata only, and tackle the British aerial fighting forces in the lower strata with their 4,000,000 flying-machines, each of which is so heavily armoured that one shot will sink a British battle-ship of the "Prince of Wales" type (a great advance on the old-fashioned "Dreadnought"). Moreover Suwarow, Tsar of Russia, it is pointed out, will profit by the occasion to fetch 2,000,000 Russians from the Pamirs in forty-eight hours and conquer India. After the war with Britain, Germany will, with regret, be forced to let Russia keep India. She herself will be content with Egypt, South Africa, and British East Africa. Japan can have all of China that she can get; and the United States shall have Canada if they like. Will the British Ambassador let the German Ambassador have an answer by one o'clock?

**THE CONQUEST OF INDIA.**

The British Ambassador took his leave at 10 a.m. By 11.30 the reply from the British Government was received, accepting the Congo State, and agreeing to all the annexation which Germany proposed. At the same time Great Britain humbly enquired how far a mutual understanding was possible between herself and Germany as to their respective interests. Germany, therefore, gets Switzerland, which soon has the good sense to appreciate the Fatherland at its true worth. Air-ships and flying-machines now sprint through the air from Jungfrau and the other high Swiss peaks into Morocco, where torpedoes and bombs speedily instil wholesome awe and order



into the Moors. Suwarow, with 400,000 transport-air-ships and 800,000 flying-machines, sails off from the Pamirs on a glorious conquering expedition to India, and by eight o'clock next morning is proclaimed Emperor of India in Calcutta. The English make but the feeblest resistance, and apply to Germany for her intervention to save India. They have already applied to the Mikado, who replies that to his great sorrow he was just then too busy to be able to help John Bull. (N.B.—He has been told by Germany that she will respect his Chinese conquests, so that he is now in China conquering away for dear life.) Germany at first politely excuses herself also, but offers, should the British nation consent to hand over her British South African possessions from the Cape almost to Cairo, to reinstate British rule in India, as before. The consent of Parliament to Germany's proposal on these generous conditions being easily obtained, the two nations proceed to draw up a convention respecting their mutual interests.

### III.—WHAT IT ALL COMES TO.

The fantastic imagination of Mr. Martin is not very helpful to a consideration of the real question at issue. That the air-ship is coming, and will come to stay, may be taken for granted. But will it abolish war? Will it not merely add to human quarrels a new horror by making another element the scene of conflict? The question is one which will have to be debated at the Hague.

The possibility of using the air as a base of attack was gravely considered by the Hague Conference in 1899. The Russian Government proposed that the Powers should forbid the dropping of projectiles and explosives from balloons. It was argued that the different methods at present in use for injuring an enemy were quite sufficient, and that in the interests of humanity the extension of the area of warlike operations from the land and the sea to the air ought to be laid under the interdict of civilisation. After a good deal of discussion, it was decided to agree upon the following declaration:—

The contracting Powers agree to prohibit, for a term of five years, the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons or by other new methods of a similar nature.

It was at first proposed that the interdict should be perpetual, but Great Britain, France and Roumania insisted upon limiting it to a term of five years. Ultimately, on the suggestion of the United States, the limited interdict was accepted for the sake of securing unanimity. The result is that as the five years expired in 1904 there is at present no interdict on aerial warfare.

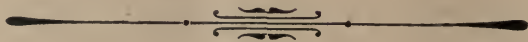
The Dutch general who drew up the report of the sub-commission on the subject drew a harrowing picture of a balloon dropping infernal machines charged with asphyxiating or soporific gases in the midst of troops on the field of battle. Such proceedings, he declared, passed the limits of legitimate warfare. "It was a kind of perfidy," he exclaimed. "Let us be chivalrous even in the way in which we make war." The decision ultimately arrived at, according to Captain Crozier, was taken "for humanitarian reasons alone." But he proceeds somewhat illogically to add that it was founded upon the opinion that "balloons as they now exist form such an uncertain means of injury that they cannot be used with any accuracy," and that "the limitation of the interdict to five years preserves liberty of action under changed circumstances which may be produced by the progress of invention"!

It is tolerably certain that it will be proposed to renew the interdict. Unanimity will be difficult to obtain, and the interdict will be still more difficult to enforce.

One thing is certain. Whatever may be the direct effect of the aeroplane on existing armaments, they will dry up one of the great sources of revenue by which existing armaments are maintained. There is not a single modern State which does not derive a great part of its revenue from Customs duties which are levied at its frontiers. But whatever else the aeroplane may do or may fail to do, one thing is certain, it will wipe out frontiers. To prevent smuggling at present entails an enormous expense on every nation. To prevent smuggling after the advent of the aeroplane will be impossible. Britain raises nearly 13,000,000 every year by duties on tobacco and nearly half as much on spirits and other commodities of comparatively small weight and bulk. Other nations, whose tariffs cover almost every commodity used by man, would be in a still more evil case. Nor can any extension of the coastguard service prevent the introduction of goods unsupervised by the Customs.

Of course, goods of immense weight and bulk will remain the prey of the tariff-maker. But light goods, valuable goods, will come by air-ship. There is not a treasury in Europe which will not be brought to the door of bankruptcy at the very time when, if war is to continue, the need for an enormous new expenditure on the aeroplane fleet will become imperative.

Hence I am disposed to regard the aeroplane as the probable instrument of one of the most beneficent of all revolutions—the Abolition of War.





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## IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET.

BY H. G. WELLS.

*BOOK THE THIRD—THE NEW WORLD.*

### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

#### BELTANE AND NEW YEAR'S EVE.

##### I.

In the end my mother died rather suddenly, and her death came as a shock to me. Diagnosis was still very inadequate at that time. The doctors were of course fully alive to the incredible defects of their common training, and were doing all they could to supply its deficiencies, but they were still extraordinarily ignorant. Some unintelligently observed factor of her illness came into play with her, and she became feverish and sank and died very quickly. I do not know what remedial measures were attempted. I hardly knew what was happening until the whole thing was over.

At that time my attention was much engaged by the stir of the great Beltane festival that was held on Mayday in the Year of Scaffolding. It was the first of the ten great rubbish burnings that opened the new age. Young people nowadays can scarcely hope to imagine the enormous quantities of pure litter and useless accumulation with which we had to deal; had we not set aside a special day and season,

the whole world would have been an incessant reek of small fires; and it was, I think, a happy idea to revive this ancient festival of the May and November burnings. It was inevitable that the old idea of purification should revive with the name, it was felt to be a burning of other than material encumbrances, innumerable quasi-spiritual things, deeds, documents, debts, vindictive records, went up on those great flares. People passed praying between the fires, and it was a fine symbol of the new and wiser tolerance that had come to men, that those who still found their comfort in the orthodox faiths came hither unpersuaded, to pray that all hate might be burnt out of their professions. For even in the fires of Baal, now that men have done with base hatred, one may find the living God.

Endless were the things we had to destroy in those great purgings. First, there were nearly all the houses and buildings of the old time. In the end we did not save in England one building in five thousand that was standing when the comet came. Year by year, as we made our homes afresh in accordance with the saner needs of our new social families, we swept away more and more of those horrible structures, the ancient residential houses, hastily



built, without imagination, without beauty, without common honesty, without even comfort or convenience, in which the early twentieth century had sheltered, until scarcely one remained; we saved nothing but what was beautiful or interesting out of all their gaunt and melancholy abundance. The actual houses, of course, we could not drag to our fires, but we brought all their ill-fitting deal doors, their dreadful window sashes, their servant-tormenting staircases, their dank, dark cupboards, the verminous papers from their scaly walls, their dust and dirt-sodden carpets, their ill-designed and yet pretentious tables and chairs, sideboards and chests of drawers, the old dirt-saturated books, their ornaments—their dirty, decayed, and altogether painful ornaments—amidst which I remember there were sometimes even *stuffed dead birds!*—we burnt them all. The paint-plastered woodwork, with coat above coat of nasty paint, that in particular blazed finely. I have already tried to give you an impression of old-world furniture, of Parload's bedroom, my mother's room, Mr. Gabbitas's sitting-room, but, thank Heaven, there is nothing in life now to convey the peculiar dinginess of it all. For one thing, there is no more imperfect combustion of coal going on everywhere, and no roadways like grassless open scars along the earth from which dust pours out perpetually. We burnt and destroyed most of our private buildings and all the woodwork, all our furniture, except a few score thousand pieces of distinct and intentional beauty, from which our present forms have developed, nearly all our hangings and carpets, and also we destroyed almost every scrap of old-world clothing. Only a few carefully disinfected types and vestiges of that remain now in our Museums.

One writes now with a peculiar horror of the dress of the old world. The men's clothes were worn without any cleansing process at all, except an occasional superficial brushing, for periods of a year or so; they were made of dark obscurely mixed patterns to conceal the stage of defilement they had reached, and they were of a felted and porous texture admirably calculated to accumulate drifting matter. Many women wore skirts of similar substances, and of so long and inconvenient a form that they inevitably trailed among all the abomination of our horse-frequented roads. It was our boast in England that the whole of our population was booted—their feet were for the most part ugly enough to need it—but it becomes now inconceivable how they could have imprisoned their feet in the amazing cases of leather and imitations of leather they used. I have heard it said that a large part of the physical decline that was apparent in our people during the closing years of the nineteenth century, though no doubt due in part to the miscellaneous badness of the food they ate, was in the main attributable to the vileness of the common footwear. They shirked open-air exercise altogether because their boots wore out ruinously and pinched and hurt them if

they took it. I have mentioned, I think, the part my own boots played in the squalid drama of my adolescence. I had a sense of unholy triumph over a fallen enemy when at last I found myself steering truck after truck of cheap boots and shoes (unsold stock from Swathinglea) to the run-off by the top of the Glanville blast furnaces.

"Plup!" they would drop into the cone when Beltane came, and the roar of their burning would fill the air. Never a cold would come from the saturation of their brown-paper soles, never a corn from their foolish shapes, never a nail in them get home at last in suffering flesh. . . .

Most of our public buildings we destroyed and burnt as we reshaped our plan of habitation, our theatre sheds, our banks, and inconvenient business warrens, our factories (these in the first year of all), and all the "unmeaning repetition" of silly little sham Gothic churches and meeting houses, mean-looking shells of stone and mortar without love, invention, or any beauty at all in them, that men had thrust into the face of their sweated God, even as they thrust cheap food into the mouths of their sweated workers; all these we also swept away in the course of that first decade. Then we had the whole of the superseded steam-railway system to scrap and get rid of, stations, signals, fences, rolling stock; a plant of ill-planned, smoke-disturbing nuisance apparatus, that would, under former conditions, have maintained an offensive dwindling obstructive life for perhaps half a century. Then also there was a great harvest of fences, notice boards, hoardings, ugly sheds, all the corrugated iron in the world, and everything that was smeared with tar, all our gas works and petroleum stores, all our horse vehicles and vans and lorries had to be erased. . . . But I have said enough now perhaps to give some idea of the bulk and quality of our great bonfires, our burnings up, our meltings down, our toil of sheer wreckage, over and above the constructive effort, in those early years.

But these were but the coarse material bases of the Phoenix fires of the world. These were but the outward and visible signs of the innumerable claims, rights, adhesions, debts, bills, deeds and charters that were cast upon the fires; a vast accumulation of insignia and uniforms neither curious enough nor beautiful enough to preserve, went to swell the blaze, and all (saving a few truly glorious trophies and memories) of our symbols, our apparatus and material of war. Then innumerable triumphs of our old, bastard, half-commercial, fine-art were presently condemned, great oil paintings, done to please the half-educated middle-class, glared for a moment and were gone, Academy marbles crumbled to useful lime, a gross multitude of silly statuettes and decorative crockery, and hangings and embroideries, and bad music, and musical instruments shared this fate. And books, countless books, too, and bales of



newspapers went also to these pyres. From the private houses in Swathinglea alone—which I had deemed, perhaps not unjustly, altogether illiterate—we gathered a whole dust-cart full of cheap ill-printed editions of the minor English classics—for the most part very dull stuff indeed and still clean—and about a truckload of thumbled and dog-eared penny fiction, watery base stuff, the dropsy of our nation's mind. . . . And it seemed to me that when we gathered those books and papers together, we gathered together something more than print and paper, we gathered warped and crippled ideas and contagious base suggestions, the formulæ of dull tolerances and stupid impatiences, the mean defensive ingenuities of sluggish habits of thinking and timid and indolent evasions. There was more than a touch of malignant satisfaction for me in helping gather it all together.

I was so busy, I say, with my share in this dust-man's work that I did not notice, as I should otherwise have done, the little indications of change in my mother's state. Indeed I thought her a little stronger; she was slightly flushed, slightly more talkative. . . .

On Beltane Eve, and our Lowchester rummage being finished, I went along the valley to the far end of Swathinglea to help sort the stock of the detached group of potbanks there—their chief output had been mantel ornaments in imitation of marble, and there was very little sorting, I found, to be done—and there it was nurse Anna found me at last by telephone, and told me my mother had died in the morning suddenly and very shortly after my departure.

For a while I did not seem to believe it; this obviously imminent event stunned me when it came, as though I had never had an anticipatory moment. For a while I went on working, and then almost apathetically, in a mood of half-reluctant curiosity, I started for Lowchester.

When I got there the last offices were over, and I was shown my old mother's peaceful white face, very still, but a little cold and stern to me, a little unfamiliar, lying among white flowers.

I went in alone to her, into that quiet room, and stood for a long time by her bedside. I sat down then and thought. . . .

Then at last, strangely hushed, and with the deeps of my loneliness opening beneath me, I came out of that room and down into the world again, a bright-eyed, active world, very noisy, happy and busy with its last preparations for the mighty cremation of past and superseded things.

## II.

I remember that first Beltane festival as the most terribly lonely night in my life. It stands in my mind in fragments, fragments of intense feeling with forgotten gaps between.

I recall very distinctly being upon the great staircase of Lowchester House (though I don't remember getting there from the room in which my mother lay), and how upon the landing I met Anna ascending as I came down. She had but just heard of my return, and she was hurrying upstairs to me. She stopped, and so did I, and we stood and clasped hands, and she scrutinised my face in the way women sometimes do. So we remained for a second or so. I could say nothing to her at all, but I could feel the wave of her emotion. I halted, answered the earnest pressure of her hand, relinquished it, and after a queer second of hesitation went on down, returning to my own preoccupations. It did not occur to me at all then to ask myself what she might be thinking or feeling.

I remember the corridor full of mellow evening light, and how I went mechanically some paces towards the dining-room. Then at the sight of the little tables, and a gusty outburst of talking voices as someone in front of me swung the door open and to, I remembered that I did not want to eat. . . . After that comes an impression of myself walking across the open grass in front of the house, and the purpose I had of getting alone upon the moors, and how somebody passing me said something about a hat. I had come out without my hat.

A fragment of thought has linked itself with an effect of long shadows upon turf golden with the light of the sinking sun. The world was singularly empty, I thought, without either Nettie or my mother. There wasn't any sense in it any more. Nettie was already back in my mind then. . . .

Then I am out on the moors. I avoided the crests where the bonfires were being piled, and sought the lonely places. . . .

I remember very clearly sitting on a gate beyond the park, in a fold just below the crest, that hid the Beacon Hill bonfire and its crowd, and I was looking at and admiring the sunset. The golden earth and sky seemed like a little bubble that floated in the globe of human futility. . . . Then in the twilight I walked along an unknown, bat-haunted road between high hedges.

I did not sleep under a roof that night. But I hungered and ate. I ate near midnight at a little inn over towards Birmingham, and miles away from my home. Instinctively I had avoided the crests where the bonfire crowds gathered, but here there were many people, and I had to share a table with a man who had some useless mortgage deeds to burn. I talked to him about them—but my soul stood at a great distance behind my lips. . . .

Soon each hilltop bore a little tulip-shaped flame flower. Little black figures clustered round and dotted the base of its petals, and as for the rest of the multitudes abroad, the kindly night swallowed



them up. By leaving the roads and clear paths and wandering in the fields I contrived to keep alone, though the confused noise of voices and the roaring and crackling of great fires was always near me.

I wandered into a lonely meadow, and presently in a hollow of deep shadows I lay down to stare at the stars. I lay hidden in the darkness, and ever and again the sough and uproar of the Beltane fires that were burning up the sere follies of a vanished age, and the shouting of the people passing through the fires and praying to be delivered from the prison of themselves, reached my ears. . . .

And I thought of my mother, and then of my new loneliness and the hunger of my heart for Nettie.

I thought of many things that night, but chiefly of the overflowing personal love and tenderness that had come to me in the wake of the Change, of the greater need, the unsatisfied need in which I stood, for this one person who could fulfil all my desires. So long as my mother had lived, she had in a measure held my heart, given me a food these emotions could live upon, and mitigated that emptiness of spirit, but now suddenly that one possible comfort had left me! There had been many at the season of the Change who had thought that this great enlargement of mankind would abolish personal love; but, indeed, it had only made it finer, fuller, more vitally necessary. They had thought that seeing men now were all full of the joyful passion to make and do, and glad and loving and of willing service to all their fellows, there would be no need of the one intimate trusting communion that had been the finest thing of the former life. And indeed, so far as this was a matter of advantage and the struggle for existence, they were right. But so far as it was a matter of the spirit and the fine perceptions of life, it was altogether wrong.

We had indeed not eliminated personal love, we had but stripped it of its base wrappings, of its pride, its suspicions, its mercenary and competitive elements, until at last it stood up in our minds, stark, shining and invincible. Through all the fine, divaricating ways of the new life, it grew ever more evident, there were for every one certain persons, mysteriously and indescribably in the key of one's self, whose mere presence gave pleasure, whose mere existence was interest, whose idiosyncrasy blended with accident to make a completing and predominant harmony for their predestined lovers. They were the essential thing in life. Without them the fine brave show of the rejuvenated world was a caparisoned steed without a rider, a bowl without a flower, a theatre without a play. . . . And to me that night of Beltane, it was as clear as white flames that Nettie, and Nettie alone, roused those harmonies in me. And she had gone! I had sent her from me; I knew not whither she had gone. I had in my first virtuous foolishness cut her out of my life for ever!

So I saw it then, and I lay unseen in the darkness and called upon Nettie, and wept for her, lay upon my face and wept for her, while the glad people went to and fro, and the smoke streamed thick across the distant stars, and the red reflections, the shadows and the fluctuating glares, danced over the face of the world.

No! the Change had freed us from our baser passions indeed, from habitual and mechanical concupiscence and mean issues and coarse imaginings, but from the passions of love it had not freed us. It had but brought the lord of life, Eros, to his own. All through the long sorrow of that night I, who had rejected him, confessed his sway with tears and inappeasable regrets. . . .

I cannot give the remotest guess of when I rose up, nor of my tortuous wanderings in the valleys between the midnight fires, nor how I evaded the laughing and rejoicing multitudes who went streaming home between three and four, to resume their lives, swept and garnished, stripped and clean. But at dawn, when the ashes of the world's gladness were ceasing to glow—it was a bleak dawn that made me shiver in my thin summer clothes—I came across a field to a little copse full of dim blue hyacinths. A queer sense of familiarity arrested my steps, and I stood puzzled. Then I was moved to go a dozen paces from the path, and at once a singularly misshapen tree hitched itself into a notch in my memory. This was the place! Here I had stood, there I had placed my old kite, and shot with my revolver, learning to use it, against the day when I should encounter Verrall.

Kite and revolver had gone now, and all my hot and narrow past, its last vestiges had shrivelled and vanished in the whirling gusts of the Beltane fires. So I walked through a world of grey ashes at last, back to the great house in which the dead, deserted image of my dear lost mother lay.

### III.

I came back to Lowchester House very tired, very wretched; exhausted by my fruitless longing for Nettie. I had no thought of what lay before me.

A miserable attraction drew me into the great house to look again on the stillness that had been my mother's face, and as I came into that room, Anna, who had been sitting by the open window, rose to meet me. She had the air of one who waits. She, too, was pale with watching; all night she had watched between the dead within and the Beltane fires abroad, and longed for my coming. I stood mute between her and the bedside. . . .

"Willie," she whispered, and eyes and body seemed incarnate pity.

An unseen presence drew us together. My mother's face became resolute, commanding. I turned to Anna as a child may turn to its nurse. I put my hands about her strong shoulders, she folded



me to her, and my heart gave way. I buried my face in her breast and clung to her weakly, and burst into a passion of weeping. . . .

She held me with hungry arms. She whispered to me, "There, there!" as one whispers comfort to a child. . . . Suddenly she was kissing me. She kissed me with a hungry intensity of passion, on my cheeks, on my lips. She kissed me on my lips with lips that were salt with tears. And I returned her kisses. . . .

Then abruptly we desisted and stood apart—looking at one another.

#### IV.

It seems to me as if the intense memory of Nettie vanished utterly out of my mind at the touch of Anna's lips. I loved Anna.

We went to the council of our group—commune it was then called—and she was given me in marriage, and within a year she had borne me a son. We saw much of one another, and talked ourselves very close together. My faithful friend she became and has been always, and for a time we were passionate lovers. Always she has loved me and kept my soul full of tender gratitude and love for her; always when we met our hands and eyes clasped in friendly greeting, all through our lives from that hour we have been each other's secure help and refuge, each other's ungrudging fastness of help and sweetly frank and open speech. . . . And after a little while my love and desire for Nettie returned as though it had never faded away.

No one will have a difficulty now in understanding how that could be, but in the evil days of the world malaria, that would have been held to be the most impossible thing. I should have had to crush that second love out of my thoughts, to have kept it secret from Anna, to have lied about it to all the world. The old-world theory was, there was only one love—we who float upon a sea of love find that hard to understand. The whole nature of a man was supposed to go out to the one girl or woman who possessed him, her whole nature to go out to him. Nothing was left over—it was a discreditable thing to have any overplus at all. They formed a secret secluded system of two, two and such children as she bore him. All other women he was held bound to find no beauty in, no sweetness, no interest; and she likewise, in no other man. The old-time men and women went apart in couples, into defensive little houses, like beasts into little pits, and in these "homes" they sat down purposing to love, but really coming very soon to jealous watching of this extravagant mutual proprietorship. All freshness passed very speedily out of their love, out of their conversation, all pride out of their common life. To permit each other freedom was blank dishonour. That I and Anna should love, and after our love-journey together, go about our separate lives and

dine at the public tables, until the advent of her motherhood, would have seemed a terrible strain upon our unmitigable loyalty. And that I should have it in me to go on loving Nettie—who loved in different manner both Verrall and me—would have outraged the very quintessence of the old convention.

In the old days love was a cruel proprietary thing. But now Anna could let Nettie live in the world of my mind, as freely as a rose will suffer the presence of white lilies. If I could hear notes that were not in her compass, she was glad, because she loved me, that I should listen to other music than hers. And she, too, could see the beauty of Nettie. Life is so rich and generous now, giving friendship, and a thousand tender interests and helps and comforts, that no one stints another of the full realisation of all possibilities of beauty. For me from the beginning Nettie was the figure of beauty, the shape and colour of the divine principle that lights the world. For every one there are certain types, certain faces and forms, gestures, voices and intonations that have that inexplicable unanalysable quality. These come through the crowd of kindly friendly fellow-men and women—one's own. These touch one mysteriously, stir deeps that must otherwise slumber, pierce and intercept the world. To refuse this interpretation is to refuse the sun, to darken and deaden all life. . . . I loved Nettie, I loved all who were like her, in the measure that they were like her, in voice, or eyes, or form, or smile. And between my wife and me there was no bitterness that the great goddess, the life-giver, Aphrodite, Queen of the living Seas, came to my imagination so. It qualified our mutual love not at all, since now in our changed world love is unstinted; it is a golden net about our globe that nets all humanity together.

I thought of Nettie much, and always movingly beautiful things restored me to her, all fine music, all pure deep colour, all tender and solemn things. The stars were hers, and the mystery of moonlight; the sun she wore in her hair, powdered finely, beaten into gleams and threads of sunlight in the wisps and strands of her hair. . . . Then suddenly one day a letter came to me from her, in her unaltered clear handwriting, but in a new language of expression, telling me many things. She had learnt of my mother's death, and the thought of me had grown so strong as to pierce the silence I had imposed on her. We wrote to one another—like common friends with a certain restraint between us at first, and with a great longing to see her once more arising in my heart. For a time I left that hunger unexpressed, and then I was moved to tell it to her. And so on New Year's Day in the Year Four, she came to Lowchester and me. How I remember that coming, across the gulf of fifty years! I went out across the park to meet her, so that we should meet alone. The windless morning was very clear and cold, the ground now carpeted with snow, and all the trees a



motionless lace and glitter of frosty crystals. The rising sun had touched the white with a spirit of gold, and my heart beat and sang within me. I remember now the snowy shoulder of the down, sunlit against the bright blue sky. And presently I saw the woman I loved coming through the white still trees. . . .

I had made a goddess of Nettie, and behold she was a fellow-creature! She came, warm-wrapped and tremulous, to me, with the tender promise of tears in her eyes, with her hands outstretched and that dear smile quivering upon her lips. She stepped out of the dream I had made of her, a thing of needs and regrets and human kindness. Her hands as I took them were a little cold. The goddess shone through her indeed, glowed in all her body, she was a worshipful temple of love for me—yes. But I could feel like a thing new discovered, the texture and sinews of her living, her dear personal and mortal hands. . . .

### THE EPILOGUE.

#### THE WINDOW OF THE TOWER.

This was as much as this pleasant-looking, grey-haired man had written. I had been lost in his story throughout the earlier portions of it, forgetful of the writer and his gracious room, and the high tower in which he was sitting. But gradually, as I drew near the end, the sense of strangeness returned to me. It was more and more evident to me that this was a different humanity from any I had known, unreal, having different customs, different beliefs, different interpretations, different emotions. It was no mere change in conditions and institutions the comet had wrought. It had made a change of heart and mind. In a manner it had dehumanised the world, robbed it of its spites, its little intense jealousies, its inconsistencies, its humour. At the end, and particularly after the death of his mother, I felt his story had slipped away from my sympathies altogether. Those Beltane fires had burnt something in him that worked living still and unsubdued in me, that rebelled in particular at that return of Nettie. I became a little inattentive. I no longer felt with him, nor gathered a sense of complete understanding from his phrases. His Lord Eros indeed! He and these transfigured people—they were beautiful and noble people, like the people one sees in great pictures, like the gods of noble sculpture, but they had no nearer fellowship than these to men. As the change was realised, with every stage of realisation the gulf widened, and it was harder to follow his words.

I put down the last fascicle of all, and met his friendly eyes. It was hard to dislike him.

I felt a subtle embarrassment in putting the question that perplexed me. And yet it seemed so material to me I had to put it. "And did you —?" I asked. "Were you—lovers?"

His eyebrows rose. "Of course."

"But your wife——?"

It was manifest he did not understand me.

I hesitated still more. I was perplexed by a conviction of baseness. "But——" I began. "You remained lovers?"

"Yes." I had grave doubts if I understood him. Or he me.

I made a still more courageous attempt. "And had Nettie no other lovers?"

"A beautiful woman like that! I know not how many loved beauty in her, nor what she found in others. But we four from that time were very close, you understand, we were friends, helpers, personal lovers in a world of lovers."

"Four?"

"There was Verrall."

Then suddenly it came to me that the thoughts that stirred in my mind were sinister and base, that the queer suspicions, the coarseness and coarse jealousies of my old world were over and done for these more finely living souls. "You made," I said, trying to be liberal minded, "a home together."

"A home!" He looked at me, and, I know not why, I glanced down at my feet. What a clumsy, ill-made thing a boot is, and how hard and colourless seemed my clothing! How harshly I stood out amidst these fine, perfected things. I had a moment of rebellious detestation. I wanted to get out of all this. After all, it wasn't my style. I wanted intensely to say something that would bring him down a peg, make sure, as it were, of my suspicions by launching an offensive accusation. I looked up and he was standing.

"I forgot," he said. "You are pretending, the old world is still going on. A home!"

He put out his hand, and quite noiselessly the great window widened down to us, and the splendid nearer prospect of that dreamland city was before me. There for one clear moment I saw it; its galleries and open spaces, its trees of golden fruit and crystal waters, its music and rejoicing, love and beauty without ceasing flowing through its varied and intricate streets. And the nearer people I saw now directly and plainly, and no longer in the distorting mirror that hung overhead. They really did not justify my suspicions, and yet——! They were such people as one sees on earth—save that they were changed. How can I express that change? As a woman is changed in the eyes of her lover, as a woman is changed by the love of a lover. They were exalted. . . .

I stood up beside him and looked out. I was a little flushed, my ears a little reddened, by the inconvenience of my curiosities, and by my uneasy sense of profound moral differences. He was taller than I. . . .

"This is our home," he said smiling, and with thoughtful eyes on me.

(The End.)

Note.—The customary Auditors' Report and the Directors' Statement to comply with the "Companies Act 1896" appear on the official report.



## INSURANCE NOTES.

The report and accounts of the Colonial Bank of Australasia Ltd. for the half-year ended March 31 appear in these columns, and show that substantial progress has again been made by the Bank for the term. The deposits have increased during the half-year by £196,922, and discounts and advances by £257,177. The net profits amounted to £22,086, against £19,579 for the previous half-year. The steady advance made by the Colonial Bank of Australasia during recent years is readily seen by a comparison of its deposits, and discounts, and advances, as shown by its last few balance-sheets. The deposits at March 31, 1907, amounted to £3,112,485, against £2,915,563 the previous half-year, £2,755,024 at March 31, 1906, and £2,568,411 at March 31, 1905. Similarly the deposits and advances at the close of the half-year just ended were £2,718,914, at Sept. 30, 1906, £2,461,737; at March 31, 1906, £2,338,011; and at March 31, 1905, £2,178,940. It will thus be seen that the deposits and advances each show an increase of nearly £550,000 during the last two years, a highly gratifying result. Out of the profit for the half-year, a dividend of 6 per cent. on preference and ordinary shares has been declared, absorbing £13,178; £5000 has been transferred to reserve fund, which is thus raised to £105,000, and the balance, £4504, is carried forward. The paid-up capital of the Bank now stands at £439,280, and reserve fund, £105,000. The management of the bank is to be congratulated on the successful results achieved.

The steamer "Easby," belonging to Messrs. Jas. Paterson and Sons, and engaged principally in the coal trade between Newcastle and Melbourne, was wrecked during the month near Gabo Island, Victoria. The vessel struck the rocks, and, to save her from foundering, was beached on a sandy bottom. There was no hope of saving the vessel, and she was sold at auction where she lay for £170. The court held an inquiry into the circumstances of the wreck, and suspended the certificate of the master, Captain Wallace, for six months.

A serious fire occurred in Flinders-lane a little after midday on Saturday, 13th ult., when considerable damage was done to the premises occupied by Roberts, Osborne and Co. Propy. Ltd., ham and bacon curers, and Alfred Lawrence and Co., brewers' suppliers and cork merchants. There was no one on duty at Lawrence and Co.'s, where the outbreak originated, at the time, and the fire was first discovered and the alarm given by an employé of an adjoining warehouse, who saw smoke issuing from one of the windows. When the brigade arrived, the deputy chief-officer (Mr. Lee) found that the flames had already penetrated the walls of Messrs. Roberts, Osborne's premises, and a detachment of men was sent into the latter with instructions to play two streams on to the face of the flames. Very soon this building was pronounced safe from further damage, but already a large portion of the stock had been destroyed by fire and water. In Lawrence's store, which was burning fiercely, there was known to be, amongst other things, a quantity of chemicals, and a serious explosion was feared, but happily none occurred. After three-quarters of an hour of continuous fighting, the brigade was able to report that the fire had been extinguished. In Messrs. Lawrence and Co.'s building damage was done to stock and machinery to the extent of £1200, which was covered by £1400 insurance, £1000 of which was in the South British, £200 in the New Zealand office, and £200 in

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other offices. Roberts, Osborne and Co. had their stock insured with the Standard Co. for £1420.

The inquiry into the cause of the fire which destroyed the car-shed and cars of the St. Kilda-Brighton Electric Tramway has been concluded, and the Railway department will carry all the burden of the damage done by the fire. It was thought that the municipalities interested might be sufferers, by the cost of repairs and replacement of stock being debited to the undertaking, but the Government agreed that this would not be fair, and decided that the whole cost of putting the line and equipment into order again should be made a charge on the Railway revenue for the year.

Great care is taken to protect the Melbourne railway stations against damage by fire. Every day an inspector from the fire brigade visits the Spencer-street, Flinders-street and Princes-bridge stations, and inspects the water-cocks and mains, to see that they are in proper order. The watchmen on all night, as part of their duties, have to connect the hose to all the fire taps, and lay the hose out ready to use. In case a fire should break out, there is provision to give the alarm at once to the central fire brigade station, and, the hose being all in readiness, a watchman at the station where the outbreak occurred has merely to turn the water on and he at once begins to play on the fire. This system has been in operation for a number of years, and it is the duty of certain officers to pay occasional visits to the stations at different hours during the night, so as to see that the watchmen are attending to their duties.

While the steamer Aparima, 5704 tons, belonging to the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, was on the voyage from Calcutta to Australia, a fire was discovered in her main hold. It was got under without the vessel being in serious danger, but the cargo in the hold was damaged.

A serious fire occurred in the rear portion of Messrs. Lincoln, Stuart and Co.'s premises, Flinders-street, during the month. The flames were seen about 4 in the morning issuing from the upper floors. As the building is in the heart of the dangerous Flinders-lane block, the Metropolitan Brigade attended with its fullest strength. The portion on fire comprised the pressing room and evidently originated in the stove for heating irons. The flames had a good hold, but fortunately this portion of the building was cut off from the main shop by double iron doors. These were found to be red-hot on the arrival of the brigade, but they were effectual in confining the fire to the rear portion. The damage amounted to £5000, spread over a number of insurance companies.

**CLEM. A. HACK, A.S.A.S.M.,**

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## LETTERS ABOUT LIVER COMPLAINT.

From Mr. J. Edwards, Davey Street, East Geelong, Vic., 31st August, 1905.

"For about twelve months I had been ailing from aggravated liver complaint, producing indigestion, biliousness, a heavy feeling in the chest and frequent pains in the shoulder blades. I tried the usual purgative remedies, which had the effect of only temporarily improving my condition. I could get no permanent relief until I took Warner's Safe Cure. I am pleased to say that the good effect of that medicine became apparent almost immediately I commenced to take it, and in a short time I was thoroughly cured. I have recommended Warner's Safe Cure to many of my friends, who all speak well of it."

From Mrs. K. Chapman, 150 Paddington Street, Sydney, N.S.W., 8th February, 1906.

"For a considerable time I was a sufferer from liver complaint accompanied by severe pains in the back, depression of spirits and loss of appetite. I tried anything I thought would do me good, but obtained no relief whatever. I happened to read one of your books giving accounts of wonderful cures Warner's Safe Cure has effected, and therefore decided to try its effect on myself. The result was marvellous, as in a short space of time I was completely restored to good health, and, I am glad to say, I have not been troubled with pains of any description since."

From Mr. Gladstone Mayne, 22 Parade, Norwood, S.A., 14th December, 1905.

"For several years past I suffered much pain from symptoms of liver complaint, such as biliousness, indications denoting congestion, heavy pain in the right side, and a dull, persistent pain under the right shoulder blade. I was also affected with dizziness, headaches and loss of sleep. I resorted for relief to a number of medicines, but did not obtain any good result until I began to take Warner's Safe Cure. I took only a few bottles of that medicine when all painful symptoms subsided. During the last twelve months I have not felt anything of the old complaint. Being fully convinced that I am permanently cured, I am truly grateful."

From Miss Annie Leleman, Zabina Street, off Thomas Street, North Broken Hill, N.S.W., 28th November, 1905.

"I have much pleasure in testifying as to the efficacy of Warner's Safe Cure, having taken that medicine when suffering from functional derangement of the liver. I was troubled with severe pains in the back, sides and head, with constant dizziness. Indigestion troubled me a good deal, and caused me many sleepless nights, whilst exercise of any kind brought on fatigue. Warner's Safe Cure was brought under my notice. I procured two bottles of the medicine, and after taking the second bottle I found a great improvement had taken place in my health. All aches and pains had gradually ceased to trouble me. I could eat without distress, and get refreshing sleep."

From Mr. A. McEwan, 6 Princes Place, Darlinghurst, N.S.W., 15th September, 1905.

"I suffered for months from liver complaint, which caused dizziness in my head and a languid, tired feeling. I also had severe pains in my side and back. I tried many medicines to obtain relief, but without effect. I was advised to try Warner's Safe Cure by a friend of mine, and it is a good thing that I took his advice, as, after taking about four bottles of Warner's Safe Cure, I was thoroughly cured."

From Mr. William Tanner, Hawks' Lane, West Geelong, Vic., 31st August, 1905.

"It affords me great pleasure to write you as to the efficacy of Warner's Safe Cure in my case. For years I had been suffering from loss of appetite and indigestion, accompanied by violent pains in my stomach and disagreeable symptoms after every meal. I also noticed a loss of nervous power. When in this condition I began to take Warner's Safe Cure. The relief I obtained was speedy, and after I had taken a few bottles the symptoms I have described ceased to exist, and I now feel like a new man."

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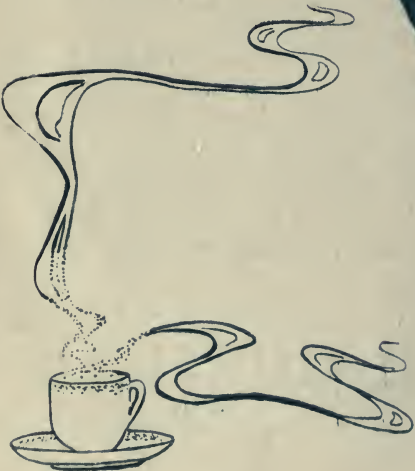
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